E MAN'S MAGAZINE

50 CENTS MARCH 1965 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

# TRUE

## THE SEX PROBLEM MEN DON'T TALK ABOUT

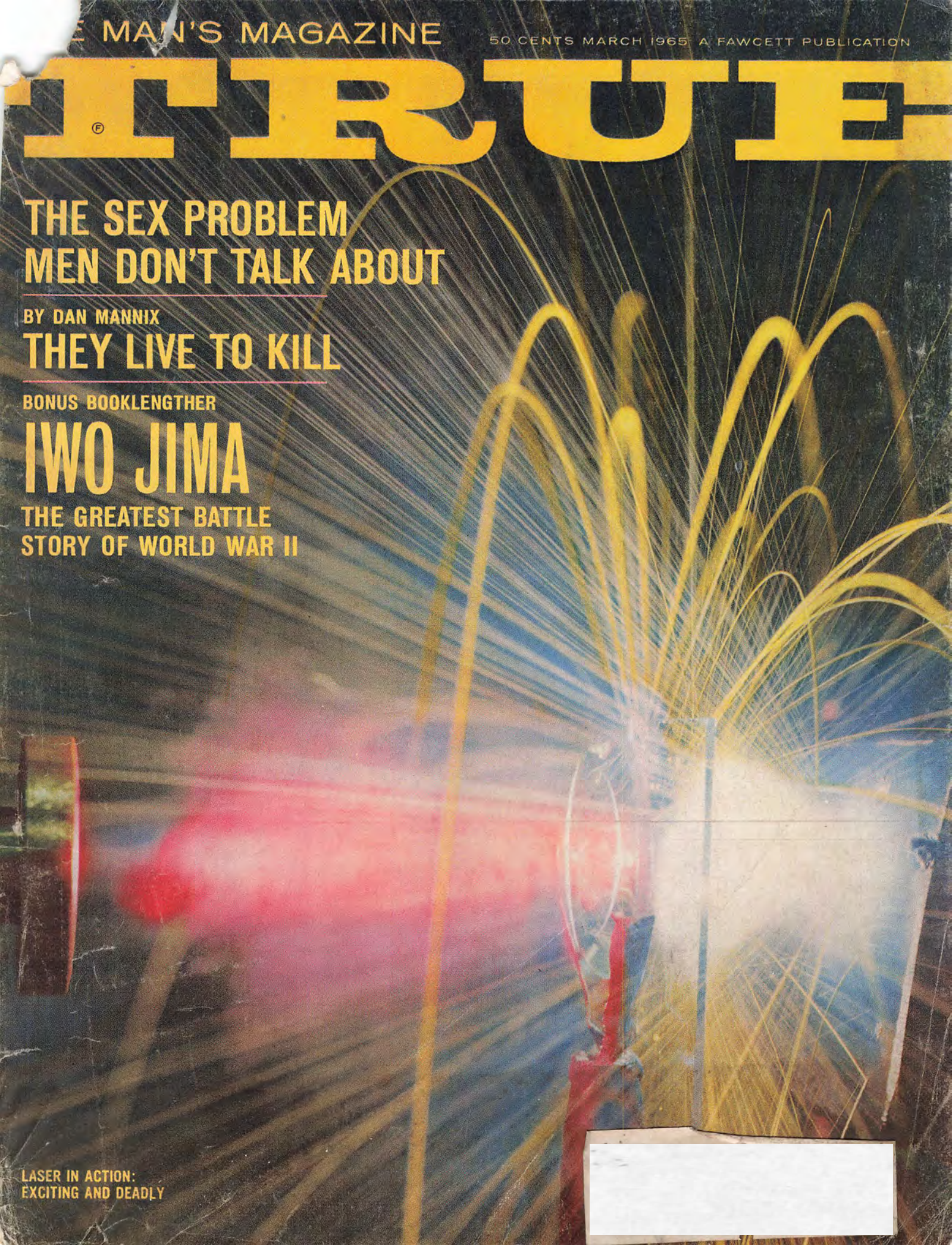
BY DAN MANNIX

## THEY LIVE TO KILL

BONUS BOOKLENGTHER

## IWO JIMA

THE GREATEST BATTLE STORY OF WORLD WAR II



LASER IN ACTION: EXCITING AND DEADLY

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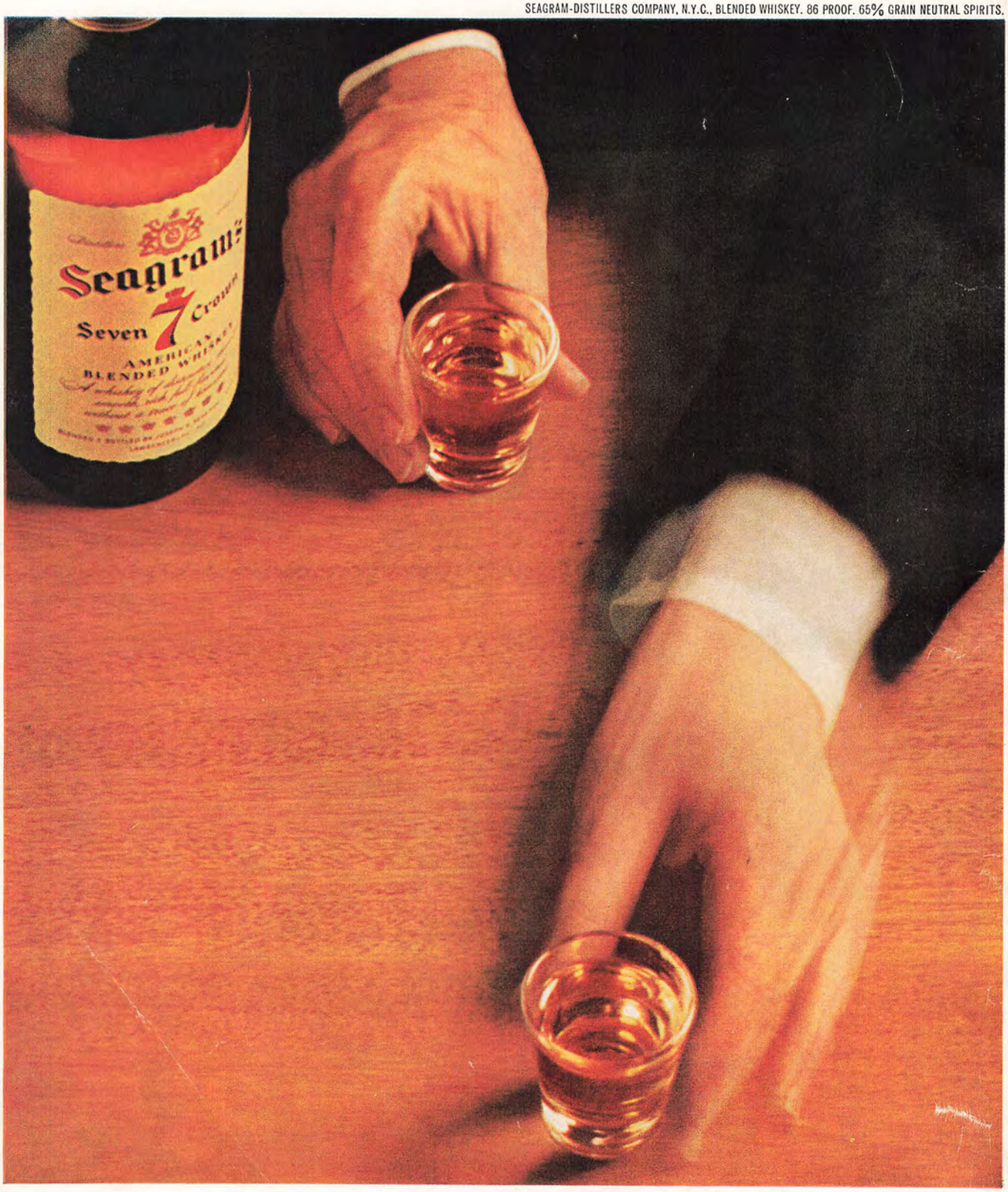


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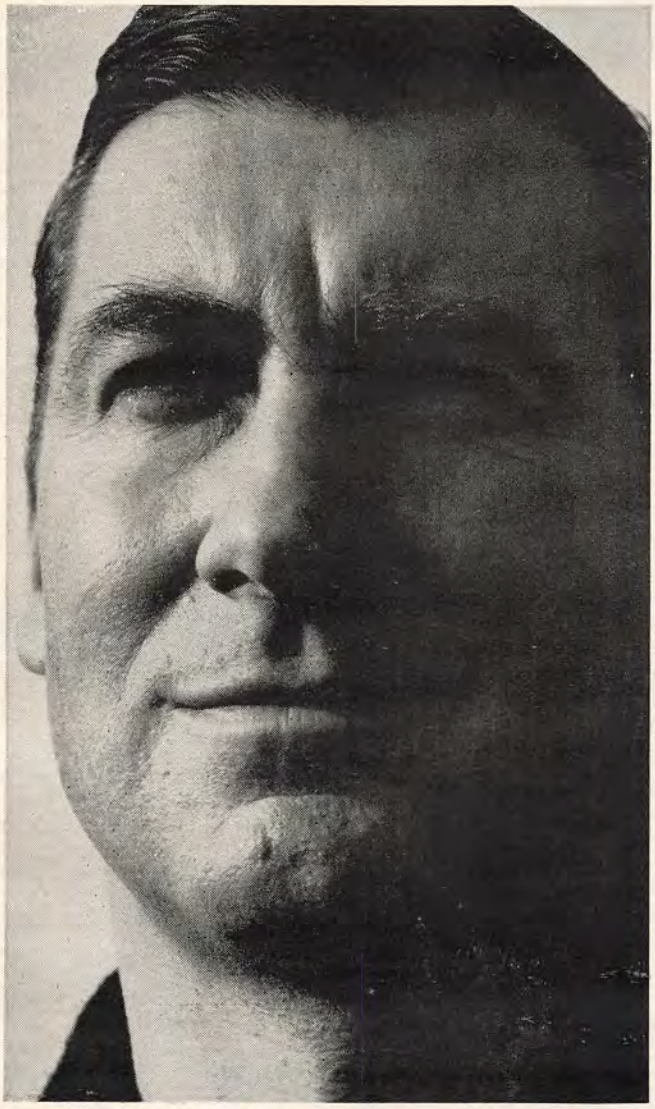

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# TRUELY YOURS

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### Frightened Females

Having illustrated *The Female Fears That Bind a Man* (February), I'd like to make a couple of comments. I watched a male go to pieces year by year working in a bank in New York City, and now I drop in about two times a year with a morbid curiosity—just to see how many more glazes have formed over his eyes.

I married Elodie Courter in 1946—she worked at the Museum of Modern Art—ran a department there. She'd come to see Steichen in the Navy Department. I worked next to him. I took one look and said, "There she is!" When I told her I'd been living on $500 a year, and I didn't know if I could earn more, she never batted an eye . . . and has never once crowded me on "security" since. A *great* female!

*—Robert G. Osborn*
*Salisbury, Conn.*

**A few females are born great, some achieve greatness, some have greatness thrust upon them.**

### The Way of the Dodo

MacKinlay Kantor's fine story about the passenger pigeons (*Slaughter of the Multitudes*—February) is important not only for its historic value. Even in this supposedly enlightened era, many species of animals and birds (the blue whale, the California condor) still face extinction. I'm not an antivivisectionist, just a man who likes to think that everything on this earth was put here for a purpose. As the French novelist Romain Gary says, "The animals, the birds, are all the roots of heaven. If we kill them, we poison heaven at its roots."

*—Loren Granger*
*Baltimore, Md.*

### Bronc Buster

Many thanks for Bill Heinz's excellent treatment of Jim Tescher (*Rough and Tumble Life of a Top Bronc Buster*—February). Rodeo is the truly American sport, and as long as there are men like Tescher to compete and Heinz to write we can't be in bad shape.

*—Bill Campbell*
*Fargo, N. D.*

### Backlash for Gregory

Dick Gregory (*Nigger*—January) proved himself, all right. He says that when he was in the Army he slept in his bunk all day, saluted with his left hand, stood formation with blue suede shoes on, called a colonel "Sergeant" and walked into his office without saluting. I was in the Army, too, in World War II, and I recommend 10 lashes for Gregory—to be administered by Big Pres himself—and 15 for the colonel that let him get by with such bold defiance of Army rules.

*—Elvis Lindsey*
*Warrenton, Ore.*

**Instead of punishing Gregory the colonel put him to work entertaining the troops. Maybe he was a little shrewder than you realize.**

### UFO's Unlimited

Just a partial report on response to my January TRUE article (*U.S. Air Force Censorship of the UFO Sightings*): I have discussed it on several radio programs, and more requests have come in. Our National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP) office in Washington has received 700 to 800 letters. I am very glad it has received so much comment—practically all of it favorable. Other results from the article include several UFO sighting reports from Air Force and other pilots and other competent observers.

*—Maj. Donald E. Keyhoe, USMC, Ret.*
*Director of NICAP*
*Luray, Va.*

"Just keep quiet, ignore it, and it might go away." This whole policy makes me so goddam mad I could eat nails—and I have false teeth. I have never seen a UFO, but I am acquainted with Capt. Jack Adams of Memphis, Tennessee, who flies for Delta Airlines. Captain Adams has been flying upwards of 30,000 hours and is a sober, serious man in excellent health. Captain Adams sighted a UFO one night while flying a load of passengers. His co-pilot saw it as did the passengers who weren't sleeping. Captain Adams is a man of irreproachable integrity. Even with all this to back up his claims, there were some who smirked and winked at each other. I have had occasion to come in contact with some of these skeptics, and sure enough they were just what I expected, tobacco-chewing, overall-clad whittlers who take care of the heavy standing in front of the local pool hall. Is this what we're sensitive about frightening with a revelation of the truth? Nuts! Two of them in particular would have been frightened by a bathtub.

*—Bill Dorsch*
*Stuttgart, Ark*

### They Still Make Mistakes

Since reading Dan Mannix's *Six Feet Under—Dead or Alive* (January) I've come across two newspaper accounts of people pronounced dead and sent to the mortuary—both in December '64. Mrs. Catherine Leask of Glasgow, Scotland, was discovered to be alive by a mortuary attendant, was rushed back to the hospital, and was said by the Royal Infirmary of Glasgow to be off the danger list but still very ill. Mrs. William Bingham of Corvallis, Oregon, was found apparently dead at home and pronounced so. But the undertaker's wife saw her take a breath, and she was whisked to a hospital. As of December 17 she was given "less than a 50 percent chance of living." Now I'm even more scared than I was when I read Mannix's article.

*—Harry Leroy*
*New York, N. Y.*

**Thanks to other readers who also notified TRUE of these "living dead" cases.**

### Ding-dong December

I'm prompted by the December issue to put my opinion of your product in writing. It has been my view, for over a decade, that the single factor most responsible for placing TRUE head and shoulders above its nearest competitors is guts, editorial guts. TRUE has taken some damned unpopular stands on

[*Continued on page* 4]

TRUE is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

ADDRESS ALL MAIL: Subscriptions, change of address, Form 3579 to Subscription Dept., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn. 06830, and all editorial and advertising to Fawcett Publications, Inc. 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036.

Second-class postage paid at Greenwich, Conn., and at additional mailing offices. This issue published in national and separate editions.

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036. ADVERTISING OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036; 612 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611; 1532 Guardian Bldg., Detroit, Mich. 48226; 2978 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 681 Market St., San Francisco, Calif. 94105; 123 S. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19109; 1430 West Peachtree St. N.W., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; James B. Boynton, 370 Tequesta Dr., Jupiter, Fla.

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: $5.00 a year in U.S., possessions and Canada. All other countries $7.00 a year. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in U.S. funds payable at Greenwich, Conn. 06830.

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# You may serve the Schlitz when ready, Gridley!

## [Or, how Admiral Dewey's men "spliced the main brace" at Manila Bay]

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# Tips for Deep Fishing from Arbogast

by DICK KOTIS, President
Fred Arbogast Co., Inc.

## Bottom Fishing

You'd be surprised how fast you have to retrieve to get a diving bait really down deep. It takes hard cranking on the reel handle. Keep this in mind next time you're fishing a deep hole. Cast well beyond it so your bait has time to work down before it gets to the hole.

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[*Continued from page 2*]

a good many controversial issues and stuck to its guns in spite of hell in the years I've been reading it. I can't help but admire that kind of spunk. In this age of conformity it's good to know that between the covers of TRUE the American spirit of individuality and intellectual freedom continues to grow. I can't say I've always agreed with the views expressed in TRUE, but I've always learned something from them.

*—Bill Greenough*
*Detroit, Mich.*

And now TRUE has done it again. The two articles in the December number, *Big Congressional Spending Spree* and *The FBI Nobody Knows* were worth a year's sub to the magazine

*—Laverne Hamilton*
*Missoula, Mont.*

That December issue is tremendous—worth a year's subscription price of itself.

*—John Burnham*
*Tucson, Ariz.*

### Cook's Controversial Concoction

Fred J. Cook's *The FBI Nobody Knows* (December) does a tremendous disservice to a man who has given a lifetime to protecting the citizenry of this country against violence, kidnaping, subversive activities and a multitude of other crimes. I have had a number of agents for the FBI as good friends. I have never spoken to one of them who did not have the greatest respect for Mr. Hoover; personally, I would accept their opinion over that of either Mr. Cook or Mr. Levine.

*—J. W. Ledbetter, M. D.*
*Jonesboro, Ark.*

Much to my gratification the TRUE condensation of my book has flushed out a number of former Treasury agents and FBI men who tell me my account of the bureau is right on the nose.

*—Fred J. Cook*
*Interlaken, N. J.*

After reading Fred Cook's book *The FBI Nobody Knows*, and about Mr. J. Edgar Hoover's attempted smear of Nobel Prize winner Dr. Martin Luther King, and Mr. Hoover's speech in Chicago on November 24th, it is this committee's considered opinion that Mr. Hoover should be removed from office.

*—Committee of One Million for*
*Better Informed Americans*
*Jos. E. Biallas, Secretary*
*Oakland, Calif.*

### Raping the Taxpayers

My first reaction to your article *Big Congressional Spending Spree* (December) was outrage. Why, I wondered, do we United States citizens stand by and watch this rape of the taxpayer's dollar? After digesting this article a little more, my question was, how do I become a Congressman?

*—Ken McCrill*
*Yuba City, Calif.*

### We Spelled the Name Right

The July issue low-rating mutual funds (*The Money-Making Myth of Mutual Funds*) was at first astounding, as this was the first article I had ever read adverse to the industry, but as I have spent the past 40 years in sales, and from past experience have found that nearly every knock turns out to be a boost if properly handled, I decided to purchase an armload of this issue and be sure that every substantial investor in my file read the item. This created an avalanche of comment, as these older investors, who in the past 10 years have seen their investments grow to as much as three times cost (some more, some less) went to the front for me by informing new prospects of their endeavors. My business has increased by more than 40 percent, and without much effort, thanks to Messrs. Smith and Gunther.

*—L. L. Plunkett*
*Great Bend, Kan.*

**Well, that's the first nice thing a mutual fund salesman has said to us in six months.**

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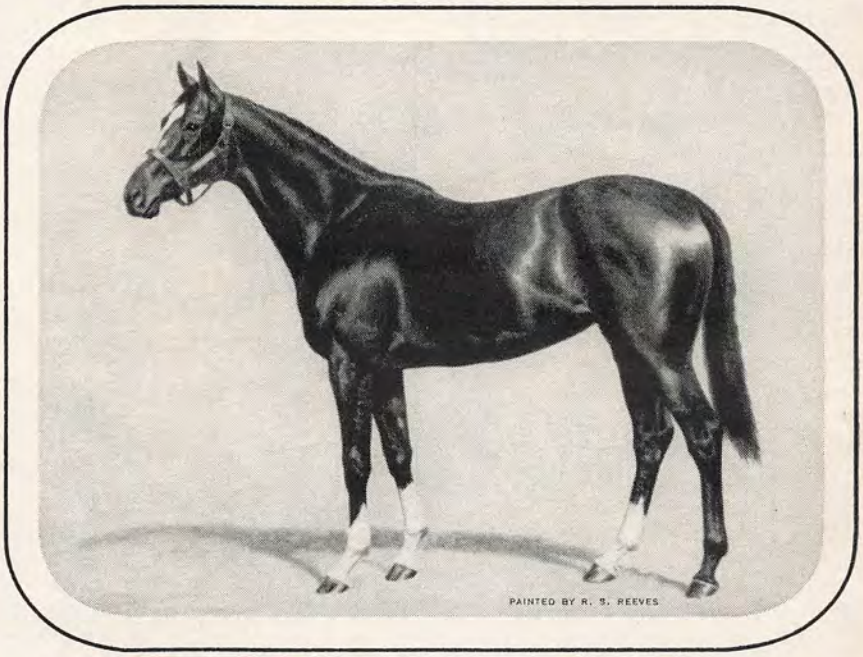
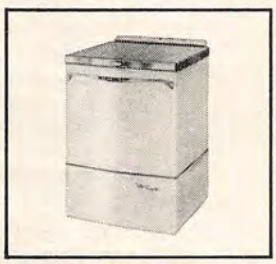



## 1268 prizes in all! Biggest purse ever in the KENTUCKY CLUB DERBY DAY CONTEST



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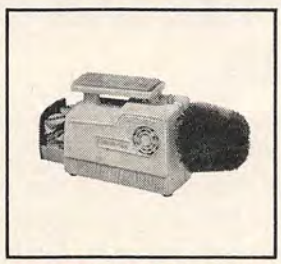

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3. Submit as many entries as you like. With each entry, send one boxtop from package of Kentucky Club or Kentucky Club Mixture, or one cellophane zip-off top from outer wrapper of any one of Kentucky Club's pipe tobaccos.
4. Mail entries to Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest, P.O. Box 8K, Mt. Vernon, New York 10559.
5. Contest closes midnight April 3, 1965. Entries will be judged for appropriateness (specific reference to the characteristics and lineage of the horse), freshness and sincerity.

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

# TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

MARCH 1965

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Twenty years ago this month United States Marines launched an attack on a barren rock in the Pacific that would cost one American life per acre. Now a great, new book tells the full, epic story of the bloodiest battle in Marine History.

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COVER: PHOTOGRAPH BY MARTIN IGER

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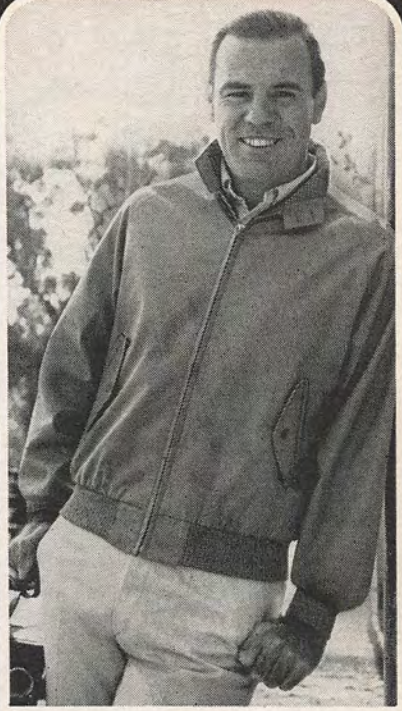

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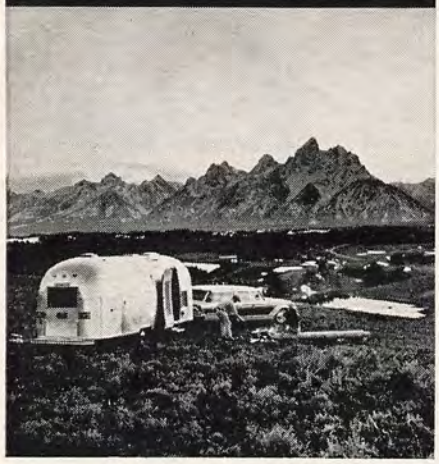

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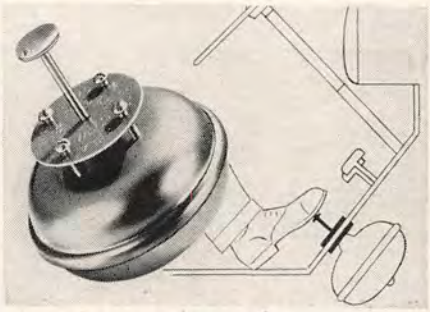
# TRUE goes shopping

*This department is not composed of paid advertising. Some of the products and services are new, some old, but all, we think, are interesting. Order what you want. Refunds are guaranteed (except on personalized items). Prices include postage unless otherwise specified.*



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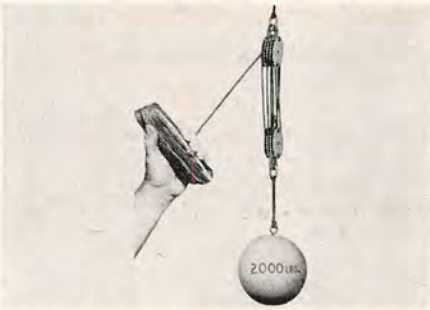


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*For more True Goes Shopping, turn to page* 113

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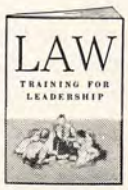


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How the law-trained man has become indispensable in business and government. How law leads to top executive jobs.

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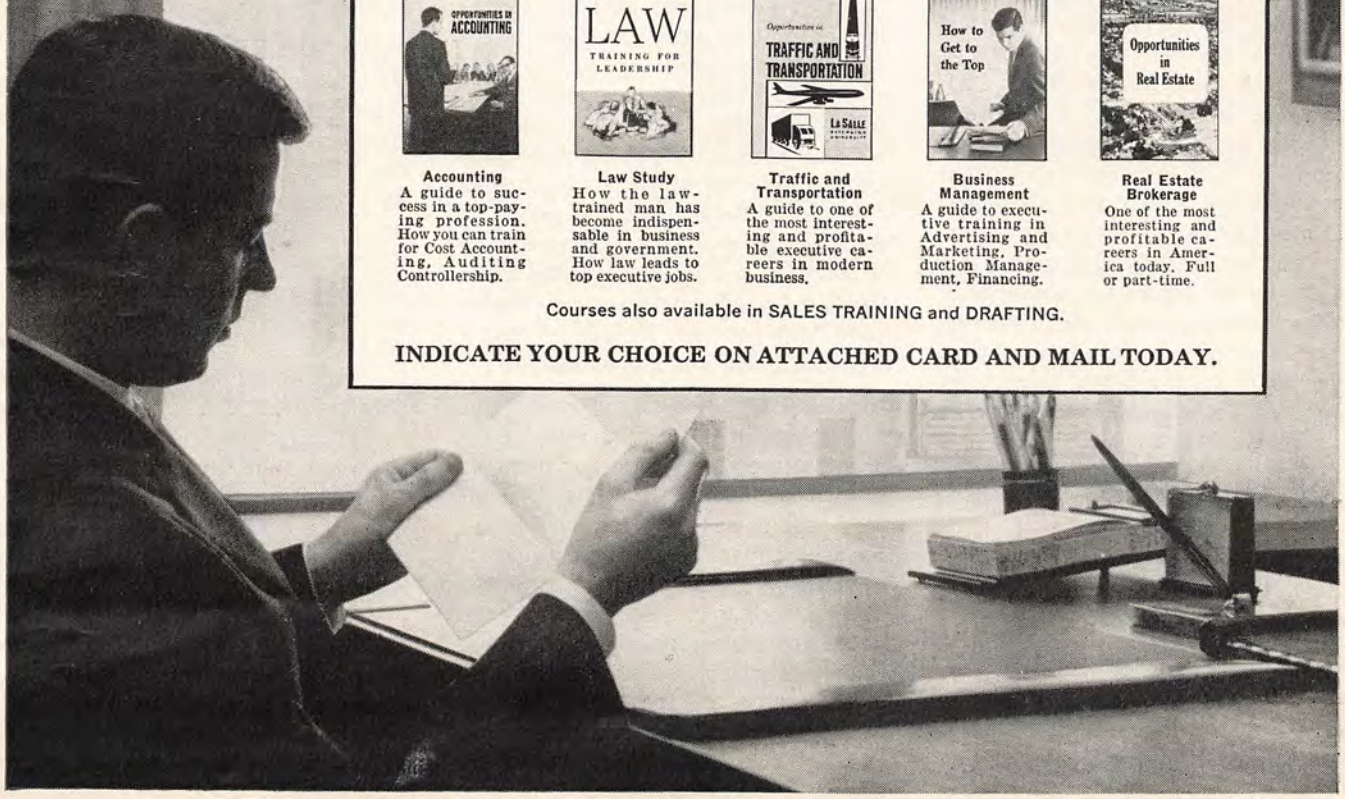

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# IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

*A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place*

## MOON SITTER

It's hard to sit on the moon. One man who tried it had the weird experience of floating off his chair when he made a trifling movement such as rubbing his nose. He is Dr. Walter Kuehnegger, who actually does his moon work at Northrop Space Laboratories in California. He is developing a training program for future lunarnauts. He uses a contraption called a "lunar gravity simulator." This is a rigging which suspends the body at an angle of about 9½ degrees from the horizontal, with feet resting on an inclined walkway. The result is that only one-sixth of the body's weight (the same as the pull of lunar gravity) is directed down to the walkway when the subject jumps or walks. Doctor Kuehnegger has found that jumping on the moon is tricky business. You may jump six times as high as on earth and be off the ground so long that you can tumble around and land on your ear. Doctor Kuehnegger thinks that moon explorers will have to use kangaroo leaps: crouch with arms lowered, leap, bring up arms for stability and lean back for landing. Moon sitting, he says, "is a very strange experience. You feel like you are not sitting, and yet you are." There's very little pressure on the seat of the pants. What moon men will need is a chair to hold them down so they won't fly off with every wiggle.

## GLAMOURLESS GAMS

**Do women dress to please men or themselves? A sad answer to that long-debated question is now in. Women dress to impress and imitate other women. This is obvious from their stampede to buy patterned hosiery: stockings defaced by diamond, square and curlicued patterns that uglify a fatted calf. They make a girl look like a scraggly folk-singer who's been wading in the bayous. We have just read an interview with women at stocking counters that made us shudder. To a woman, the girls agreed that men hate patterned hosiery. Women don't buy the things to please the men in their lives, but because they see other women wearing them. The poor things don't know that this pitiable defiance is sheer madness. Men don't make passes at gams that lack class. We have yet to meet a man who has a passion for a checkerboard ankle on which he can play ticktacktoe.**

## PASSIONATE PUPILS

**Watch a girl's eyes when she's looking at you. If her pupils get larger, you're making an impression. If they get smaller, go home. This handy rule comes from observations by Prof. Eckhard H. Hess of the University of Chicago's psychology department. He has discovered that the pupils enlarge if a person is thinking hard or is very much interested in what he or she sees. On the other hand, the pupils contract if you dislike something you see. Beware of people who look at you with pinpoint pupils.**

## STOGIE-SNATCHERS

A gaggle of busybodies with the instincts of poodle groomers is trying to sanitize and unman Sir Winston Churchill. A statue designed for the English Speaking Union shows Winnie giving his V-for-victory salute with one hand and holding a cigar in the other. Both the salute and the cigar are pure Churchill. But some objectors insisted that the cigar must go, and the E. S. U. actually undertook to poll chapters around the country to see if Sir Winston would be permitted to smoke. He was. The cigar, by and large, is strictly a man's smoke, and it figures that flouncy fusspots would attempt to knock off a statue in accordance with the general tendency to de-masculinize our heroes. Let Winnie smoke good like a hero should. The anti-cigar esthetes didn't have the decency to ask Sir Winston if he wanted to be sculptured as a nonsmoker. We can imagine him roaring in Churchillian retort, "Never have I owed so little to so many nincompoops!"

## SWIMMER'S DELIGHT

**An odd gizmo that looks like a stunted monoplane enables almost anybody to skim along faster than a championship Olympic swimmer. It works under water too and is said to be great for scuba fans. The device, called Aqueon, consists of glider-like blades hitched to the legs from ankle to knee. The blades feather when the knees are bent and action of the big muscles of the legs propels the swimmer with about one-third the effort required with swim fins. No arm action is needed for propulsion but a planing board held in the extended arms is used for diving and climbing under water. Aqueon is the brainchild of Calvin A. Gongwer, a scientist with Aerojet-General Corporation.**

## MARVELOUS MONEY MACHINE

Fiscal nightmares are in store for those folk who live high off the cuff, if a prediction by David Rockefeller comes true. Rockefeller is a banker and we guess he has inside dope about a "universal credit card" that he sees in our future. Said card would be good in stores everywhere, which may sound terrific—but there's a catch. By electronic wizardry, the card instantly charges each purchase to your bank account. Millions of women do their buying expecting that the bill won't come in for a month, during which time they can persuade the old man to deposit enough dough to make good. But what if the universal card informs a storekeeper that a woman who wants to walk out with $700 worth of bikinis has a current bank balance of $1.32? He'll think twice, which can wreck our economy and break up more homes than squabbles about the other woman. The only answer is to regard money as Napoleon regarded history: fiction agreed upon. What is needed is a *total* credit card for goods, services,

(Continued on page 14)

# *Want a fast, sporty outboard... one that can take it or dish it out, drives like your family car and thinks oil is for sun tan?*

## *This is it! The carefree, new 40 (a Sea-Horse, of course!)*

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You have a choice of three new 40's. Manual starting. Electric starting. Exclusive Electramatic Drive—shifts for itself. For faster hot weather starts, each has the new high-capacity fuel pump that eliminates vapor lock. It's on all engines, 5 hp—40 hp.

**17 new models in 10 power classes**—90, 75, 60, 40, 33, 18, 9½, 6, 5 and 3 hp.

None use expensive marine fuels or oils. All use a 50-to-1 gas-oil mix to halve oil costs and stretch engine life.

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*For 24 months after purchase, Johnson will replace, without cost to the original purchaser, any part of its manufacture which upon inspection proves to have failed in normal use due to faulty material or workmanship.

***Another carefree Johnson... first in dependability***

# IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 12)
wages and income taxes, useful in slot machines, buses and gin mills. A totalizer in the Treasury Department could balance all personal and business transactions and charge deficits to the national debt. Since the national debt is owed only to ourselves, it can rise to infinity and we'll be launched into the Great Society.

## CAN-DO, SKEAN-DHU?

**As yet, no senator or representative has appeared in legislative chambers wearing Bermuda shorts and a hunting knife. Our men are pretty timid, vis-a-vis British parliamentarians. Recently, Mr. Russell Johnston, a Liberal member of the House of Commons, appeared wearing a kilt (Johnston tartan) and a skean-dhu in his stocking. A skean-dhu is a formidable dagger. Johnston wasn't bounced for carrying an offensive weapon. He was armed with a dictionary which defined the skean-dhu as pure ornament. Two inferences are possible: Scotsmen are a very hardy breed, or pure visionaries. For centuries they have had the hallucination that the bagpipe is a musical instrument.**

## ID IS HARD TO BELIEVE

Some of our finest comedians do their stuff for highly selected audiences that never laugh at a gag. We refer to performances by some members of the American Psychoanalytic Association, a trade guild of noggin nurses who held a convention in Manhattan a while back. Trying to look like a couch, we slid into the meeting to get some psykicks. Cannibalism, we learned, is currently very hot stuff in the Id-and-Ego fraternity. One analyst reported that sarcastic people have cannibalistic wishes to attack by biting and eating. "Sarcasm" comes from a Greek word meaning "to tear flesh like dogs." Nobody laughed. Another expert revealed that patients who were mistreated as children have a cannibalistic rage to bite and destroy, and talk a lot about rats, which have remarkably sharp teeth. Nobody laughed. Still another authority said that many obese women—like those who think of themselves as "big fat sausages" and dream about elephants with enormous trunks—overeat to fill the void of a missing organ. Nobody laughed. The most astounding discovery of all was made by an analyst whose patients quit smoking. Without exception, he said, "stopping smoking was for each patient a deprivation!" He also said that smoking has unconscious meanings associated with toilet training and "erotic feelings of the oedipal period." Took a good 10 minutes for our fingers to stop shaking enough to light a cigarette.

## INSTANT WIFE-FINDER

**A quick way of getting in touch with a wife who's lost in the city on a shopping spree is reported in *Advertising Age*. A man who suddenly had to have words with his wife, and knew only that she was shopping somewhere in Chicago, hit upon the perfect solution. He called the stores where the family had charge accounts and cancelled them. Within 20 minutes his wife was on the phone shrieking, "What the hell is going on?"**

## LIKE NO TAILS?

Well, the inauguration has come and gone and the absence of white ties, tails, striped pants and cutaways hasn't hurt the country. Descriptions of the ladies' gowns have served their purpose of filling space on the women's pages between supermarket ads for rump roasts and detergents, and are forgotten by all but the housewife who spreads an old newspaper for wrapping garbage. It was all the way with LBJ in Oxford gray. Nobody was hurt except the renters of full dress suits, who must now toady to undertakers and concert pianists. The fellow who said that "men look like hell in rented full dress suits" could have included custom-tailored ones. It's difficult to sit on your tails without pleating them like accordions, and awfully swishy to drape tails over chair arms. Tails are mainly good for swinging from trees with. Full dress suits do nothing that a dinner jacket doesn't do better. It's nice to have an old ranch hand calling fashion turns from the White House.

## SAVE THE HOUSEWIFE

The person most likely to commit suicide in the Boston area at 10 a.m. next Thursday is a bored housewife. Almost certainly she won't succeed. Probably she doesn't seriously intend to end her life. Her attempt is more likely a cry for help. Why Thursday? That's the favorite day for suicide, with 10 a.m. to noon the favorite hours. Why is the wife bored to death? The Rev. Kenneth B. Murphy, curate of St. Francis de Sales Church in Boston, has some informed opinions. He is president of Rescue, Inc., an organization dedicated to the prevention of suicide which has handled more than 7,500 cases. Housewives, most of whom are mothers of small children, "overwhelmingly make more suicide attempts than any other employment classification group." The wife has all kinds of household gadgets but only children and other women to talk to, and she can't get relief with a hobby "while the washing machine is thumping away, the television blasting, and the children howling all over the house." Father Murphy, who should know, believes that the cure for the housewife who attempts suicide can best be supplied by her husband. Give her a night out, a day in town, a little freedom beyond the four walls of the home, so she'll be better able to endure television, children, washing machines and gabby female confidantes.

## CLASSROOM HORSE PLAY

School kids do a lot of horsing around. So do their elders. New Hampshire scholars (and parents) are beneficiaries of a $2,700,000 windfall because one horse can run faster than another. That is what the payoff proved to be for the first year's operation of the country's only legal lottery, the New Hampshire Sweepstakes. This year the cut is expected to be about $4 million, all of it earmarked for the public school system, than which there is no greater nobility. The sweepstakes profit is a sort of fun tax, exacted only from desolute and abandoned people who want to get a bet down, and everybody should be very happy that such riffraff are compelled to pay through the nose for the culture of young'uns. What about those people who bought sweepstake tickets and didn't win? They haven't been bellyaching. They got what they paid for—a run for their money—and no doubt picked up some education along the way.

## DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

**A method of reading electric and gas meters automatically over telephone lines is under test in Michigan.**

**An ultrasonic gadget that drives rats, bats and pigeons out of buildings is now on the market.** **—THE EDITORS**

# The sports car you can afford after you've put a small fortune in sports equipment.

# Plymouth Barracuda. The under $2500* fastback that seats five and has a 7-foot cargo space.

Hi there, sports fans.

Standard equipment includes bucket seats up front. A flip-down rear seat for 7 feet of carpeted cargo space. Options include a high-performance Formula 'S' Package with tach, hot V-8, stiff suspension and Blue Streak Special tires.

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THE ROARING '65s
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VALIANT
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Plymouth

BY RICHARD GEHMAN

*Alan King is a Don Quixote in $300 suits, a modern knight who shakes his Churchillian cigar like a spear at corporate dragons, "emancipated" wives and our crabgrass society. By saying out loud what the rest of us think, he earns himself $500,000 a year and the undisputed title of*

# KING OF THE STAND-UP COMICS

KING'S POINT, LONG ISLAND

■ On this expensive and overlandscaped promontory, hard by Sid Caesar and other millionaires, there lives a man who is said to be the favorite American entertainer of that prim lady who rules England and her polo-playing, press-hating husband. King's Point was not named for Alan King, although he sometimes acts as though it had been. Let us grant him that harmless conceit, for on television (The Garry Moore Show, The Ed Sullivan Show, and many others), in nightclubs, on the stage and sometimes in films he has brought a great deal of pleasure, aid and comfort to those who are badgered by wives, suburban living, children, crabgrass, station wagons and power mowers that suddenly stop working, commuting, the PTA, etc., etc., etc.

King's anger over this group of matters, plus a few others, comes out explosively funny. It enables him to earn, he says, around $500,000 a year. Not bad for being angry in public. The house about which he says he is so mad is an estate here that must have cost at least $250,000. It is staffed by a butler and other live-in help; it was built by the late Oscar Hammerstein the song writer, but King did it over and added a swimming pool. It has a freezer in which he keeps 3,000 cigars. To get to it from New York City, King rides in a Rolls-Royce. His anger is an act.

It is not a bad act, either. As "The Unofficial Spokesman for the Harried Husband," a title he bestowed upon himself, King makes light of the heavy problems that oppress so many of us. "I make a living milking sacred cows," he said to me one day, with fairly justifiable satisfaction. He does this not just in public but between book covers, albeit with the help of writers. *Anybody Who Owns His Own Home Deserves It,* which he wrote with Kathryn Ryan, was bought by 67,000 people in its hardcover edition and by 300,000-odd when it came out in soft covers. The second book, published in October, 1964, entitled *Help! I'm A Prisoner In A Chinese Bakery,* is expected to do better, eventually. These works are not deathless, and King would be the last to so label them; they are refined, edited transcripts of his squawks and bitches uttered on stage. Some critics have deplored them as literature. Others have felt that King has the ability to get to the center of the modern male's troubles, with rare simplicity and directness of aim.

In his act, King attacks most of the things that attack the rest of us—not just domestic situations, but dragons like the telephone company, power companies, lawyers, doctors, department store clerks. But mainly he attacks wives. Since George McManus thought up and began drawing the Maggie and Jiggs comic strip something over 50 years ago, it always has been the custom of comedy talents to attack wives in this country, but few of their darts have been as lethal as King's little shafts of poison are.

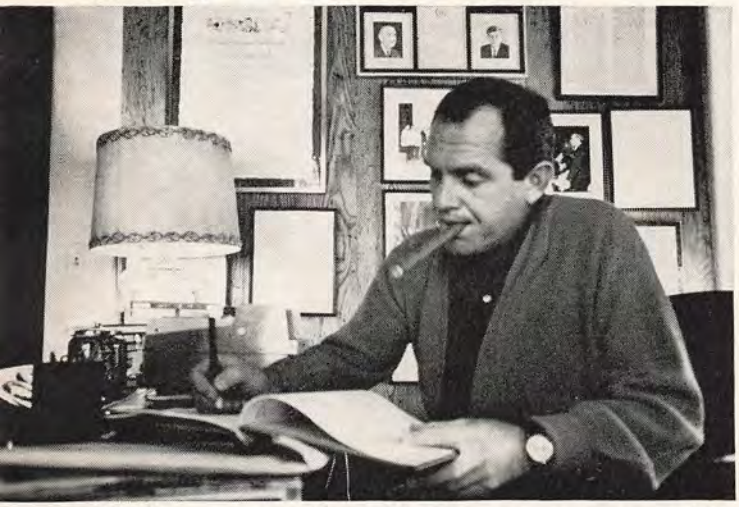
Sometimes he can manage to attack both his wife and one of the institutions, such as the telephone company, in the same routine.

"We've got a clock in our bedroom with an alarm that can crack plaster," King says. "Every morning it goes off in my wife's ear and she doesn't twitch. We've got a phone in the basement that doesn't even have a bell. It has a light that blinks on and off. That she can hear.

"To complicate things, we've got a brown phone in the brown room, a white phone in the white room, and a green phone in the green room. This is so they blend in with the decor. They blend in so well that when the phone rings, you can't find it."

But, King goes on, his wife can find it. "She's on the telephone morning, noon and night. My kids honestly believe that their mother's face consists of two eyes, a nose, and a big black thing

# KING OF THE STAND-UP COMICS



*Unlike most comedians, King has no permanent writing staff. He buys some ideas, then polishes them up himself.*

*King's clothes closet, as big as many hotel rooms, has more than 70 suits, plus "one of every hat ever made."*

*With wife Jeanette, victim of many King routines, and two sons, Alan does his un-angry suburban father bit.*

that hangs out of one ear. . . . For being a link in the Bell Telephone System, I receive a monthly bill that looks like the annual report from the Bank of America. . . . For the same money I could buy her the National Broadcasting Company."

This tirade has virtually no truth in it. Actually, Jeanette King is not a telephoniac, and King's bill is fairly modest, considering the fact that much of his business is done on the telephone and that in his business he always must be calling bookers, managers, trade newspapers, columnists and the like. The idea for the routine came to him one day when he overheard two commuters complaining about their wives using the telephone. After he and a writer he contacted had conferred on the routine, he began polishing the lines that would portray himself as the outraged husband.

King always tries to work on situations that are common to most men. His mode of life may be baronial, but he claims that he faces similar situations which entangle men of more modest means.

"I look forward to weekends like I welcome a sinus attack," he says. "There isn't enough grief Monday through Friday. Saturdays and Sundays I've got to worry about the storm windows, the garage, the basement, the flower beds, the car and the plumbing. On top of this I'm expected to barbecue all the meals, including breakfast, and be a father to my children. Then I go to my in-laws' house and start all over.

"Physically, I'm in great shape. It's my frame of mind that's sick.

"What does my wife do on weekends? She acts like she's just won *Strike It Rich*. All I hear during the week is, 'I'm bored. Why don't you talk to me? Why can't we do things together?' . . . We should do things together. Saturday morning I tell her, 'O.K. You paint the ceiling and I'll work on the walls. Then you pull the crabgrass and I'll spread the fertilizer.' She has a standard answer: 'What kind of man are you?' "

Most people who listen to King going on that way agree about the kind of man he is. He is an hilarious one. King does not agree. "I am an arrogant, brash, agnostic, irritated man," he once said to me. Again, this was an act; and again, not a bad act, either. In his pseudo-arrogant, pseudo-brash, pseudo-agnostic, pseudo-irritated way, King tells us something about ourselves.

That we enjoy this experience, in these solemn and often onerous days, is shown by how busy we all keep Alan King, who earns that $500,000 a year in less than ten months. He never works in July or August, he says, and always takes "about three weeks" off in January to go to "oh, Mexico or somewhere." After he has had his July-August vacation, during most of which he has groused about the condition of his house and the incompetence of the help his wife has mismanaged to hire, he starts moving as frantically as a dress salesman who has just been given the Devil's Island territory. Nobody I know in show business works harder, or longer. Or, for that matter, more expertly. Comedians are a jealous lot. They do not like to give credit to others. Beginning with Milton Berle, one of King's early idols, all the stand-up comedians to whom I have spoken have unanimous praise for King. "He is the best young stand-up comedian I know," Berle told me, "except maybe me, baby." Jack E. Leonard, Jack Carter, Jerry Lester and Jan Murray all agreed. Jackie Gleason said, "Of course, I'm The Greatest—but King ain't bad." This, coming [*Continued on page* 22]

*"My Mutual of Omaha policy has paid my family cash to live on for 12 years. It will go on paying—for the rest of my life, if necessary."*

# Over $28,000.00 in cash
## paid by Mutual of Omaha to the Arnoldy family

***"Without my policy, I'd have been on relief or some kind of charity,"***

*says* **TOM ARNOLDY** *of Shawnee, Kansas*

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[*Continued from page* 18]

from Gleason, was a singular compliment.

In his ten working months, King is indefatigable. One day last September he was telling me his plans. "I go to Las Vegas on the 28th for three weeks. I come back and do The Ed Sullivan Show. Then I come back again when my new book opens—is published—and I take three weeks to plug it on radio and television in key cities. In November I do another Sullivan. I signed to do six, or is it seven? Then I got a committment to play five, six days in Pittsburgh in a new club owned by a friend of mine. Then I'm going to do a new pilot film for a television series, and I've got some special television shows to do, and I'm going over to England to do some specials for British television, which I will tape.

"Then I've got my club dates and after-dinner speaking. I go around the clock when I work. I was in Scranton, Pennsylvania, last night, I go to Westchester County, New York, tonight, on Monday night I work in New York City, Wednesday I'm in Washington, Thursday I'm in Chicago. Sunday I do the Sullivan show, Monday I open in Vegas."

Wherever King goes and works, he displays a fine irreverence for local customs and personalities. "Like in Glasgow, Scotland," he says. "They told me that in front of the Queen of England I couldn't talk about the Profumo scandal that involved high officials and Christine Keeler. I said, 'Like hell I can't,' and I talked about it. I said, 'I see there's a little scandal been going on, and I think it's marvelous. It's healthy. At least there's women mixed up in it—last time it was two guys caught in a park.' They screamed. After I finished the show, they said they were going to take me to meet the Queen."

This encounter, as King recalls it, never will be entered in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* unless the editors decide to put in a section on Brashness.

"How do you do, Mr. King?" Elizabeth II said.

"Fine, thank you," said King. "How do *you* do, Mrs. Queen?"

That remark was made on the spot, not prepared. Most of King's remarks, he admits—as comedians seldom will admit—are born of careful calculation and contrivance. King sits down once or twice a week with one of a number of writers who has an idea that might be useable, after paying anywhere from $500 to $1,500 for it. These writers work free-lance; King does not have a staff. The writer supplies some lines, King's secretary retypes the script, and then King gets to work on it, adding his own special twist to the lines and trying to time his punches. His routines—there are about a hundred of them, he estimates—are conceived by personal experience or observation, like the one on his wife and the telephone. Or maybe a writer will approach King with an idea which happens to coincide with something that happened to him and also easily could happen to others.

In 1963 King broke a leg—and went further away from being broke, because he made capital of the accident later in a routine. He was doing a benefit performance in a New York hotel, introducing a dance team.

"While I was making the introduction, the stagehands decided it would be a good idea to remove the stairs," he says. "I walked over to where the stairs were supposed to be and fell six feet.

"You've got to picture this. The band is playing *Beautiful Ohio*. I'm stretched out flat on my back on the floor with a broken leg. The louder I yell for help, the louder they play. There are 2,000 people in the ballroom. Nobody heard me fall. Nobody heard me screaming and moaning—except one man. A lawyer."

This happened exactly as King tells it. But in the routine he made from it, it served as a springboard for him to needle lawyers, then doctors, then lawyers again. On and on this monologue goes, and up to the ceiling goes the laughter of the audience. Like the late James Thurber, like the early S. J. Perelman, King has an ability to tie obvious things up in a package so that they can be seen in new perspective. He can make clichés destroy themselves as he uses them.

"Modern man is expected to be a good provider for his family," he says, "a faithful and virile husband, a helpmate, a loving father, an asset to his community, a paragon of virtue, a pillar of strength, a fountain of compassion. And all the time he's got to conform to the system, act by the rules, and live by the numbers.

"Is it any wonder that he's neurotic?" King continues, his voice rising. (His voice always rises at approximately his third sentence.) "Is it any wonder that he has an ulcer and sucks on tranquilizers like they were Sen-Sen? This poor guy gets up at 7 a.m., argues with his wife, battles his kids, swallows breakfast in one big lump, fights traffic into the city, gets trampled in the public conveyances, breathes polluted air, and risks life and limb just to cross the street.

"As soon as he gets to work, he's hounded by the bank, threatened by his creditors, and works under constant tensions, pressures and insecurities while he's being undercut by his competitors, abused by his boss, and stabbed in the back by his associates.

"Five o'clock he gets back into the car, fights the bumper-to-bumper traffic all over again, staggers up to his house, and throws himself across the threshold into the waiting arms of his loving wife who speaks the first kind words he's heard in ten hours:

" 'I'm going to have a nervous breakdown!' "

This comes on as funny material, but in private conversation, Alan King is not as funny as one might expect. No humorist is, ever. Humorists simply are better-equipped to get rid of their wrath. When King talks about his subject matter, he becomes as serious as, let's say, Albert Schweitzer. "We're all prisoners in some degree to the system," he said to me one day when we were sitting around drinking his Scotch. "We're all numbers on an IBM card. Next year we're going to be fractions."

In an attempt to be natural and relaxed, King often resorts to the Scotch

**"They 'ad somebody new behind the bar at the Crown tonight—pleasant kinda feller."**

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mentioned above. This is not to imply that he is a drunk. He is a good hard drinker, and at 38 he is, as he is the first to admit in excellent condition. He stands 5 feet 10½ and weighs 175 pounds, and he can play tennis all afternoon without a gasp. Many entertainers I know try not to let the public know they tipple, but King has a refreshingly candid approach to his own drinking. "Sure, I take a few drinks before I go on stage," he says. "It's a crutch. Especially in a night club. I don't think it's fair for the audience to be bagged and for me to walk out there sober. Certainly I drink."

This line was delivered with the same belligerence and outrage that characterizes King's performing style. It is a voice that has echoes of the Lower East Side, where he and so many other comedians were born and raised. (If there had been no Lower East Side of New York, America might never have had any entertainment.) His voice also contains the accents of Brooklyn, where he was raised. His name originally was Irwin Kniberg, the son of Bernard Kniberg, who married Minnie Solomon, daughter of a man named Doretsky. How Doretsky came to be Solomon involved his unwillingness to spend sixteen dollars to change the sign on a paint store he bought, soon after he arrived in this country from Russia, from a man named Solomon. "He decided it was cheaper to change his name to Solomon," King says.

Bernard Kniberg and his bride lived with Doretsky-Solomon, who lost his store at about the time of the Wall Street crash and went to be a building superintendent in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, principally because a rent-free apartment went with the job. Kniberg was an idealist, a dreamer, a joiner of causes and—King told me one day—"a complete economic failure." King says this with affection, for he believes that his father's attitude toward life, that of the bitter immigrant who came to America looking for gold in the streets and, not finding any, began searching for human values with philosophical resignation, is in large part responsible for his own ability to communicate. Kniberg is still alive, still idealistic, still bitter. "He spends his days watching accidents on Queens Boulevard on Long Island," King says.

Then he adds: "I was lucky to be raised in a jungle. I was lucky that my father was out of work, *any* work, so much of the time. It gave him a lot of time to spend with me." Because he was a child of the depression, King often uses the phrase "out of work." In one routine, he has his mother saying to a nonexistent older brother (King has only a sister), "Why don't you learn a trade so I'll know what kind of work you're out of?"

As a boy, King was what might be described as a city-born Jewish Huckleberry Finn. At 13, he weighed 214 pounds. For a long period he was regularly in trouble. "Oh, it was nothing serious," he now says. "Petty thievery, mischief, vandalism, stuff like that. Just doing what the environment bred. A lot of fights. From the time I was five. I always was fighting somebody. I loved it. Football, too. The idea of body contact—*release!*"

Later on, he discovered that he did not have to fight as often. "I just cut everybody up verbally," he says. He still got into an occasional fight. "There was a friend of mine, Alex Jabofsky, we called him Bof, he couldn't fight his way out of a wet bag, but he was always getting into fights. I always had to fight *his* fights. I'd be sitting in a restaurant, he'd get into an argument with the waiter, and—well, here we go!"

This idyllic existence was interrupted by King's sudden awareness, the source of which he cannot define exactly, that he Wanted Out. His father may have been disillusioned by the system of our society, but King was determined not to be. He was going to find the gold in the streets.

"I started out as a musician. Today I have The Mrs. Birkfeld Award. I give it every year to Junior High School 50, in Brooklyn. She was a wonderful woman. Drums was my instrument. She used to let me take the drums home—it was against the law—so I could work a gig as a drummer if I got one. I never forgot her, and now I have this award in her memory."

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Joey Jay of the Cincinnati Reds tells what's gone wrong with a great idea

**NEXT MONTH IN TRUE**

Mrs. Birkfeld may not be lost to King's memory, but her first name is. She also may not have been as important in his life as his own ambition was. His wife, the former Jeanette Sprung, daughter of a graveyard monument carver, whom King has known since she was 10, recalls "He was very anxious, very eager to do well as a showman. He would go to the theater in New York, watch comics like Willie Howard, Berle, and the others, and then come home and stand on a milk box and give us every line that every comic did. If there were only four kids there, he'd still do the whole show. He was always ready to perform, even as a kid. He wanted very much to do *something*. He tried sports, and he did well up to a point, but everybody knew he was going to be some kind of entertainer."

King himself knew it. "I started running away from home at the age of twelve," he says. "Sometimes with the help of my parents. I was so mischievous, they used to point at the door. I got fairly good on the drums and I formed a band. I had cards printed for it. 'Earl Knight and his Musical Knights: Songs For Community Singing.' When I was fourteen I took the band to a place in the Catskills. It was a hard job, mainly because you found very few fourteen-year-old musicians whose parents would let them work. The New Prospect Hotel, in Mountaindale, New York.

"I started some comedy going on that job. The younger people seemed to like me. The next thing I knew, I was sort of a social director, and a fellow who ran another hotel nearby came to me and said, 'Why don't you work for me next year?' So the next summer I went to be his *tummeler*—entertainment director. Except that the first night I made a pun on his name, which was Harry Gradus. I said, 'When you work for Gradus, you work for gratis,' and he fired me right off the floor. He pointed his finger and yelled, 'Out! *Out!*' "

King got out. A dishwasher gave him a ride to the hotel he had played the year before, the owner took him back, and he stayed for the summer. By that time he was incurably addicted to performing as a comedian. It worried his mother; his father said, "Whatever you want to do, do." Except for the football coach, the faculty of Brooklyn Boys' High saw little of him that year. He was a good player. The coach urged him to go on to college, but the desire to entertain was too strong to let him try that. As soon as football season was over he began looking for jobs as a comedian. He heard of one at The Gaiety, a burlesque house in Montreal, and ran off to apply for it. The theater manager liked what he did, but the Canadian authorities were not impressed. It was wartime—this was around 1941, King recalls—and he had neglected to register as an alien. He was deported.

Before that, at the age of 14, he had taken some time off from performing to enter the ring. He fought as an amateur: "I had six fights. I lost the last three and quit," he says. "Then I went back and boxed periodically as a semi-pro up to the age of sixteen, seventeen, to pick up some money. It was a means of getting out. But I found out that being a comedian got me out even better. 'There he goes, that crazy guy,' they would say. If a kid had a new sled, which I never had, it gave him some standing—but not as much as I had by being funny.

"They all wanted to be with me because I was always clowning around . . . but then that started to worry me. I thought, 'The only reason they want me is because I'm funny.' I became frustrated for a time. It bugged me. Then I started to figure, 'O.K., they want me because I'm funny. So I'll be funny.' "

Between fights, King took to hanging around Leon and Eddie's, a famous New York 52nd Street night club, now torn down, every Sunday night. Celebrity Night, they called it. He had no money; he kept moving up and down the bar to avoid being accosted by one of the bartenders to buy a drink. One Sunday night he was there as usual, shifting from seat to seat, avoiding the bartenders' gazes, when he felt a hand on his shoulder.

"What are you doin' here, kid?" asked Eddie Davis, one of the owners.

"I'm watching the show," King said.

"You been here for five or six Sundays now, and I ain't seen you buy a drink," Davis said. "What do you do?"

"I'm a comic," King said, shakily.

"Oh, yeah? Let's see you work."

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Today, when King speaks of Davis, he uses the accents that hopeless people ordinarily reserve for St. Jude, their patron saint. "Davis took me up to his office then and there with his piano player, Art Waner, and he put me on that night, I was a hit. Every Sunday night for almost nine years he used me."

The great Joe E. Lewis saw him work in Leon and Eddie's. If King's tones are blown through with intimations of sainthood when he speaks of Davis, they become as resounding as a minister of the gospel's when he talks about Lewis. The older man had watched him quietly; they never had met except in passing. One night, about a year after his first appearance at the 52nd Street club, King was booked into The Paddock, a gambling joint in Atlantic City. In his own phrase, he bombed. "I was so bad," he says, "that I didn't even wait for them to fire me. I just left the club and went walking along the boardwalk." While considering the possibility of walking through the ocean toward the horizon, he saw one of those wicker wheelchairs approaching him. Its occupants were Ed Weiner, the publicity man, and Joe E. Lewis. King tried to hide his face, but they saw him.

"What're you doin' here, Alan?" Joe E. asked.

"I *was* working at The Paddock, but I bombed," King said. "I'm afraid to go back."

"What time's your next show?"

"Midnight."

"I'll be there."

Just before midnight Lewis turned up with about 30 people he had brought from the club where he was working. King relaxed. He began working naturally. What he did not learn until later was that Lewis had delayed his own first show to come and give him confidence, and that is why he speaks in tones of reverence when he discusses the older man. It is pleasant to report that they have remained friends over the years; actors ordinarily do not remain friends over the years, except with their own selves.

Eventually, in Leon and Eddie's, King was approached by Harry Adler, an agent, who decided he had talent. "I can do things for you," Adler said encouragingly. "You got talent. But, son, you got to get yourself some white-on-white shirts, some nice suits, you should always look nice—"

King gave him an Alan King look, a take compounded of hostility and a certain amount of gratitude. "Look, Mr. Adler," he said, "I haven't got any money for rent, even, nothing for food. I need a job. Book me somewhere. I want something to eat. If I could afford to dress the way you want me to dress, I wouldn't be looking for a job."

By that time King had married Jeanette Sprung and they were living in an apartment next to a bakery. The smell was pervasive; to this day, King hates bread. Before his marriage he had done well enough to buy a second-hand car. After the marriage he had done so badly he had to sell it. His wife's father had urged him to join the graveyard monument-making business, so he could "get respectable." King was stubborn, but secretly he felt that he was a failure. At 20.

Adler began to book him. "I worked in more toilets than you can imagine," he said to me when we were talking about The Life And Times of Alan King. He meant that no comedian in this country ever worked more uncelebrated nightclubs. Some of their names were The Silver Frolics, The Melody Club, The Mirror Club, and, of course, the one where Gleason began, a Brooklyn shebeen that Jackie always refers to as "the ever-popular Queens Terrace." It might be supposed that this would have cured King permanently of nightclubitis, but he still plays a few places each year—celebrated ones—in Las Vegas, Miami, and Puerto Rico, as well as the Waldorf-Astoria in New York.

"I love nightclubs because they give me a chance to work out new routines. I got one about petty larceny in people I'm working on now. You know, people making the kid say he's under twelve when he gets on a train or an airplane. People gypping the telephone company—not that that's a bad idea—by calling long distance and asking for themselves. I call up my mother and the operator asks if Alan King is there. 'No, he's not here, but wherever he is, tell him to wear his sweater,' she says."

King struggled on. One night—it was in 1952, if his vagrant memory serves him—when he was working in a Hollywood club called Billy Gray's, he was seen by the managers of the Las Vegas hotel that calls itself, not entirely with justification, The Fabulous Flamingo. They told their entertainment director, Sammy Lewis, about him. Lewis was doing a revue.

"The sketches weren't so hot," King says, "until I started my monologues."

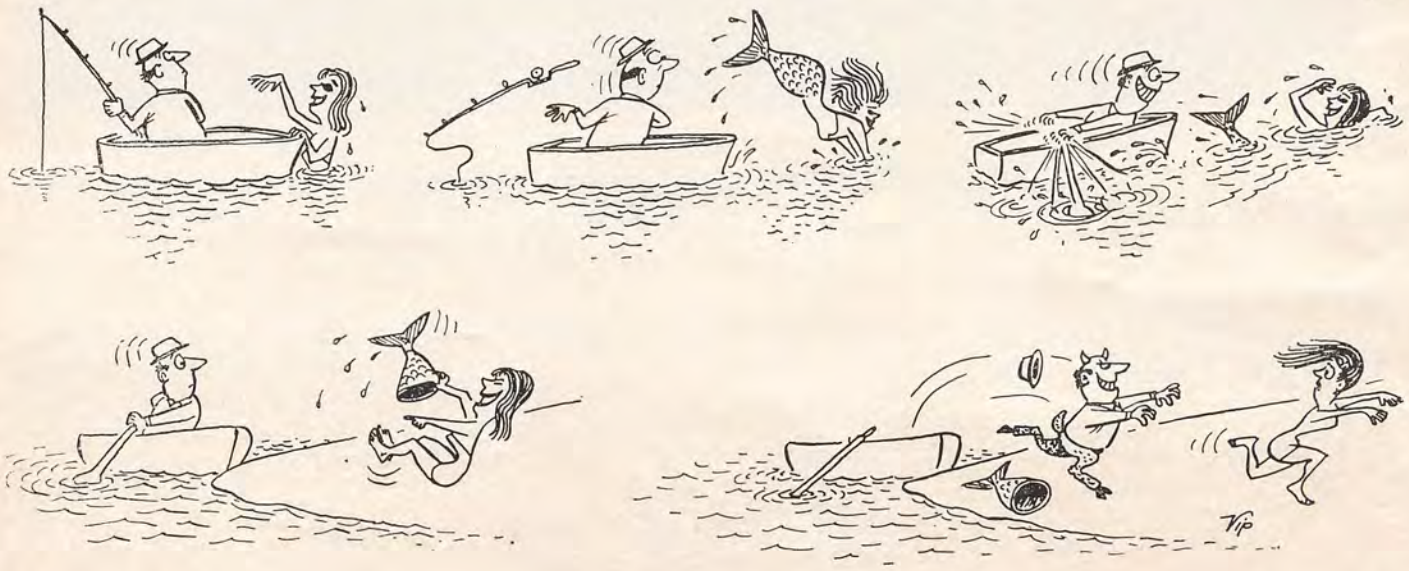
The monologues were hot. King was instantly successful. He stayed four weeks. The owners then asked him to knock off for a week and then come back and open with Tony Martin, the straw-hat-and-stick singer. Martin and King both were born on Christmas day. This did not cause a bond between them at first. "We opened on the 26th of December, and we fought like dogs for the first five nights," King recalls, "but then we became friends and we've been like brothers ever since. For three and a half years Tony wouldn't play a date unless I was on the bill.

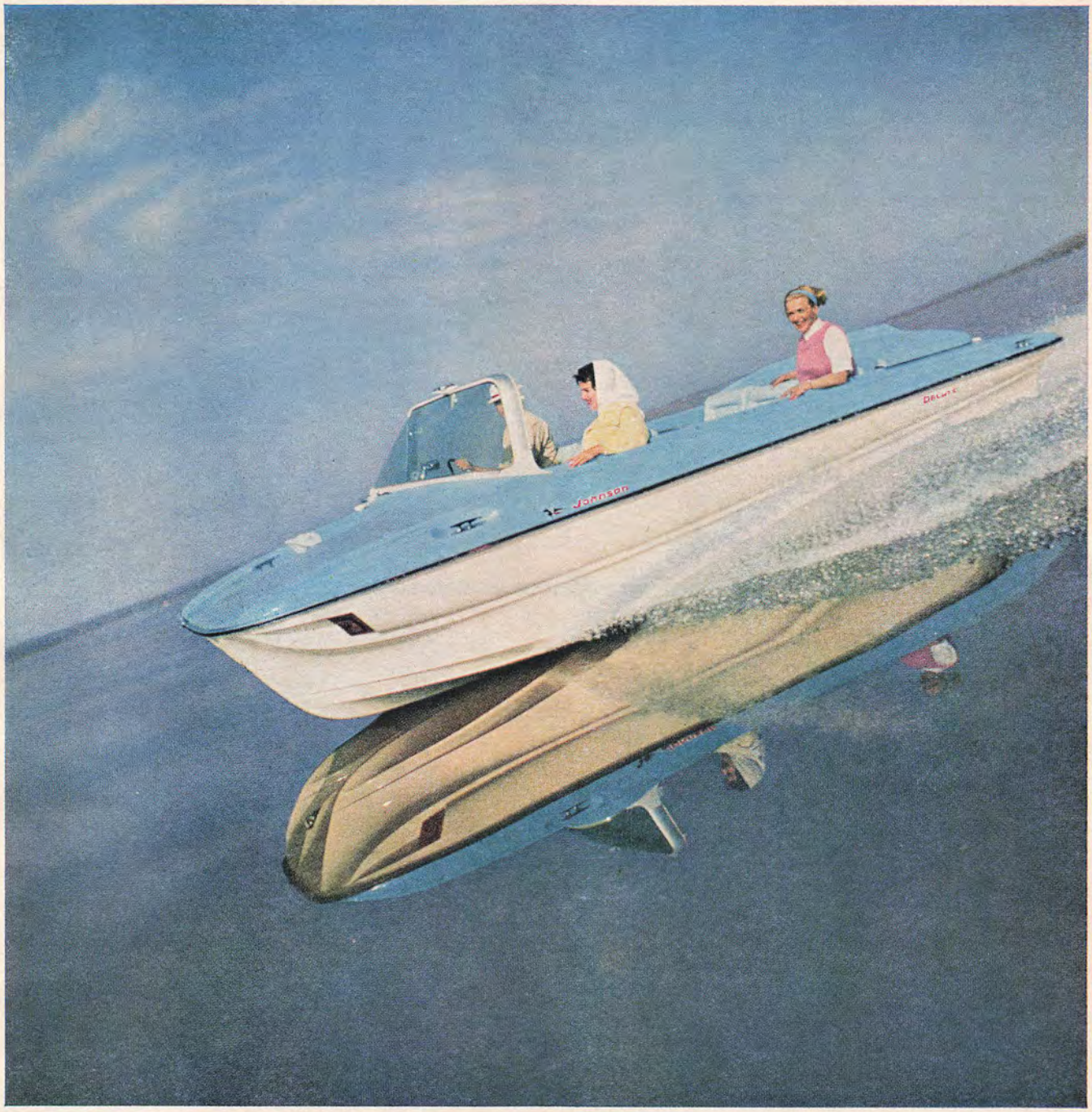
"In fact, at Hotel Ambassador in Los Angeles, they only ever had one act in their big room. They wouldn't pay me. Tony paid me out of his salary."

After his three and one-half years, King decided to go out on his own. To his pleasant surprise, club managers invited him back to places he had played with Martin, but as a headliner. Then the—his phrase—"big, *big* BIG thing happened." Judy Garland was opening at the Palace Theater in New York. Sol Schwartz, then the head of RKO Studios, now with Columbia Pictures, knew that Miss Garland and her husband, Sid Luft, were looking for a comedian to appear with her. Schwartz had become an Alan King fan, and suggested that he might do. Luft and his wife never had seen King but engaged him on the strength of Schwartz's recommendation.

King assumed, as the comedian, that he





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would close the first half of the show. The Lufts had other plans, in the form of a Hungarian ballet team. King then said he would not take the job. Schwartz called him and said, "Alan, as a favor to me, take it." King agreed, but at rehearsals he was so angry he scarcely spoke to his employers. On opening night his fury gave him unusual eloquence.

"My wife finds me absolutely essential for two reasons," he said. "To earn the money she needs for all her schemes, and to take out the garbage. I think she had the house wired before we moved in so she could locate me fast. The minute I sat down, she knew it. 'Alan,' she'd call, 'get up and take out the garbage.'

"I would be understandably confused, because we hadn't eaten. I always wondered where the hell the garbage was coming from. I really believe she collected garbage from the neighbors just so I could take it out for her . . ." And so on.

Sid Luft and Judy Garland were at his dressing room when he came off, telling him that from then on he would close the first half of the show. The run was 26 weeks, after which Miss Garland was planning to go to London. King says, "I was afraid they wouldn't understand me. I turned it down."

He took Jeanette on a trip to Rome. Miss Garland called him from New York. King says, "She says, 'Alan, I'm in a spot—either Sid or I should go to London to set up our show, but we can't make it. Could you fly up from Rome?' By then we're very close friends. I told her I would. My wife and I fly to London.

"Judy Garland never shares billing with *anybody*. But there it was on a billboard seven stories high—JUDY GARLAND PLUS ALAN KING. She'd taken the date for me without my consent. I saw this billing, the most tremendous one I'd ever seen, and I thought, 'Well, I'm stuck.' This is the first time in my life I've ever been frightened about my work. I had the jitters.

"What I did was, I sat down with a lot of writers and tried to rewrite my style. That only added to my fright. Here I am, the biggest opening of my career and I'm not going to be *me*, already.

"I get over there, I have a couple of belts before I go on. I walked out cold. There was the biggest silence you ever heard in your life.

"It's like a fighter. If I'm a guy who's naturally a southpaw, and I got to fight a guy who kills southpaws, naturally I change my style. The first time I get hit on the chin, I go back to the way my instinct tells me. I fight the way I fight. They'd told me I couldn't be an angry man, they said, 'You can't insult them, you can't make fun of the Queen . . .' They took away my best shots. I now got to fight the audience with one hand.

"I stared at them for about ten seconds. Somebody in the audience coughed. I said, 'I want to thank you for that thrilling ovation, and I want you to know I'm not too crazy about you, either, right now.' With that little reaction, I started to move in. I said, 'I want you to know I'm not too crazy to be here tonight. In fact, if I was in Norway, getting a lot less money, I'd *prefer* it.' A few more laughs. I started in on the street walkers—they had them there then, but nobody talked about them.

"So I started with, 'At least the people in the street are friendly—every girl wants to take me home.'

"*Bam!* I just went back to being myself, talking about my wife and the problem of being a husband, and . . .

"Well, I talked about the weather, the BOAC, and so on. I hollered about my wife, I hollered about doctors, I hollered about insurance companies. And I never . . . well, Bravos. Hear hears! They'd say 'Hear, hear!' And I'd say, 'Where, where?' "

The British, essentially irreverent, reacted to King as they had not reacted to any American comedian for years, a well-informed British journalist friend of mine tells me. King is still stunned. When he tells this story he gets up and acts out his part, then sits down and acts out the audience's. "I never had a reaction like that in my life!" he cries. Like many show people—indeed, like most—he finds it difficult to utter a simple declarative sentence unthunderously.

King never does encores. That first night in England, he did his bit and walked off as usual. Judy Garland was waiting—jumping up and down—in the wings. "Go back on," she said. "Never," King said. "Please," she said. He did.

"I got to tell you about Paul Revere," he said. "We used to be a possession of yours. This fellow Paul Revere, when we were colonies, he rode up and down yelling, 'The British are coming!' All I can say to you after tonight's reception is this. Paul Revere had a big mouth."

London was captured. The newspapers, the next day, had King on front pages. British television went after him and, of course, got him. Kids followed him in the streets, and so did adults. Royalty took him up. He bought his first Rolls-Royce. One day one of his British managers picked him up in a taxi and said to the driver, "Do you ever watch Mr. King on television?" "Nobody lives in Britain who doesn't watch Mr. King on television," the driver said. The next time King went back to London, he had his own theater. He was, literally, the King of American comedians in Britain. He did two Royal Command Performances, and had to turn down a third.

King is now one of the big kings of comedy. The man who has emerged from this background is—even with the rage that comes out in the monologues, or possibly *because* the rage comes out that way—affable and well-adjusted; or, perhaps, as well-adjusted as any comedian and actor ever can get. King plays good tennis, rides horses and, until he gave the game up two years ago, was a 70's golfer. He abandoned golf because he was spending too much time on the links, he says. He is a better-than-average drinker, as noted, with four bars in his house, and has excellent digestion. His wife is a pretty, dark-haired woman with a nice sense of humor; they have two teen-aged sons.

Apart from his one-nighters, his television appearances, and his nightclub work, King has other interests. He writes his books, plus six articles per year for a woman's magazine in which he complains mainly about women. He also works as a public relations man for Tanqueray gin and John Begg Scotch. In addition, he says, he has "investments in small business and the stock market and . . . well, you know, like that." He is planning to open a restaurant in New York. "I'll probably go broke, but it'll be fun," he says. "It's going to be kind of a drop-in place. I'm going to be my own best customer."

There always are gags of that kind coming out of Alan King's mouth when he is not onstage, wry comments on himself that are delivered with what only can be his father's anger at having failed to find that gold in the streets. Yet he is—perhaps because he has at last Made It, as they say in his business—a wonderful host, and a good companion when he is not home. Whether or not he is well-adjusted is more than I can tell. He seems to be. There only seemed to be one frustration in his life.

"I'd like to make my own television series," he told me last autumn. "I've done as many pilots for series—try-out shows—as any man now living. If I do three more pilots I can put the pilots on as a series. I lost more pilots than the Luftwaffe. CBS must have $750,000 invested in Alan King pilots."

Soon after he made that statement, King announced that he had signed with Universal Television to do a series of 29 shows called *The Alan King Show*, in which he plays a cab driver. He was not sure whether it would be a network show or released for syndication in local stations, but he was going to do it—*without* making a pilot. We will be seeing more of him this year and next.

"Maybe this will be the hit that will help me show that I can do some of the things I really want to do as a comedian," he said to me one day soon after he had signed for the series. "I'm not really an angry man. I just act angry." We were sitting in his front room when he said that. He noticed that our glasses were empty. "Jeanette! For God's sake, where's that booze?" he shouted. That may have been a part of the act; it may have been the real man speaking. It never is possible for me to tell, when I am around actors—and Alan King is, in addition to being a comedian, a superb actor. It doesn't matter if it was an act or not. The anger comes out funny. And as long as it does, he is in little danger of losing his crown as King of the Stand-up Comedians.

—Richard Gehman

**COMING . . .**

The man who has it made—or has he?

**WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE RICHARD BURTON**

A punchy, penetrating profile of the actor who has become a household word

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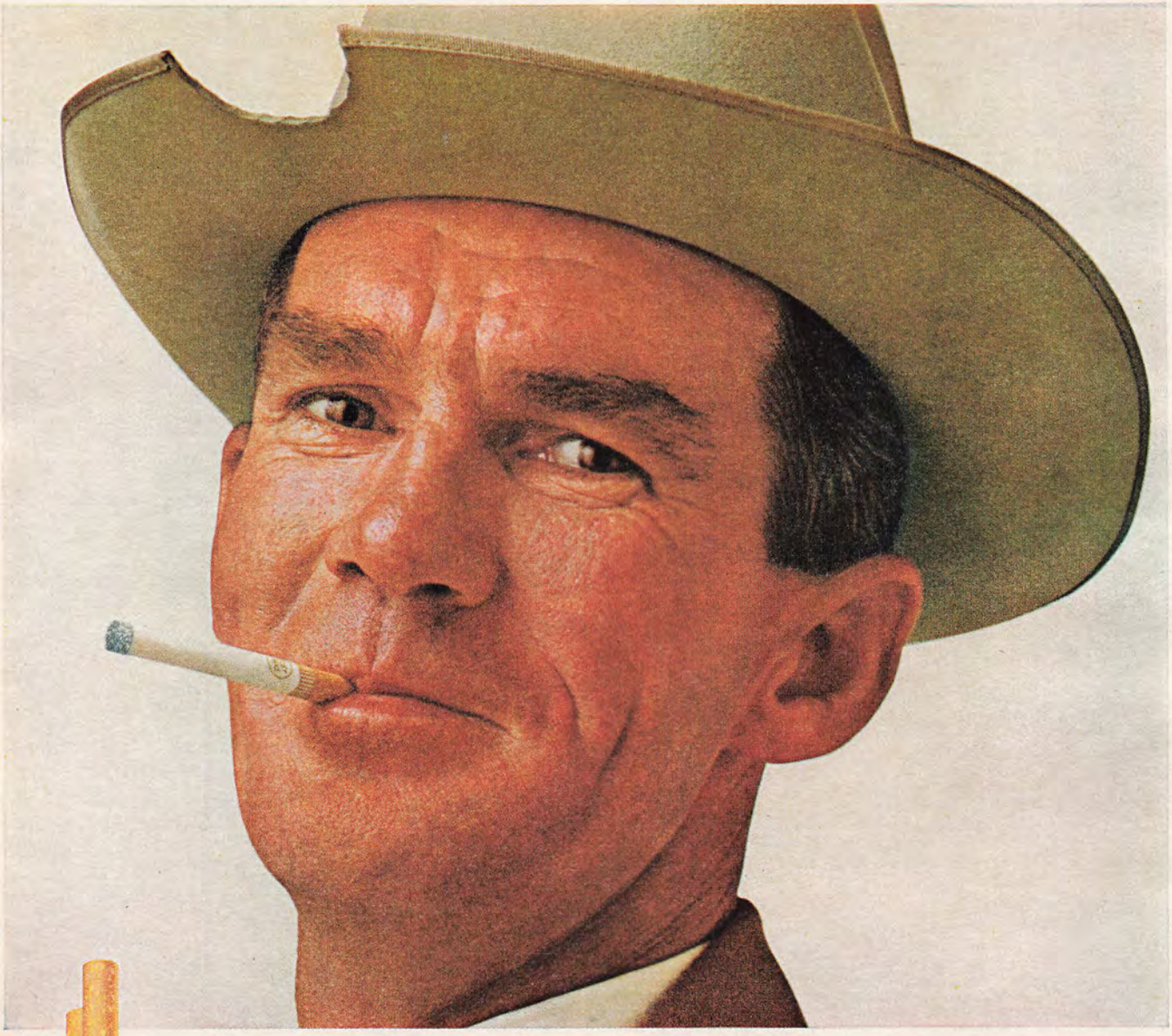
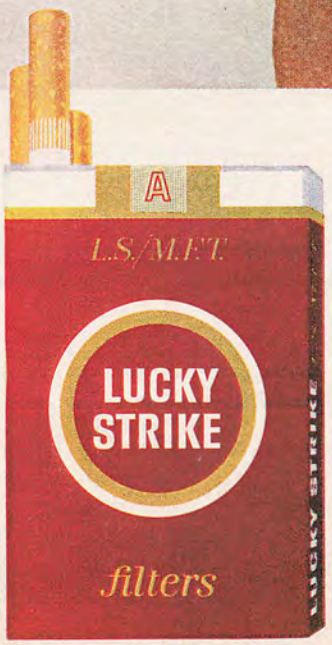
"What I said was: **Show me just one filter that won't take away the taste and I'll eat my hat!"**



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LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FLAVOR TIP

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And Lucky's Flavor Tip actually enhances the taste

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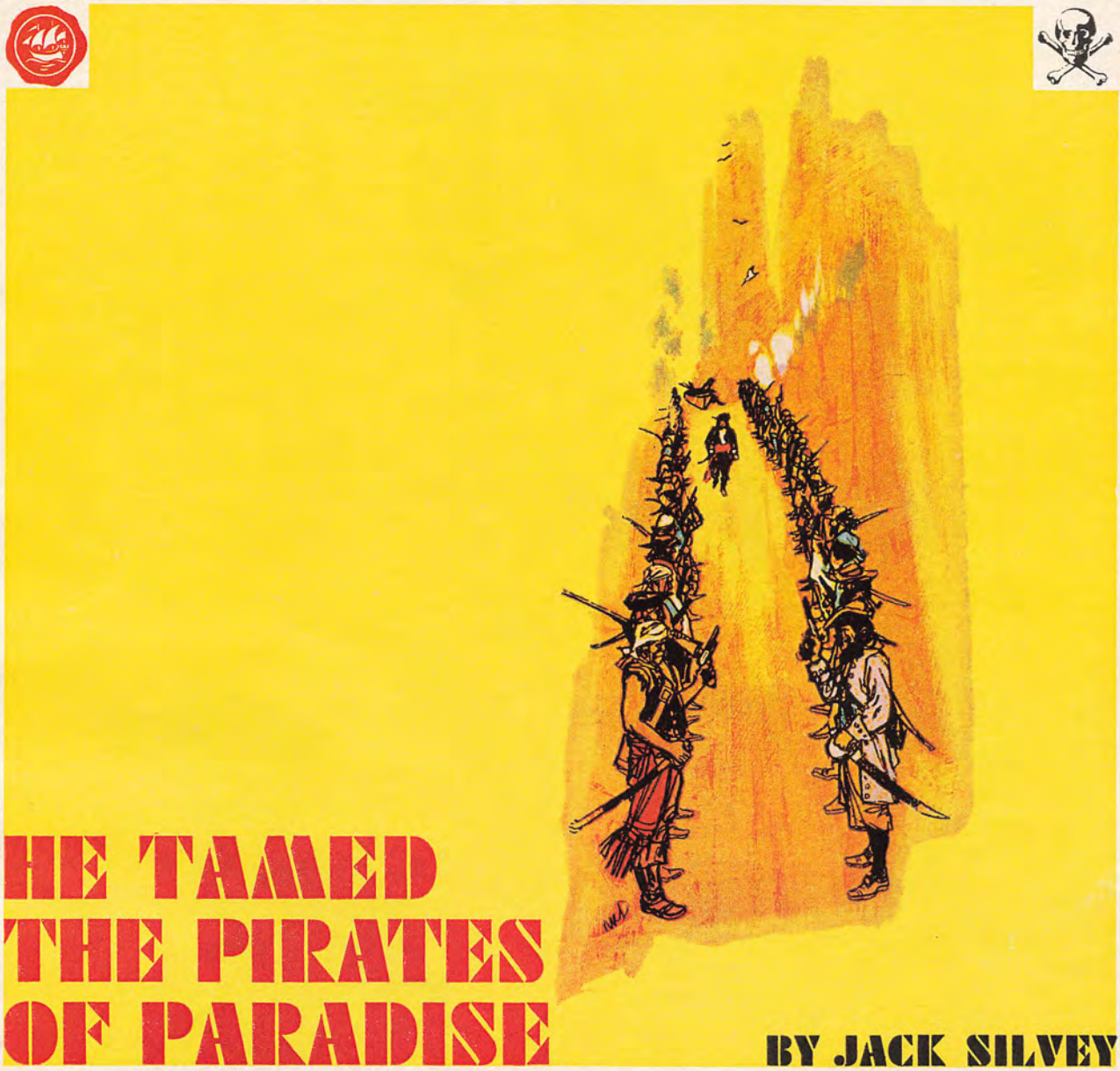


# HE TAMED THE PIRATES OF PARADISE

BY JACK SILVEY

**Woodes Rogers had been adventurer, sea captain and Robinson Crusoe's rescuer. Now he had to walk between two lines of ruthless pirates who had reason to hate him. On their moves, and his, rested the fate of the Caribbean**

■ Woodes Rogers was a tough and compact man, 39 years old, with iron in his face. When he was angry or ready to fight, his light-blue eyes paled nearly to white and a great scar where a ball had shattered his jaw glowed yellow, and the men around him were quiet and careful. In the year 1718 he brought three tiny ships across the Atlantic, and on the blazing afternoon of July 24 he anchored off the bar that leads into the harbor at Nassau, in the Bahamas. He had come here to fight a battle which only guts and nerve and brains could win, and now, as he stood at the rail and searched the scene ashore, his eyes were white as sailcloth and the scar glowed like phosphorus in a darkened sea.

Awaiting him on shore was the greatest concentration of pirates the world had ever known. Two thousand men who were, man for man, the fiercest fighters of all time, held complete control of this lovely little island, which lay athwart the richest of trade routes. A hundred armed ships rode at anchor in the crystal-blue bay. Nearly every solid building on the bright sand shore was a tavern; nearly every woman was a whore.

From here, with the impunity of kings, the men of plunder sailed out in their small, swift ships to run down merchantmen and board them with cutlasses swinging raw and open and blood rolling across the decks like sea foam. From here, they sacked defenseless towns, ranging as they pleased from the Azores to Panama, from Carolina to Guinea. And when their holds were full, it was home to Nassau that they came, home to drink and whore and dice, home to pore over maps and plan new forays.

Now Woodes Rogers, sea captain, adventurer and new governor of Nassau, was planning to

The great ball from Rogers' pistol blew the rebel right off his hogshead perch, while eight pirates dangled in the brilliant sun.

# PIRATES OF PARADISE

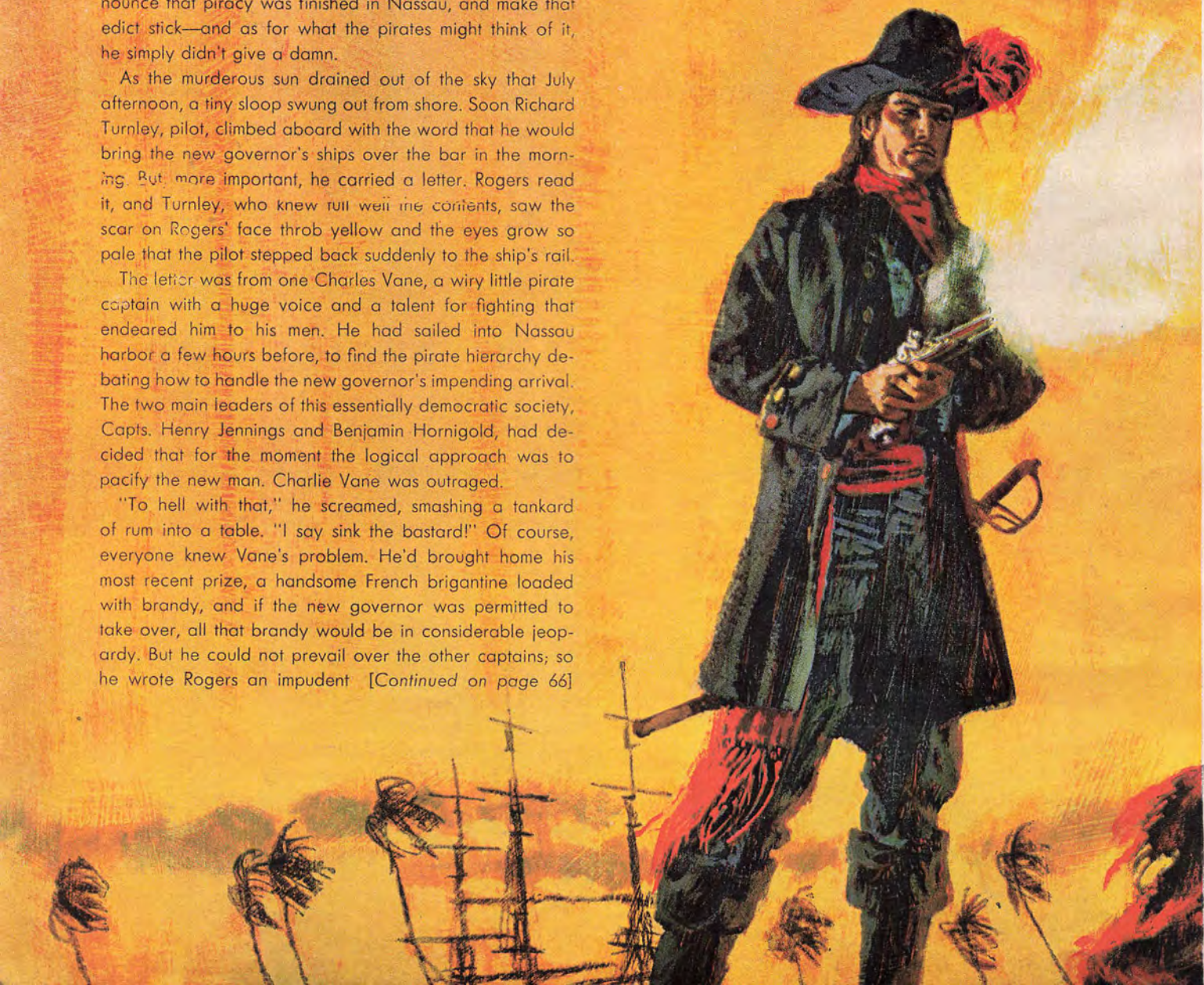
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. MCDERMOTT

sail in with the tide and take over. To back this ambitious move, he had three puny ships, of which two would sail away within a week, 100 doubtful foot soldiers, an official pardon from the king for any pirate who would forswear piracy, and his own nerve. The latter was a quality Rogers soon would need in full. He proposed to go ashore, announce that piracy was finished in Nassau, and make that edict stick—and as for what the pirates might think of it, he simply didn't give a damn.

As the murderous sun drained out of the sky that July afternoon, a tiny sloop swung out from shore. Soon Richard Turnley, pilot, climbed aboard with the word that he would bring the new governor's ships over the bar in the morning. But more important, he carried a letter. Rogers read it, and Turnley, who knew full well the contents, saw the scar on Rogers' face throb yellow and the eyes grow so pale that the pilot stepped back suddenly to the ship's rail.

The letter was from one Charles Vane, a wiry little pirate captain with a huge voice and a talent for fighting that endeared him to his men. He had sailed into Nassau harbor a few hours before, to find the pirate hierarchy debating how to handle the new governor's impending arrival. The two main leaders of this essentially democratic society, Capts. Henry Jennings and Benjamin Hornigold, had decided that for the moment the logical approach was to pacify the new man. Charlie Vane was outraged.

"To hell with that," he screamed, smashing a tankard of rum into a table. "I say sink the bastard!" Of course, everyone knew Vane's problem. He'd brought home his most recent prize, a handsome French brigantine loaded with brandy, and if the new governor was permitted to take over, all that brandy would be in considerable jeopardy. But he could not prevail over the other captains; so he wrote Rogers an impudent [*Continued on page 66*]



McDERMOTT

**BY DANIEL P. MANNIX**

PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR

Our little ferrets looked and acted like innocent pets. But they'd attack rats, muskrats, even woodchucks and make them flee in terror. Truly...

# THEY LIVE TO KILL

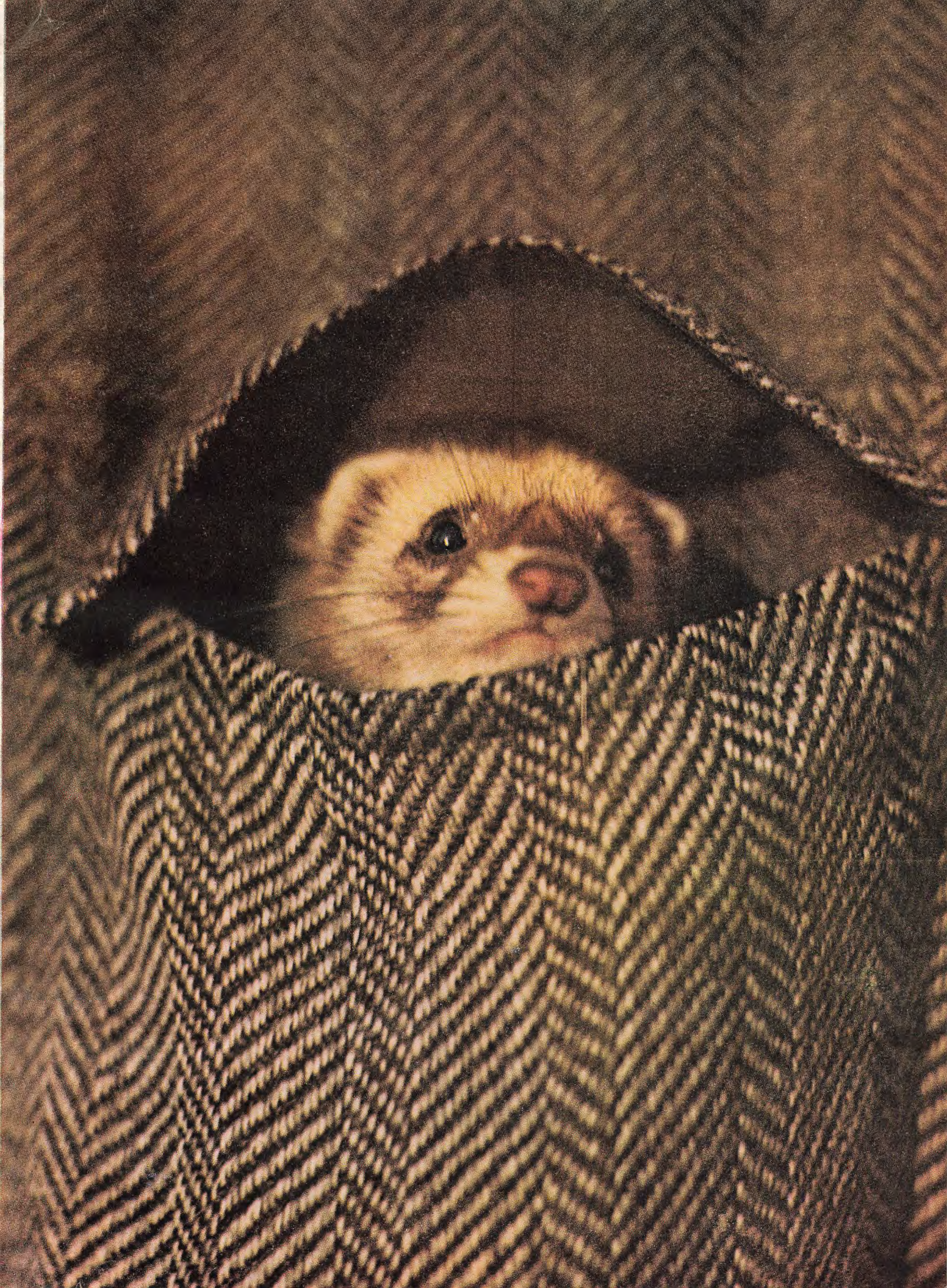
■ Crawling up my pants leg while I'm writing this is a ferret—a little animal not much more than a foot long and built like a cross between a snake and a dachshund but perfectly capable of licking anything four times its own weight. Snoopy is convinced that the only reason anyone would wear trousers is to hide rats up the legs. Snoopy and all his brethren are such murderously efficient little killers that most states have laws against keeping a ferret, and when you learn that back in 1910 a hunter bagged 109 rabbits with the aid of a ferret in a couple of weeks, you can understand why—it wasn't sporting.

I got the ferrets originally to clear my barn of rats. We had an exterminator in, but our rats have a knowledge of snares and poisons that surpasses that of Ernest Thompson Seton's legendary Lobo, King of the Currumpaw. The rats not only sprang the exterminator's traps, they carried them off. Judging by what the exterminator charged us, those traps must have been made of platinum. The poison he used was guaranteed to be harmless to livestock but our chickens didn't know that and died after eating the poisoned grain. Meanwhile the rats amused themselves gnawing holes through the grain sacks, killing our baby chicks, turkeys and ducklings.

A few days later during a cocktail party, I mentioned my problem to some other country squires only to be greeted by sympathetic nods and assurances that nothing could be done. But one guest glanced at me under lowered lids, drew me aside and after swearing me to secrecy in terms the Mafia would hesitate to use on a new recruit, gave me the solution.

"Get ferrets," he advised, glancing nervously over his shoulder to make sure no game wardens were listening. "It's illegal to own them in Pennsylvania but they'll do the trick. They go down the holes after rats and drive 'em out. A couple of ferrets and some good ratting terriers will clear any barn in a few hours. You can also use them to successfully [*Continued on page* 103]

*Whether ratting, exploring or just pocket watching, ferrets vibrate with purpose. Author (above) plays with Lady, hopes she won't bite his face.*



# "Hey, buddy, the fish are here!"

*You're on a strange lake. Are there deep holes and hidden reefs? Is the bottom muddy, sandy or rocky? And just where are the fish? Hip anglers now watch a blinking little box that gives the answers*

BY ERWIN A. BAUER

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ARIE DE ZANGER

■ There's a saying that you can always tell a fisherman, but you can't tell him much. My friend Bill Henderson is living proof. One day two summers ago furnished me with a good example.

Bill, Glenn Lau, Carl Lowrance and I were fishing Lake Erie. The lake's surface was as smooth as pale green glass. It was hot, humid and, as anybody would suspect, no fish were biting. Eventually Glenn cracked a couple of bottles of beer and we stopped fishing altogether. I stretched out on the deck and I guess I dozed. So did everyone else except Carl. He kept looking in the little green box, which he always carries fishing, as we drifted along.

Next thing I knew, Carl was shaking Bill and me awake. "Hey!" he said. "I think there's a school of perch in six feet of water below us."

"You must be nuts," Bill growled. "Perch are *never* in six feet of water—and especially not now."

What followed proves my point. Carl cast out a couple of small jig hooks rigged in tandem, allowed them to sink to the bottom and then began to reel in slowly. He made four, maybe five turns of the reel handle when his rod tip started to dance. An instant later he swung not one, but two fat yellow perch into the boat. And that was only the beginning.

Before the school wandered elsewhere and we lost them, we boated 45 perch. In that part of Lake Erie it isn't a catch to raise anybody's eyebrows, but at this particular time in midsummer it was practically a miracle. We even located the school again later on and added 21 more fish to the stringer.

"No perch in six feet of water?" Carl needled Bill when the action ended. "Buddy, you've been fishing in the wrong place."

The truth is that most of us have often fished in the wrong places most of the time. It's the story of every angler's life. As evidence I submit the embarrassing statistic that about 10 percent of the fishermen catch over 75 percent of the fish wherever creel censuses have been made. How do you account for this except to admit that the 10 percent are the best fishermen—largely because they know *where* to fish.

Want more evidence? OK. There is virtually no such thing as a fished-out lake. Our fisheries' researchers and biologists across the country are now convinced that it's impossible to fish out a lake of any size. In fact, the opposite is true: the trouble with many lakes is that not *enough* fish are caught.

But a man can't catch fish unless he can find them. And as anybody knows, finding them is seldom a cut-and-dried matter.

Carl Lowrance of Joplin, Missouri, who spotted the perch, is one angler dedicated to finding fish for others as well as for himself. His motive is commercial as well as sporting, as he manufactures an electronic device named Fish Lo-k-tor which he refers to as his portable and faithful Indian guide.

"But one Lo-k-tor," he remarked, "is far more valuable on a fishing trip than a boatful of faithful Indian guides."

He could be right. It's even possible that at last, in this age of solid-state electronics, more anglers will be able to fish where the fish are living. But even with electronics there are problems.

During springtime, fish are easiest to find because most species are spawning and therefore are in relatively shallow water—often concentrated around the fringe of a lake itself. Of course that's when they're easiest to catch and the best hauls are made. It's even possible at times to see such [*Continued on page* 97]

***Lake angling's new look: you cast when a portable electronic fish finder indicates quarry nearby.***

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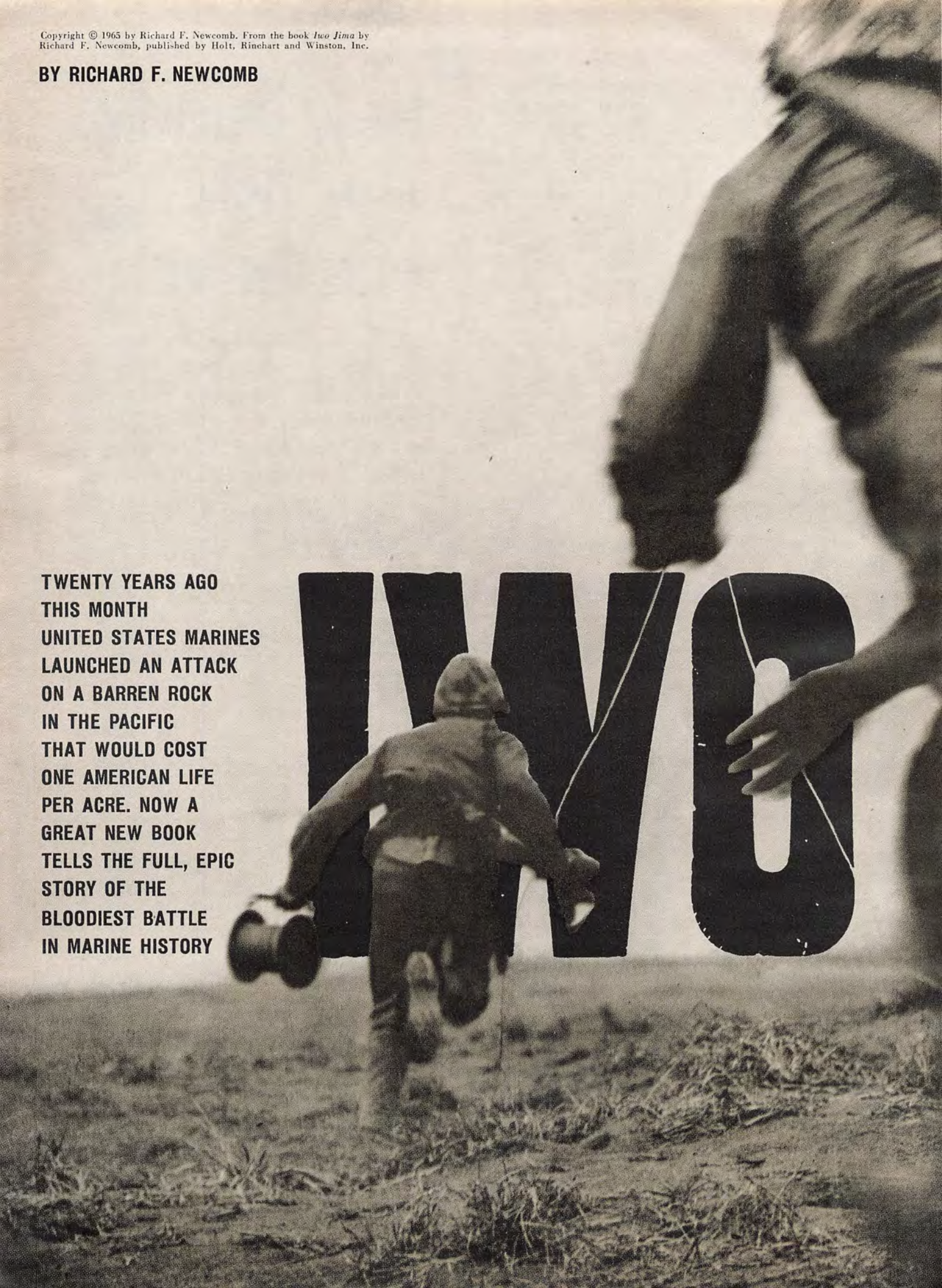
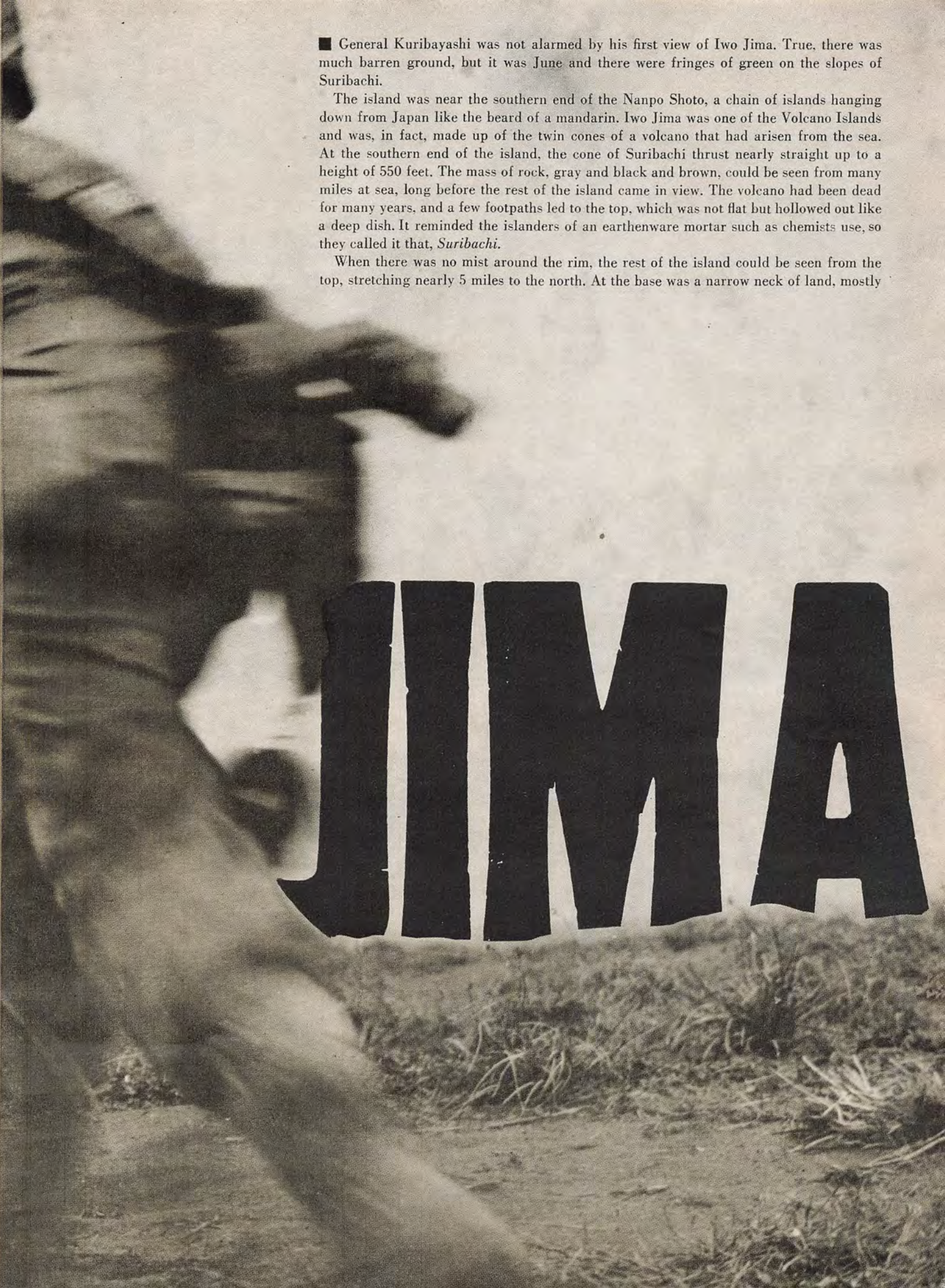
**BY RICHARD F. NEWCOMB**



# IWO

**TWENTY YEARS AGO THIS MONTH UNITED STATES MARINES LAUNCHED AN ATTACK ON A BARREN ROCK IN THE PACIFIC THAT WOULD COST ONE AMERICAN LIFE PER ACRE. NOW A GREAT NEW BOOK TELLS THE FULL, EPIC STORY OF THE BLOODIEST BATTLE IN MARINE HISTORY**



# IWO JIMA

■ General Kuribayashi was not alarmed by his first view of Iwo Jima. True, there was much barren ground, but it was June and there were fringes of green on the slopes of Suribachi.

The island was near the southern end of the Nanpo Shoto, a chain of islands hanging down from Japan like the beard of a mandarin. Iwo Jima was one of the Volcano Islands and was, in fact, made up of the twin cones of a volcano that had arisen from the sea. At the southern end of the island, the cone of Suribachi thrust nearly straight up to a height of 550 feet. The mass of rock, gray and black and brown, could be seen from many miles at sea, long before the rest of the island came in view. The volcano had been dead for many years, and a few footpaths led to the top, which was not flat but hollowed out like a deep dish. It reminded the islanders of an earthenware mortar such as chemists use, so they called it that, *Suribachi.*

When there was no mist around the rim, the rest of the island could be seen from the top, stretching nearly 5 miles to the north. At the base was a narrow neck of land, mostly

3-4-5
MARINE DIVISIONS
IWO JIMA
FEB. 19 1945

# IWO JIMA

coarse sand, black along the east beaches and yellow on the west. Along the east the land rose steeply from the water in a series of terraces to about a hundred feet, but on the west beaches the slopes were gentler and the sea shallower.

The neck of land widened gradually for more than a mile north from the base of Suribachi and then flared out, mostly to the east, so that the island was about two and a half miles wide in the center and approximately five miles long. All this northern part of the island, forming about two-thirds of the area, was high ground, a rocky plateau nearly 300 feet above the sea. The middle of the island was fairly level, with occasional hills, the highest rising to 382 feet.

Motoyama, the largest village, stood over the second volcano, in which the fires still burned. Sulphur bubbled to the surface here and there, giving off noxious fumes, and the ground was hot in many places. The ground fell slightly toward the coasts, then sharply to the beaches in steep cliffs a hundred feet or more in height. Altogether, the island was less than eight square miles in area.

Lt. Gen. Tadamichi Kuribayashi had been sent to defend the island—not to save it but to defend it, to hold it as long as it could be held, and that meant until death. Iwo Jima was part of the empire, only 660 miles from Tokyo and an actual part of the Prefecture of Tokyo. Located on a line straight north from the Marianas, almost exactly halfway between Saipan and Tokyo, it was the first part of the empire to be threatened by the approaching enemy.

The General was aware of this even before he was called to the office of the premier, Gen. Hideki Tojo, late in May, 1944. Kuribayashi had been in Tokyo nearly a year, after three years in Manchuria and China. But he did not think of Iwo Jima when Tojo summoned him, because he had heard that another general was to be sent there.

Tojo had said to him: "Only you among all the generals are qualified and capable of holding this post." Kuribayashi's face remained solemn. He and Tojo had often quarreled over policy. Perhaps the rumor was true that the other general had talked himself out of the Iwo Jima assignment. At any rate, it was now to be Kuribayashi's, and Tojo said: "The entire Army and the nation will depend upon you for the defense of that key island."

Kuribayashi replied, very seriously, that he was honored to be chosen.

Kuribayashi left home on June 10. He did not take with him the sword that had been in his family for generations, nor did he take the saber that the Emperor had given him in 1923 when he graduated from the Staff College, second in his class. He said nothing to his wife and children, but he wrote to his brother, in fine, bold brush strokes:

"I may not return alive from this assignment, but let me assure you that I shall fight to the best of my ability, so that no disgrace will be brought upon our family. I will fight as a son of Kuribayashi the *Samurai* and will behave in such a manner as to deserve the name of Kuribayashi. May ancestors guide me."

The Allies had landed in Normandy, crushing German defenses that were among the most powerful ever constructed. The American Marines and the Army were lodged on Saipan, beginning the reduction of the Marianas, Japan's strongest bastion. It was clear to Kuribayashi that no beach defenses could hold against the Americans. He ordered the artillery dragged back from the beaches to the north, or hidden in the foot of Suribachi.

It was his first order, and both the Army and the Navy opposed it. They could not see, as Kuribayashi did, that the time had come to break with tradition. He could not spend all his strength at the beach if he were to hold the island for the longest possible time. He must conserve his resources in Suribachi and in the north, paying them out as slowly as the enemy allowed him to.

General Kuribayashi was as strong as the rock on which he stood. He did not rescind his order.

The General was 53 years old, and very tall for a Japanese, nearly 5 feet 9. He weighed 200 pounds and had the unmistakable potbelly of the *samurai.* That belly, as Tokyo Radio later blared, was "packed full of strong fighting spirit."

In service for 30 years, Kuribayashi had served all over the world. In 1928, as a 37-year-old captain, he went to Washington as a deputy military attaché and for two years traveled throughout the country. He was surprised at his friendly reception, and his weekly letters to his wife, Yoshii, were chatty and full of good humor. In each one there were little drawings or cartoons for his son, Taro, who could not yet [*Continued on page* 117]

*Iwo was the last campaign for vanquished General Kuribayashi, who died fighting, and for victorious General "Howlin' Mad" Smith, who at age 63 was scheduled for retirement.*

***The island was a stone fortress built by volcanoes—one of which, Suribachi, was the site of the famous flag-raising. The Marines had to slog through drifting black ash; they had to blast the Japanese out of tunnels dug deep in soft volcanic stone . . . the same stone in which one Marine later carved a memorial to his comrades.***

BY EVAN HILL

# IMPOTENCE:

SEXUAL INADEQUACY IS A PROBLEM ANY MAN MAY HAVE TO FACE SOME TIME IN HIS LIFE. YET THE SUBJECT IS TOO OFTEN SHROUDED IN MYTH. TO SHED MUCH-NEEDED LIGHT ON A CONDITION THAT IS SURPRISINGLY COMMON AND USUALLY CURABLE, HERE IS AN AUTHORITATIVE REPORT

■ At this moment in the United States at least a million adult, otherwise healthy males—more than half of them between 30 and 50—cannot function according to their design and their desire. They are impotent; they cannot make love.

The source for these figures are the best available—current projections of statistics compiled by Kinsey, Pomeroy and Martin in their monumental *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male.*

But there are strong indications that the Kinsey statistics are conservative. Dr. Leonard Paul Wershub, a New York City urologist and author of a modern medical textbook on male impotence, says, "Basically speaking, no one is potent all the time. Every male at some time in his life is relatively impotent."

Dr. Wershub's colleague, Dr. Ralph E. Snyder, president of New York Medical College, adds, "The incidence of impotency is very great indeed and would be still greater if every case came forward and sought medical advice.

"Male impotency is a particularly cruel and disheartening disability. The patient who suffers from this incapacity is likely to present problems in all aspects of his life whether they be social, marital, occupational or otherwise. Impotency and the fear of impotency strike at a male's self-confidence and self-respect. For the husband it is a disease which affects not only himself but extends to involve the happiness of his family," continues Dr. Snyder.

It is a disease that few men talk about, but that most men fear because they do not understand it, and perhaps because they instinctively suspect—somewhat accurately—that every male might face a period of impotence during his normally virile years.

To some of these males now afflicted with impotence, the inability to complete the sex act can be the supreme cause of despair—almost the end of the meaning of life. Yet it need not be. While it is hardly a rare problem and is certainly more widespread than anyone knows, it can be cured.

Most impotence—perhaps 90 percent of it—is caused by emotional distress or psychological upset, either conscious or subconscious. In fact, many doctors consider impotence a *symptom* of emotional

# THE SECRET FEAR THAT HAUNTS MEN

conflicts in life rather than an illness itself. When the emotional conflicts are resolved, the impotence disappears. The cure sounds simple enough, and sometimes it is, involving only one or two visits to a doctor who has an understanding of psychology. Other cases, however, are more involved and require psychiatric help.

For impotence can have complex results. Not only can it break up marriages (it is grounds for divorce in 33 states), but it can affect a man so deeply in his psyche that it sometimes warps his personality. Already upset emotionally, he becomes even more distressed when his conflicts cause impotence. Sometimes his job performance is affected; he is ashamed and often worries so much about his virility that his worries themselves actually compound and prolong his impotence.

In *Sexual Impotence in the Male*, Dr. Wershub calls the impotent man "a troubled male" and urges physicians to "make every effort to bring him... out of the realm of loneliness, isolation and humility."

Let us examine a rather typical case of psychological impotence—the sort reported repeatedly in medical journals on both sides of the Atlantic. This case of the big, healthy steelworker illustrates the complexities, the niggling nags of human conscience and its effect on the human body, and the tiny, seemingly unimportant triggerings that can begin impotence. The same causes can slide a lawyer, a college professor, an engineer or a congressman into impotence. Impotence is no respecter of educational level or occupation.

The case of the steelworker is especially typical in terms of fear, guilt, self-punishment, taboos and cure. His impotence began one night while homeward-bound from a week's bear-hunting in Maine and he and his hunting partners stopped for dinner at a roadside restaurant.

He had been happily married for 16 years, and had fathered three children. He hunted and fished, camped with his family, taught his oldest boy to box and shoot. He was a virile American male, married to an intelligent, attractive and sexually-responsive woman.

But that night in the restaurant—after overdoing with almost a dozen stiff drinks—he picked up a waitress and checked into a nearby motel. His love-making attempts were half-hearted and despite the skillful co-operation of his experienced bed companion, he was unable to perform the sex act. The waitress made disparaging remarks about his manhood.

The following night, at home in bed with his wife, he again was unable to make love. His wife understood. "You're just tired, dear," she said.

But he was not [*Continued on page* 92 ]

# Himalayan Hunt For The World's Weirdest Goat

*EVER TRAVEL ON YAK-BACK FOR A MARKHOR? IT'S A UNIQUE EXPERIENCE INVOLVING POLITICAL AGENTS, PORTERS, GIDDY TRAILS AND A DECATHLON EFFORT TO PUT YOUR RIFLE IN POSITION FOR A PRAYERFUL, LONG SHOT*

By Elgin T. Gates
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE
BY THE AUTHOR

RAWALPINDI, PAKISTAN

■ From the balcony of the Palace Hotel in Karachi I could see the residence of Field Marshal Mohammed Ayub Khan, President of Pakistan. The distance is less than a block. Although it was October, the midday heat was fearful and the flannel suit I was wearing felt like an electric blanket. In exactly 15 minutes the three of us: Herb Klein, Big John Coapman, our outfitter, and I were due to enter the President's office on a mission of vital importance to us. His personal approval was necessary for us to fly our party to Gilgit, the last outpost in the far north where Pakistan borders with Red China, Russia and Afghanistan.

At Gilgit, our plan was to hunt markhor, a rare mountain goat which is one of the world's top big-game trophies.

It was a relief to be ushered from the 105° outside temperature into the air-conditioned coolness of Ayub's office. He was sitting behind his desk in a sport shirt and arose to greet us with a handshake. "My secretary tells me you want to go markhor hunting at Gilgit," he said in perfect English. Ayub is tall and broad-shouldered, an imposing figure of a man.

We explained our mission and the interview scheduled for 15 minutes went on for an hour and a half. Fortunately we had found another hunter in the President who particularly likes to go after mountain game. Our travel permit to Gilgit was approved. "I wish I were going with you," Ayub said as we left.

Within 48 hours we had flown the 800 miles to Rawalpindi at the foothills of the Himalayas in northern Pakistan and were buying supplies in the bazaars for our hunt.

The trophy animal we sought is restricted to the high mountain ranges of northern Afghanistan, Pakistan and Kashmir, with the best-known horns coming from the area around Gilgit where we were to hunt. The markhor is a heavily built wild goat, standing about three feet tall at the withers, with long and silky body hair in winter. The old billys have a flowing beard at all times, extending from chin to chest. No other goat has massive, twisting horns which spiral like the markhor's.

I half dreamed of this rare and unique animal frequently during the final 150-mile leg of the flight from Rawalpindi to Gilgit, per-

*Light snow and an easy trail marked the trek's start. Later, everyone walked to 14,000-foot heights.*

# THE SECRET FEAR THAT HAUNTS MEN

conflicts in life rather than an illness itself. When the emotional conflicts are resolved, the impotence disappears. The cure sounds simple enough, and sometimes it is, involving only one or two visits to a doctor who has an understanding of psychology. Other cases, however, are more involved and require psychiatric help.

For impotence can have complex results. Not only can it break up marriages (it is grounds for divorce in 33 states), but it can affect a man so deeply in his psyche that it sometimes warps his personality. Already upset emotionally, he becomes even more distressed when his conflicts cause impotence. Sometimes his job performance is affected; he is ashamed and often worries so much about his virility that his worries themselves actually compound and prolong his impotence.

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*Light snow and an easy trail marked the trek's start. Later, everyone walked to 14,000-foot heights.*

# Himalayan Hunt

*Gates poses with fine markhor trophy which fell 1,000 feet.*

haps the most unusual flight in the world. It is a scheduled flight only in the sense that the pilot stands by with his DC-3 warmed up waiting for a radio signal from Gilgit that the air is clear.

It is a weird sensation to be flying at 17,000 feet and look up at the 24,000-foot peaks on either side, then look down into a dizzy chasm that you know would be impossible to land in.

The single jeep track from Rawalpindi to Gilgit is usually closed due to rock slides or bad weather. Consequently most of the supplies are flown in by the battered DC-3's. The one we were in had just six seats in the rear and we were the only passengers. The rest of the flight deck was occupied with several tons of cargo securely lashed down, including all of our own gear.

We flew in the shadow of Nanga Parbat, the 26,660-foot killer mountain. Nearing Gilgit, we could see the eternally snowcapped summit of Rakaposhi ahead, the 25,550-foot mountain called "Goddess of the Snows." These two mountains are among the highest peaks in the world.

Just as we cleared the last high pass and started the descent into the narrow valley leading to Gilgit (5,000 foot altitude), Big John pointed out the window. The dirt landing strip at the edge of the village was just coming into view ahead and to our left.

"What happens if the first approach isn't right?" I asked him. The landing strip ended right at the base of a mountain.

"The first approach *has* to be right. There is no room to turn around and try again."

Herb and I looked at each other with sickly grins as we cinched our safety belts. This had been a hairy flight all the way and it wasn't over yet. But our pilot was either a master or just plain lucky for he sideslipped the old DC-3 in and made a safe landing, rolling to a stop about 50 feet from the end of the strip. We had been in the air a little over an hour but it had seemed like an eternity.

"You know something," said Herb as we stepped down on solid ground, "climbing these mountains is going to be a picnic compared to flying over, around and between them."

Herb and I took a walk through the village while Big John was tending to the unloading of our gear. Coapman, who weighs 260 pounds and is 6 feet 4, is the son of a Presbyterian missionary and doctor. He is 31 and has spent most of his life in India and other parts of Asia. He speaks several Asiatic languages fluently and for a number of years was the India representative of Coca-Cola. Big John was the fixer, the arranger, the interpreter as well as our outfitter.

We were fascinated by Gilgit, which has long been a key point in Asian affairs and is the last outpost and the last fork of the ancient caravan trails. The right fork of the trail travels over the last 165 miles northeast through the Hunza valley to the Red Chinese border and beyond. The left fork turns west and passes through the northern tip of Afghanistan and on into the Tadzhik republic of Russia.

The Gilgits are a mixture of wild mountain tribes who fought among them- [*Continued on page* 100]

*Above: Base camp at 12,000 feet. Big markhor was stalked on the tall, rugged mountain which rises in the background.*

*Below: Porters cross Kargah Nullah stream where hunters caught brown trout stocked by British officers in 1898.*

## BY ROBERT WOHLFORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE BOMBERGER

■ Business was falling off at Tony Marino's speakeasy, far uptown in New York City's Bronx. A bitterly cold winter, plus 1933's extreme depression, had reduced Marino's paying customers to a minimum. Tony's place had become little more than a dank and dingy hangout for half a dozen small time gangsters and local petty racketeers. Like hundreds of other New York speakeasies at that time, it was badly lighted, rarely cleaned, sparsely furnished and overheated. It was also a refuge from the freezing weather for Michael Malloy, a competent but boozy middle-aged stationary engineer.

Unemployed for many months, Malloy was eking out a precarious existence by cadging drinks and handouts from Marino and his bald, squint-eyed bartender, Joseph Murphy. These two unhealthy and overweight drink purveyors had separated Malloy from all of his savings over the past two months. Now they were sustaining him principally on their [*Continued on page* 78]

*Night after night, Malloy came back for more, seeming to thrive on the deadly libations his "friends" fed him.*

**Mike Malloy's would-be killers stuffed him with poison, ran over him with a car, poured ice water on his naked body in midwinter and still could not collect his insurance. Every plan was perfect...**

# but the victim wouldn't die

A. AFRICAN CARVED WOOD PIPE

B. GLASS PIPE FROM ENGLAND

C. 1790 "MONKEY" PIPE

D. WEST AFRICAN FETISH BOWL

E. EARLY AFRICAN CHIEF'S BOWL

F. POTTERY PIPE WITH TRIBAL MARKS

G. GERMAN "BEER GARDEN" PIPE

H. PERSIAN HOOKAH WITH CUT GLASS BASE

I. SHAPELY MEERSCHAUM CIGAR PIPE

# DREAM PIPES FOR PIPE DREAMS

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY LOOMIS DEAN

To most of us, a pipe is a curved and polished piece of briar that holds our favorite brand of shag or burley. But to J. Trevor Barton, of a little town called Letchmore Heath in Hertfordshire, England, each of the more than 1,500 pipes in his fantastic collection is a time machine. One, for example, whisks him back to a 17th-century Sioux village, another to an old-time Bavarian beer garden, a third to an African tribal ritual in the dim past.

Barton says that his $150,000 collection is the most complete in the world, and so far no challengers have come forth to dispute his claim. On these pages are pictured some of the stars of his unique show, rare treasures too valuable now to stuff with tobacco and set on fire.

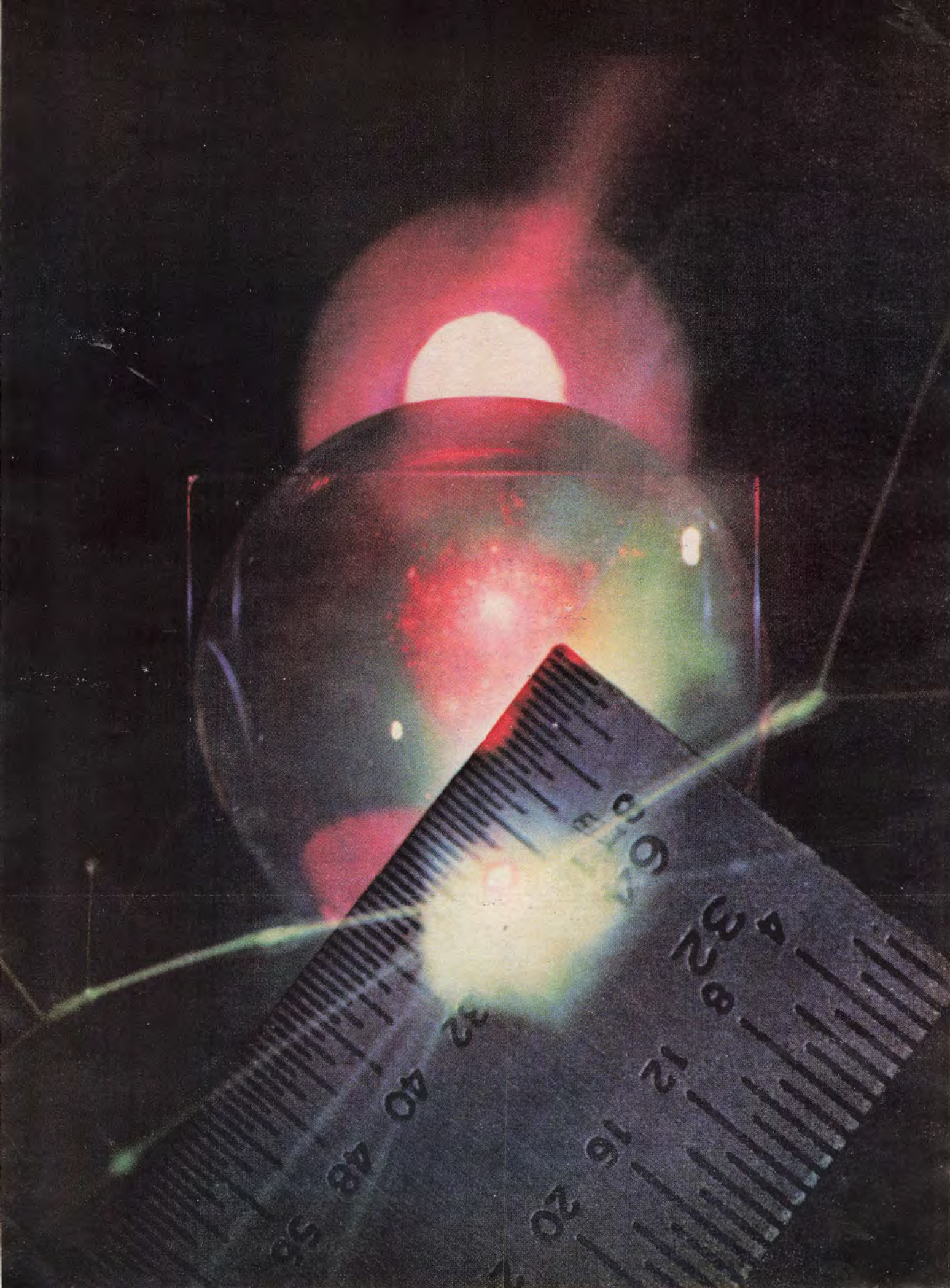
For heavy smokers, the seven-bowled beauty (A) comes from Ujiji, near Lake Tanganyika. More decorative than practical is the Bristol glass pipe (B), fashioned in 1810. Satire as well as smoke came out of the pottery monkey pipe (C).

Ornately carved pipe bowl (D) was used in Cameroons fetish rites. Other African oddities are the head chief's big bronze bowl (E), which is two-and-a-half feet long including stem, and a his-and-hers pottery pipe (F) from West Africa.

A decorative buxom barmaid serves beer freely on the colorful 19th-century German pipe (G), while the silver-mounted Persian hookah (H) was designed to suit a shah's smoking taste. Lovers of the female form could combine looking and puffing pleasures with the hand-carved cigar holder (I).

At right (J) is the prize of Barton's collection, a massive meerschaum that features a Napoleonic battle scene in full detail. On the lid are the silver figures of a hussar and his charger. When the pipe is filled (an expensive job in itself) and lit, smoke pours from the horse's nostril and from the small pipe in the soldier's mouth.

J. GIANT NAPOLEONIC MEERSCHAUM



BY LAURITZ P. MILLER
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY MARTIN IGER

# BEAM OF DEATH
# LIGHT OF LIFE

***Invented only five years ago, the laser is the hottest thing in the scientific world today. It's being used to speed computers, explore space, remove cancers. The laser has won a Nobel prize for its discoverer. Its ray can be more destructive than the hydrogen bomb, more healing than penicillin***

■ "Threshold!"

The operator seated at the control panel spoke the word softly, but with an authoritative crispness, and a technician motioned me and the other onlookers back against the wall, away from the demonstration table. On the table was an object that looked like an old-fashioned box camera. In front of its lens stood a slab of stainless steel several inches thick.

The control panel operator reached for the firing button.

"Don't look directly at the flash," he said in matter-of-fact tones.

A sharp snap of sound was followed by a brief flash of vivid red light—it lasted for three thousandths of a second, we learned later—and I saw that a hole had been punched through the steel plate. The edges of the hole were smoking.

I had just watched a chilling demonstration of the destructive force of a laser beam.

Not long afterward I sat talking with a patient in a hospital, a man in his early fifties. For years he had been afflicted with melanoma tumors, cancerous growths characterized by darkening of the skin. He had endured six surgical operations for removal of the tumors. He had also had a number of chemical treatments. Each time malignant cells had reappeared.

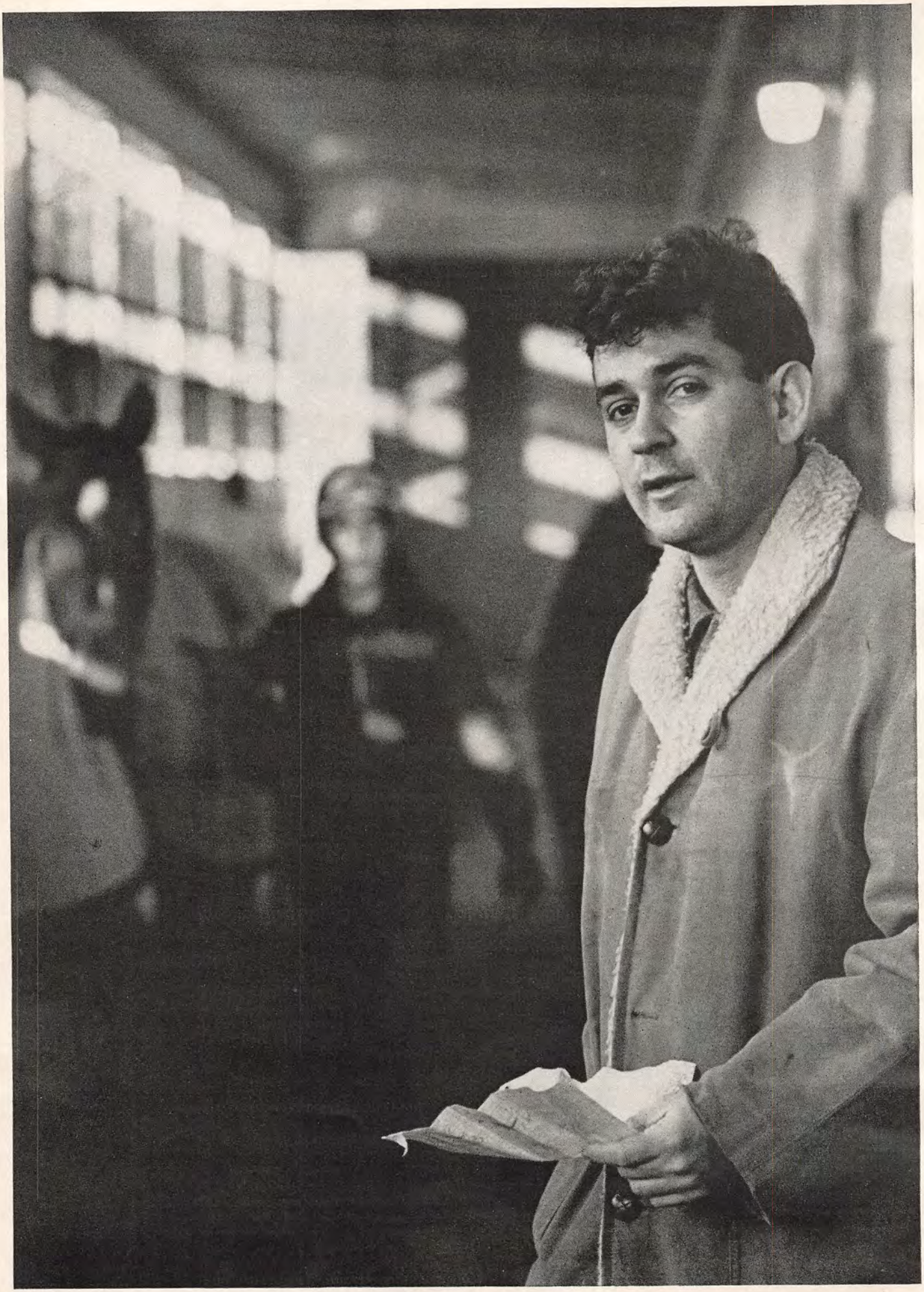
So, in December of 1963, this man became the first human being ever given laser therapy for cancer. At that time he had three tumors in a line, running from his upper right chest to the shoulder. The lowest of the tumors was given two flashes of a laser beam, the one in the middle was given one flash. The top tumor was left untouched.

After six weeks, the doctors reported the lowest tumor "had disappeared completely from view" and, although "a few melanoma cells were found . . . microscopically," they concluded that this area was "99 percent-plus free of cancer cells." The middle tumor "showed approximately 43 to 50 percent of the malignancy destroyed."

The most provocative result of this clinical experiment was the finding that even in the uppermost tumor, which had not been subjected to any treatment at all, the cancerous cells had been reduced by about 20 percent. Could the effect of the laser beam on the other two tumors have "traveled" to the top one by some route not understood? In any case, one of the most heartening steps forward in man's long and agonizing trek towards the conquest of cancer may have been taken here. And the patient, who had no anesthetic, said that what he felt was "just like a finger tap."

A "finger tap" that rooted out deadly malignant cells in a man's flesh, without harming healthy cells, and a searing bolt of heat that pierced several inches of stainless steel in far less time than the blink of an eye—both were produced by lasers, fantastically versatile devices invented only five years ago. The laser (pronounced "lay'-zer") is [*Continued on page* 84]

*A fast blast of light from the laser leaves a smoking hole in a hardened steel ruler.*



**BY PAUL WEISSMAN**

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY LEONARD KAMSLER

# Brooklyn's Blueblood-Hating Horseman

*"What do you think it is, some kind of pet?" Buddy Jacobson snarls. To the country's most successful trainer, a Thoroughbred is just a machine for making money*

■ Howard (Buddy) Jacobson, the most successful Thoroughbred trainer in the world, was tightening a saddle in the paddock at New York's Aqueduct race track. He knew the animal's age, which was 3; his temperature, which was 101; but he couldn't remember the horse's name.

It did not embarrass him at all.

Jacobson, who is only 34, already has conditioned horses that have won more than $2 million. He hardly suffers from a defective memory. Deliberately forgetting an animal's name is Buddy's way of coping with the toughest problem he faces as a trainer: breaking in a new owner right. In order to do this, his big move is to tell the owner off the first time he saddles his horse.

"Its name?" he said, as if the guy in the $25 silk tie were absolutely nuts. "What do you think it is, some kind of a pet?" Then belligerently as hell: "That thing is a machine. It's nothing but a piece of goods. And if you want me to go on working for you, there's one thing you better understand right now. The only thing that matters at all is whether it can make a buck for you."

This kind of talk is not precisely in the long-cherished, breed-improving tradition of racing. Neither is Jacobson. He learned sportsmanship on the street corners of Brooklyn, New York, where tradition may get you into Murder Inc., but not into the blueblood set that owns big stables and dominates racing. These upper crust types, with their endless chatter about bloodlines and "racing for the sport of it," bug hell out of Jacobson.

"You see those guys," he says pointing to the splendid, aristocratic front row faces that look down on the paddock as if it were a private garden. "They're supposed to be sportsmen. They'll keep a horse in the barn for six months and say it's got too much potential to take a chance with. Big deal. What they mean is it's got too much potential to get beat with."

Until last year, front row types ignored Jacobson. They figured he was nothing but a loud-mouthed upstart. The only time they smiled at him was after he talked one of his owners into buying a colt named Bupers for $16,500 from Ogden Phipps, who has the kind of name that should tell you he is very big in the big bingo game. Phipps is considered such a distinguished sportsman that the front row has made him a trustee of the New York Racing Association and chairman of The Jockey Club, which together are the authorities that have absolute rule over Thoroughbred racing in the United States. The front row was smiling at Jacobson for the first time the day he bought Bupers. They figured when you take a horse from Ogden Phipps then you've got to get stuck.

Two months later they were sure Jacobson was crazy. Instead of dropping Bupers down into the cheap claiming races that are Buddy's meat and potatoes, he entered him in the $75,000 Futurity against the best two-year-olds in the country, the kind of animals that usually only get to the races from class stables.

Nobody gave Bupers a chance. When he won at 16-1 the faces in the front row looked as if someone had mixed their gin-and-tonic with rotten lime. Jacobson talked to the press that day and it made the hangover even worse, because our Buddy is no sportsman. He didn't say he was lucky and he didn't say he was grateful to Mr. Phipps. He told reporters [*Continued on page* 111]

***Holding his battered training chart, Jacobson looks over his animals to see which ones are likely to bring in some dough.***

DESIGNED BY WALTER D. WIDMEYER
PRODUCED BY CLYDE F. NEWSTRAND

# STUFF IT IN THIS STORAGE SHED

If kids' toys, yard tools and everything under the sun have stolen the chariot's shelter, it's time to rebel. Build a storage unit for the mess and give the garage back to your car

*View shows large amount of usable space in just one section of shed. Home-crafted doors give complete access, can be locked.*

■ Bark is a flexible word. It means a dog sounding off, a shin being wounded, the skin of a tree, and the peculiar noise a man makes when he squeezes his car into a jammed garage, kicks his ankle bone on a piece of firewood, stumbles over a tricycle and sets the family hound in an uproar. Life can be unpleasant.

If a moment like this is not your idea of a homecoming, do something about it. The editors of TRUE asked the American Plywood Association, a trade group of plywood manufacturers, to come up with a plan for a yard storage unit that would hold trikes, bikes, wagon, toy dragon, mower, snow blower, rakes, stakes, fire logs and, if necessary, cats and dogs. It had to be flexible, like the word bark. It could stand alone or be attached to the house, be reversed end to end or side to side or both; it must look good, hold a lot, be easy to build and not take up much space.

This is the result, and if you can't store all your outdoor equipment in it, from patio furniture to garden tools, you'd better start looking for a warehouse.

Note from pictures and floor plan that this unit has a roof overhang around it. Just how practical that can be you'll discover when the first spring shower dumps its juices in your direction. But the overhang isn't sacred. You can lop off a length of it, and snuggle the shed right up to the house. One end of the shed requires no further adapting for this treatment. If the right side, on the plan, is to be attached, build that wall solid, and put the doors at the closed end. Any way you work it, you can have complete access to the inside.

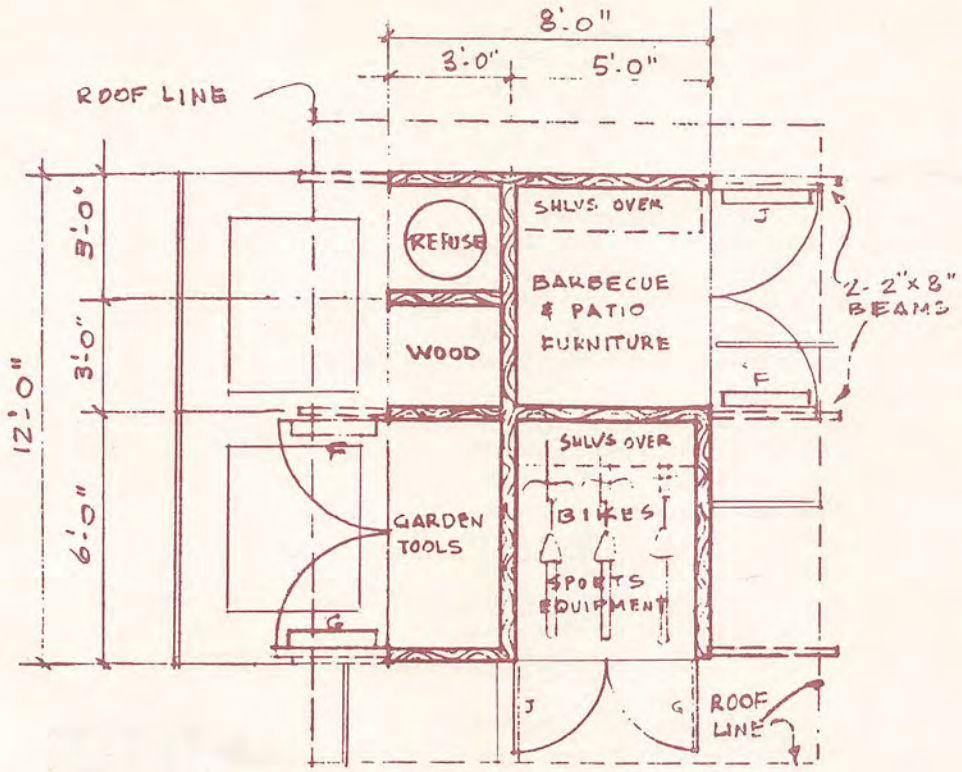
Most sheds, jerry-built, tend to rot out along the bottom. This sound structure won't. It's built on a slab floor, and that, with the roof overhang, will keep things dry. But make sure you pour that slab level. Crooked slab: sticking doors, wet floor, misery.

The framing is all 2 x 4s except for the three roof beams, which are doubled 2 x 8s. Sheathing can be either regular sanded $\frac{3}{8}$″ exterior type plywood sheets or, for better appearance, $\frac{3}{8}$″ medium density overlaid exterior sheets. In either case, the roof is $\frac{1}{2}$″ exterior type with mopped-on roofing and gravel.

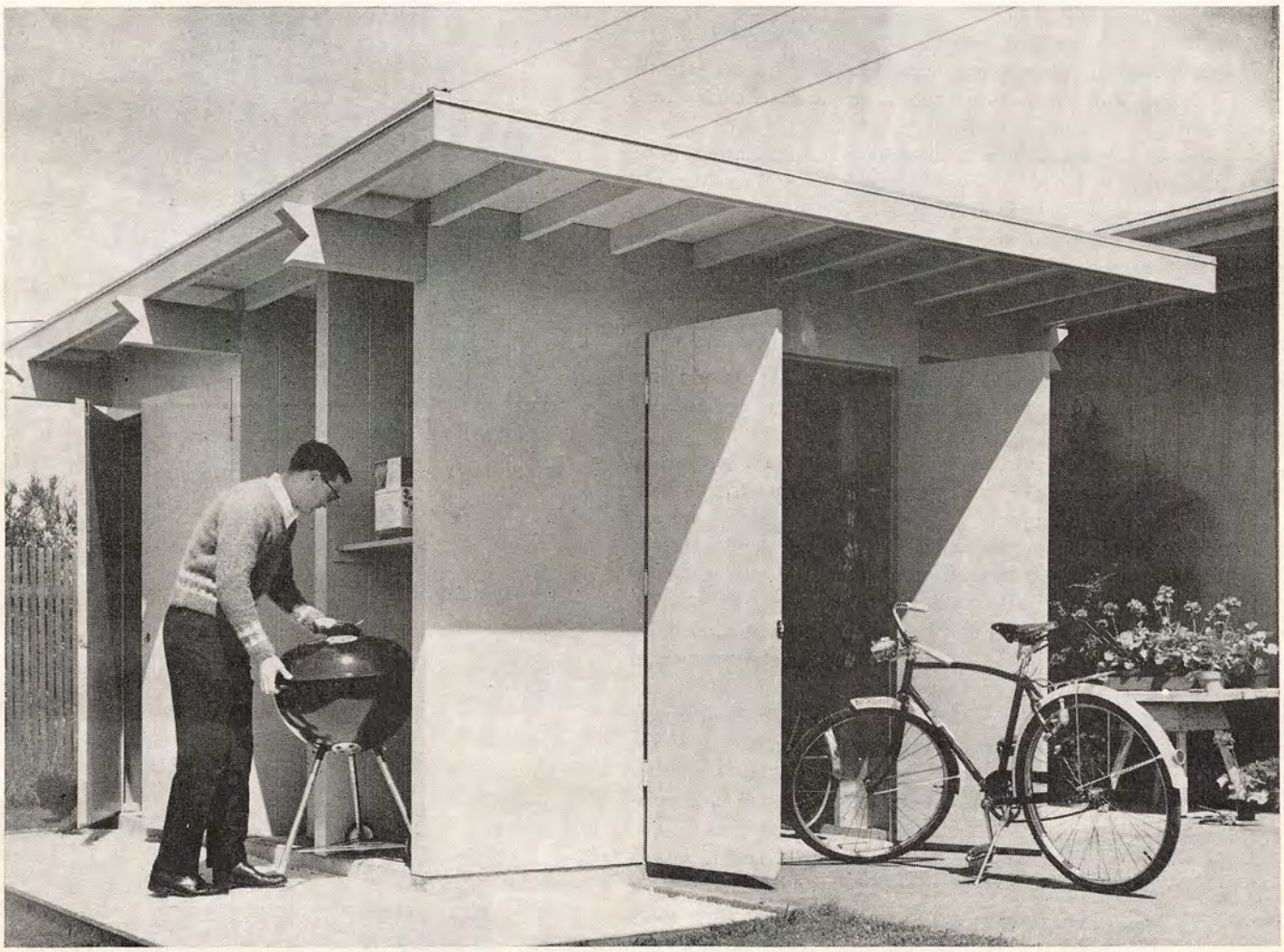
There are six doors, all built of plywood and lumber bracing. They can be made with shelves to hold small objects.

Storage space is limited in a lot of modern houses. Not many ranches and split levels have a basement. So the garage catches the runover of living, and the car gets left out in the rain. We think it's time this state of affairs is stood on its ear, and the garage is returned to its proper purpose, housing the car.

For detailed plans and complete material list, write American Plywood Association, 1119 A Street, Tacoma, Washington, 98401, and ask for TRUE's Outdoor Storage Unit.




*Adaptable floor plan can be flipped end for end, as in pictured shed, and side for side.*



*Another section has room for both bikes and shelves. Garbage can and grill or firewood go inside.*

# LONG ORDEAL IN A TOMB OF STEEL

*Trapped upside down in his P-40 after a freak crash, Lt. Doug La Nore watched as the cockpit slowly filled with swamp water. Soon there would be no air left at all...*

**BY JOSEPH STOCKER**

ILLUSTRATED BY DENVER GILLEN

■ "Spin a couple of times around the field and shoot a few landings. Weather's rolling in, but I think you've got plenty of time."

The flight instructor, standing on the left wing alongside the cockpit, had to raise his voice to be heard over the restless growl of the P-40's Packard engine. Second Lt. Douglas La Nore nodded "Roger" and threw a glance at the heavy clouds stacked up in the northwest and the patchy overcast above. Well, if the instructor wasn't worrying about the weather, why should he?

It was a Monday morning—November 30, 1942. The place: Sarasota Army Air Base, Florida. Doug La Nore, getting ready to take his checkout ride in the P-40 Kittyhawk fighter after tedious months in trainers, was a happy man. He liked being first in things, and now he was the first of his contingent, recently arrived from Randolph Field, Texas, to check out in the P-40.

Had you been able to look inside his cockpit, you'd have seen a good-looking, well-put-together young fellow of 22. Dark, curly hair. Height about 5-11. Weight 180. Chest and shoulders like an athlete's, because that was what he was before the war—at the University of Iowa and, earlier, in high school at Grand Forks, North Dakota. He'd tried his hand at just about everything—football, basketball, track, swimming, tumbling—and excelled in them all.

"P-40-876 cleared for takeoff."

La Nore said "Roger" again, swung into the runway with a roar and gave her full throttle. The Florida landscape swept past him and in a few seconds he was airborne.

It would be a little difficult to say what happened then. The weather may have moved in behind him more quickly than had been anticipated. Possibly the speed of the P-40—a good 100 mph faster than anything he had flown so far—was deceptive. Preoccupied with his cockpit chores—checking instruments, reducing manifold pressure and rpm, retrimming—he may have traveled farther than he realized.

Whatever the cause, the result was quickly apparent. La Nore, starting to circle, looked back toward the field, or where the field should have been, and saw nothing but Florida swampland.

He kept circling and searching. Still no air base. Feeling the first faint twinge of apprehension, he called the field for help. The tower told him to climb to 4,000 feet and head west. A plane would be dispatched to rendezvous with him above the Gulf Coast and bring him back.

But the coastline was socked in. La Nore, unable to find either coast or search plane, flew out over the Gulf, then circled back east.

He tried to raise the tower again. No answer. He put out an emergency call for help—from anyone. Still no answer. His radio apparently was dead.

He flew north, looking for an air field, any air field, where he could sit down. The weather cleared. But all he could see below were farmlands dotted with cattle and trees or tree stumps.

Now his fuel was running low. He looked around anxiously for a spot where he might make a forced landing. He knew he could bail out. But he hoped to save the plane.

Suddenly, to the northwest, he saw a small town. Nearby was what appeared to be a wheat field, smooth enough to land on. La Nore flew over it, then buzzed the town, so that somebody would come out to pick him up. As he did so, his red fuel warning light came on.

He peeled up, over and back toward the field, let his wheels down, opened his canopy and swung in for a landing. Like a mallard duck squatting on a North Dakota pond, the plane settled in for its touch-down.

Too late, La Nore made a jolting discovery. It wasn't wheat

# LONG ORDEAL IN A TOMB OF STEEL

*La Nore, a successful San Francisco real estate broker today, still flies his own light airplane*

he was landing in. It was saw grass—heavy grass with sharp, jagged edges. It was about 10 feet high and it bottomed in mud and water.

He was landing in a Florida swamp.

He braced himself, the stick all the way back in his stomach. He held the ship off as long as he could so its speed would be minimal when it hit.

In what amounted to a complete stall, the P-40 smacked into the swamp. La Nore caught a quick glimpse of the grass sweeping over his wing. Then, almost as if in slow motion, the tail looped up and the P-40 plopped onto its back, its rudder crushed.

La Nore, jarred but unhurt, hung head down, strapped to his seat. When the plane flipped over, the canopy had snapped to within a half-inch of being closed, and there it jammed tight. If it had remained open, the cockpit would have filled with water instantaneously and he would have drowned. As it was, water poured through the half-inch aperture, and La Nore knew he had only a few seconds to save himself.

He groped for the buckle on his seat harness and jerked it open. Thus released, he fell heavily to the top of the canopy, his head under water. Furiously, holding his breath, hampered by his seat-pack parachute and his own bulk, he squirmed and twisted until he got right-side-up, his head barely out of the water.

He was in a grotesque position, but for the moment at least he was alive and he could breathe. The water level stood just below his mouth. His head was back under the instrument panel, touching the rudder pedals. He was half-reclining, half-sitting, half-floating on the underside of the top of the plexiglass canopy. The control stick, thrusting down from the bottom of the cockpit (which now was his ceiling), jabbed into his chest. His legs, tightly cramped for lack of space, were crossed Buddha-like above the seat. Only his face down to his lower lip and his knees were out of water.

And then he blacked out. It may have been shock. It may have been emotional exhaustion.

How long he was unconscious he had no way of knowing. When he awoke, the cockpit was pitch black, but he knew it was still daytime because he could see tiny specks of light peeking through the sides of rusted rivet holes beneath the inverted seat.

That air could get in was obvious from the mere fact that he had not suffocated. But the cockpit was stifling hot, and a foul odor assailed La Nore's nostrils. It was the odor of warm swamp water and his own wet, slimy, steamy body.

He guessed the time at around 2 or 3 in the afternoon. He had taken off at 9 that morning.

"Relax," La Nore kept telling himself. "Don't panic. Save your energy."

He was sure somebody would come out from the town and, if necessary, call the nearest air base for help in extricating him. Or a search plane would spot him.

To get more comfortable and to hoist himself higher out of the water, he shoved the stick to the right, unbuckled his seat pack and worked it back until it was under him. Then, because of the smothering heat, he wriggled out of his Mae West and his flying jacket and tucked them also beneath him.

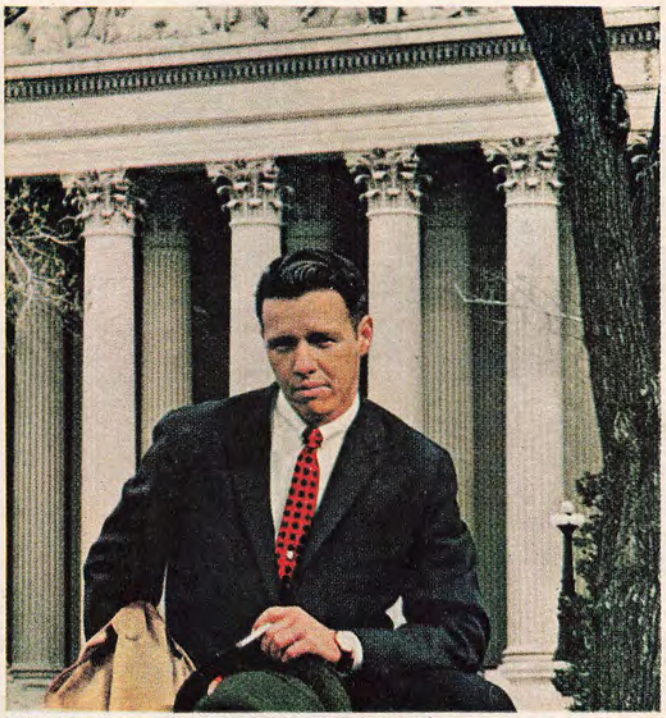
His position was not unlike that of an unborn baby, bunched up in a water-filled cockpit that was perhaps three feet long by four feet high and a yard or less wide. It contained, all told, scarcely more than a cubic yard of space, and much of that space was jammed with equipment.

With nightfall came the cold. He slept fitfully there in the water, shivering as if with malarial [*Continued on page* 107]

# Chesterfield People:

## They like a mild smoke, but just don't like filters. (How about you?)

Sidney Milan, stockbroker, New York



Robert E. Peay, criminal investigator, Maryland

James S. Thompson, optical physicist, California

If you like a mild smoke, but don't like filters–try today's Chesterfield King. Vintage tobaccos–grown mild, aged mild, blended mild. Made to taste even milder through longer length. They satisfy!

**CHESTERFIELD KING** tastes great...tastes mild!

# FOOTNOTES* FOR SPRING

*1. E. T. Wright slip-ons of Corfam poromeric, about $30. 2. Madison Square loafers, "Executives," by Shoe Corp. of America, $12. 3. Ankle-high hand sewn "Wax-Hides," by Winthrop, $17.95. 4. Slip-ons, "Sioux," by Roblee, about $15. 5. Wine-colored loafers of Corfam poromeric, by Bostonian, about $25. 6. Indian style moccasins with rawhide laces, by Dunham's, $7.95. 7. Wall-Streeter shoes of Corfam poromeric, about $23. 8. Wing tip cordovans by Stetson, about $35. 9. Casual slip-ons in glove-tanned leather, "Injun," by M. T. Shaw, $11.95. 10. Ankle-fashioned "Spartan," by Edgerton, Div. of Nunn-Bush, $14.95.

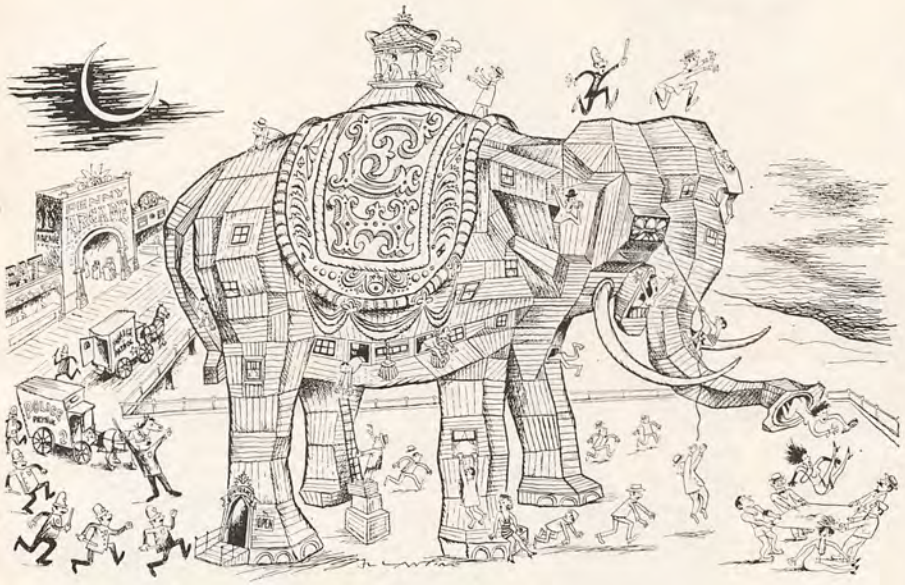
PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY PAUL HIMMEL

**American-made shoes hit the fashion front with new and modified designs in a variety of colors and materials that enable men everywhere to step out in style and comfort**

*11. Guide Step shoes by Gold Crest, about $18. 12. "Duke" Hush Puppies by Wolverine, about $10. 13. Wing-tip custom grade shoes by Jarman, about $15. 14. Mark XII American Gentlemen Shoes by Craddock-Terry, $19.99. 15. Bondshire oxfords by Weinbrenner, Div. of Textron, $16.95. 16. Blucher oxford with cushioned flange insole, by Rand, a Div. of International Shoe, about $20. 17. Black wing tips, "Fleetwood," by Crosby Square, about $20. 18. White Nubuck crepe sole slip-ons by L. B. Evans' Son, $12.95. 19. Dress slip-ons, "Weejun Sovereign," by G. H. Bass, $17.95. 20. Porto-Ped shoes with cushioned arch by Portage, $21.95.

# STRANGE BUT TRUE

**By George R. Martin**



**The shapes of buildings** throughout all history had remained basically simple—square, round, pyramidal, or mixtures thereof—until in 1881 an American architect created probably the most astonishing building the world has ever seen: the Elephant Hotel, a massive 7-story wood-framed structure made in the shape of an elephant. It stood in New York's Coney Island, its sheet-metal skin speckled with windows, staring seaward with 4-foot glass eyes that gleamed maniacally at night. It had 6-foot-thick tusks curving 36 feet long. Distant ships sighted the colossal beast as a landmark. Visitors flocked up its circular stairs in one 18-foot-diameter hind leg to an 80-foot entertainment hall in its belly; from there they could go down through the other hind leg, or climb to a howdah platformed 90 feet high on its back for a breath-taking all-around view. Tucked between stomach-hall and skin were 34 rooms, many of them oddly proportioned. But they soon helped to give the towering mammoth a bad reputation after nightfall. It stood in the rowdiest section of Coney Island, where gentlemen could find plenty of female companionship, and the goings-on in the elephant's innards came to lend smirking significance to a popular phrase, "seeing the elephant," among Coney-bound revelers. Fire cremated the elephant in 1896, and its like probably will never be seen again.

**Russian horn blowers** startled Europe a century and a half ago by making beautiful music together in a manner never heard in concert halls before or since. It exactly reversed the normal performing technique. Instead of one musician playing a lot of notes, a lot of musicians each played one note in turn. They could do no more, for every man's instrument could produce only a single tone that he sounded when its time came in melody or harmony. The basis of this bizarre system, invented in the latter 1700's by a court musician, was the Russian hunting horn—a rudimentary blowpipe of hammered copper, resembling in form a modern foam-fired-extinguisher nozzle, that emitted a mellow bellow. Graded in size from shrill little 9-inch ones to basso 12-footers supported on a tripod, a battery of horns provided all the notes in two or three octaves. It took a lot of manpower to play a tune, but Russians came cheap. They were usually serfs, put into gaudy uniforms and relentlessly drilled until perfect. Horn bands became the rage in St. Petersburg, and their princely owners traded them—men and instruments together—or sold them for large sums. Occasionally a Russian horn band was sent on tour through Europe as late as the 1830's. A Scotch music critic recorded his opinion that they sounded like a pretty good organ.

**Bracelets for men** can be something more than effeminate foppery or primitive self-adornment, like the north-central African warrior's fighting bracelet. This unique combat weapon is devilishly simple—a 9-inch disk of thin iron fits snugly around the wrist through the middle and the entire outer edge is honed knife-sharp. For self-protection the wearer keeps the sharp edge covered with a leather band. Advancing into battle, he wields the usual spear or war club; at close quarters, he flips the leather guard off his bracelet to strike and slash with fearful effect. As dangerous as a circular razor, the bracelet cuts in any direction. A quick upward twist of the wrist has been known to disembowel an opponent. Fortunately, the fighting bracelet is becoming a museum relic as modern firearms stop bracelet-wearers at a distance.

**"Trying it on the dog"** has sometimes been more than a proverbial taste-test. It attained the status of high and solemn court procedure in one of the world's most peculiar systems of justice. Judges in the island kingdom of Madagascar, up to about 75 years ago, didn't attempt to decide tough cases by their own fallible reasoning. Two dogs were brought in, one to represent the accused party, the other the accuser. Each dog was fed a portion of rice spiked with scrapings of a poisonous fruit called *tangena*. Invoked by prayers, the Madagascans' god Raimanamango settled the case; the party whose dog died was wrong, or guilty, and the other right, or innocent. This method, far from being barbaric, was actually a big improvement in Madagascan law. Prior to the last century, accuser and accused had themselves been dosed with poison, and the substitution of dogs saved much wear-and-tear on people. *By Lloyd T. Wetherill, Bristol, Pa.*

**The sundial is an** age-old device for timekeeping that is both motionless and silent, but ingenious tinkerers a few centuries back found a way to make it audibly strike the hour of noon. In place of the slanting spike that casts a shadow on the dial, they fixed a burning-glass or lens. As the small hot-spot of light crept to midday, it ignited a trail of gunpowder laid in the 12-o'clock groove. The gunpowder flashed along to the adjacent touchhole of a brass cannon, automatically firing the "noonday gun." Around 1780, the Abbé Galais of Paris devised a signal better suited to the peaceful quiet of a monastery. The spot of light burned through a taut linen thread, which released a hammer, which struck a bell. *By Morton Sommelt, Cambridge, Mass.*

*For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036*

*Impala 4-Door 3-Seat Station Wagon*

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**But when a bump gets through those 4 double-acting shock absorbers, 4 coil springs, 1 Girder-Guard frame and over 50 rubber shock cushioners, you must be off the road.**

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You can tell that this spacious, elegant, rugged station wagon is a Chevrolet in another way, too.

It's reasonably priced.

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

## PIRATES OF PARADISE

[*Continued from page 32*]

letter to the effect that if he was not allowed to keep his prize, he would run Rogers right off the Atlantic. He sent out the letter by Turnley and, with everyone in Nassau watching, waited to see what Rogers would do.

Now, rage darkening his face, Rogers snapped his orders. A signalman leaped on the rail with his fluttering flags, and presently HMS *Milford*, one of the two sloops-of-war, ran out her guns and moved to the harbor's second entrance. HMS *Rose*, guns ready, took up position in the center of the main channel. Ashore, Hornigold, a powerful red-blond man, famed equally for his skill as a pirate and for his good nature, turned to Vane.

"The new governor shan't stand for that tomfoolery, Charlie," he said mildly.

"And by the mighty," Vane roared, "neither will I." He leaped into a small boat and was rowed straight to the French brig. Aboard HMS *Delicia*, the tubby converted merchantman which was Rogers' only permanent ship, Turnley deemed it best not to describe the certain meaning of the small boat lancing over the crystalline water.

The night was silent and the watch sleepy aboard the *Rose* when, in the darkness, a shadow shifted and the pretty French brig, all sails set, came slipping down the channel dead for the warship that had her bottled up. Even as an axman on the *Rose* started a desperate stroke at the anchor cable, a shaft of flame leaped over the brig's decks and into her sails and plainly showed that not a man was aboard. Charlie Vane had rigged his escape: he'd removed his men, set the brig's sails, lashed her wheel fast, fired her and sent her full tilt for the blockading warship. As the brig roared into flame, his men were hoisting the sails on their own fighting sloop, preparing for flight, while desperately the *Rose* clawed downwind and away. Now the fire raged across the brig and touched off her guns, all doubleshotted, and a murderous hail of flying chain swept over the *Rose's* decks.

Then, just as the deserted brig sliced by, the fire reached her powder magazine to blow out her heart and her bottom with a furious roar and sink her in a shower of steam and sparks. And out of the night, all sails crowded on, came Charlie Vane's swift and darkened sloop, riding hard for the open sea and safety.

At dawn's earliest flush, bringing the great seabirds awake to wheel over the surf for the fish washed ashore and the shells, Woodes Rogers' ships began to move in. When he rowed ashore, the pirates were awaiting him, nearly 2,000 strong, armed with their cutlasses, pistols, and here and there a musket. The powerful golden Hornigold, together with Jennings, a quiet, saturnine man, greeted him civilly enough and ushered him up the polished white sand beach.

Rogers saw that the pirates had formed a double line away from the beach and into the town, and with a start he realized that they intended him to walk between the two rows of men.

With a faint smile on his face he took the dare. On his first step, from the corner of his eyes, pale now as paper, he saw the man on either side jerk up his pistol—and fire. For a convulsive moment every instinct demanded that he bring up his own big pistol with the cherrywood butt and go down firing. But even as he began to crouch, he realized that this was a test, in the guise of a salute. He walked on, not a face muscle quivering, through the gantlet, with hundreds upon hundreds of pieces exploding over his head. And the pirates said to themselves, "By God, the new governor don't scare easy. . . ."

At the end of the line he turned, calmly unrolled the king's pardon and read it. In essence it said that any man who reformed now would be forgiven past piracies as long as he committed no new ones. Whereupon all the freebooters lined up and signed, thus making themselves pirates no more but honest colonists.

Rogers naturally suspected there was more to this act of submission than met the eye. He was right.

The pirates had first learned of the pardon several months before when a Royal Navy ship put an officer ashore to read it to them. They told the Navy man what he could do with it—and what they would do with him if he wasn't cracking sail within the hour.

Who needed a pardon? The pirates already had a virtual paradise. As a colony, Nassau, lying in the Bahamas off the Florida coast, had never been self-supporting, and the British abandoned it in 1704. During a hurricane in 1714, part of the Spanish gold fleet, which carried a fortune to Spain each year, foundered on the Florida keys. When the Spanish had recovered what metal they could, an English mariner named Henry Jennings sailed in with a crew that included one Charles Vane, and seized the gold. To avoid the Spanish warships sure to come, he sailed over to Nassau and took over from the handful of hunters and hide-tanners who still lived there.

It was a superb hideout. Its excellent harbor had two entrances, making it difficult to blockade. It was big enough to hold 500 shallow-draft pirate sloops, but too shallow to admit a good-sized warship. The neighboring islands were full of coves and bays ideal for hiding ships while they were careened for calking and plugging toredo worm holes. The living was easy; there were fishing, turtling, hunting, picking vegetables and fruit. And the weather, two centuries later, would make this one of the world's great resorts.

But most important, in that day of primitive sailing, the route from Europe was due west from the Canaries—and that brought most ships coming to the New World right through the Bahamas. Pirates nestled behind handy islands, taking merchantmen and fleeing into shallow water if a warship appeared. This was a golden age of piracy. Peace had broken out recently in Europe, and thousands of combat sailors were out of a job. They swarmed into Nassau. They drew women and bartenders, and as they prospered at their craft, brokers to buy the loot and traders to put it back on the market. Paradoxically, such easy pickings became self-defeating. Ships quit sailing alone. Warships tended convoys and eventually carried cargo themselves at exorbitant rates. As the pirates increased, the plunder decreased and individual takings turned slim.

Now, in 1718, four years after the pirates had declared Nassau theirs.

TRUE

". . . sorry, Mrs. Gilby. Your husband still hasn't reported you missing!"

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**"I'm trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, reverent—and crazy about broads."**

Rogers appeared. The pardon he offered looked no better than the one before, but the situation had changed. Since the wars in Europe were at least suspended, British troops were available, and it was hard to buck British authority without inviting a punitive expedition. So it seemed wiser to the Nassau men first to humor Rogers and then to corrupt him—as many a colonial governor had been seduced into working with the pirates.

In this view of the possibilities they had reckoned without Woodes Rogers. A more likely man for such a job could hardly have been found. He had drawn his first sea command when he was 19. Ten years later, at 29, already a rugged fighting man of high intelligence and sublime self-confidence, he left a warm young wife at home to take a two-ship flotilla around the world on a three-year voyage that made him famous. It is a mishap of history that he has been forgotten; in his day he was a friend of statesmen, and sought after by royalty.

As an English privateer—which meant that England authorized him to attack Spanish ships and colonies—he sailed around the tip of South America and put in at the deserted island of Juan Fernandez. There he found a British mariner named Alexander Selkirk who had been marooned for four years. Selkirk joined the crew, and later, when they returned to London, a scribe named Daniel Defoe dressed Selkirk's story up into a raging best-seller which to this day is doing well—a book named *Robinson Crusoe*.

Rogers sacked the port of Guayaquil—in what is now Ecuador—and sailed out into the Pacific, hoping to capture one of the enormous Spanish galleons that brought gold from Manila to Acapulco, whence it was transshipped to Vera Cruz to be reloaded for Spain. It was 122 years since one of these great ships had been taken.

For days Rogers lay in impatient wait. He was a handsome man, dark, intense, his eyes hot and yet remote, a quality that women must have found extraordinary. Eventually a huge Spanish sail pierced the horizon, and Rogers bore into a six-hour battle that is a maritime classic. The Spaniard's thundering guns tore at his elusive little ship, and before long a ball sliced away the end of his heel and another, ricocheting, caught him in the face and shattered his jaw. He couldn't talk, and he lay on the deck with blood gouting from his mouth and wrote his commands on a slate. The superb gunnery he had drummed into his crew brought down the Spaniard's masts, and she wallowed helpless. Weeks after, in a fit of coughing, he spat out a huge chunk of jawbone.

When he returned to London in 1711 with more than a million dollars in Spanish gold, his face bore a great yellow scar, and in his steady eyes the habit of command was plain. He was the toast of the nation and published his journals of the voyage. Seven years later, when Nassau needed taming, no man was more logical than Rogers.

He explained his approach to the problem to his friend, Joseph Addison, soon to be British prime minister. "It isn't even enough for them to quit piracy—they'll have to become honest colonists."

He chewed his own thoughts over for a moment, then added, "And those who don't, I'll hang."

But that promise had been made long ago. Now Rogers was in the middle of his problem, and although he had not forgotten the promise, this was not yet the time to carry it out. In fact, while he went about his business, and the pirates watched him in interest and awe, he seemed to mistake them for honest colonists. For awhile they went along with him. With plenty of loot still around, and dice games running constantly, it was pleasant to laze around half-drunk in the grog shops or pass out on the sand. There were savage beatings every night which were watched with clinical interest, and when things went a stage beyond, the participants stalked down to the beach with pistol and cutlass and made a final settlement.

All the while, Rogers was taking control. He appointed a six-man council that included Hornigold. He started his soldiers to building rude barracks, and he surveyed, with an eye to defense, the ruined fort from the earlier colony. As he scanned the area the fort overlooked, his nose shuddered in disgust. Nassau was then one of the foulest spots in North America. Most shelter was a mere sail draped over a spar. Bushes and tide served as toilets. When the wind was right, a ship at sea was aware of the colony hours before it came in sight.

For Rogers, it was really a time of waiting, of bracing for the moment when the pirates tired of their holiday. And at last, when he sensed a swelling restlessness, he called in the leaders. He had a plan.

"Boys," he said, "we've got a lot of empty space on this island and, save what we reserve for the Crown, we're going to divide it up so that every man jack will have his own plot of land."

The pirates gaped at him, awestruck.

"We'll own it, you mean?" Hornigold asked. "Ourselves?"

The idea was revolutionary. Only the gentry in that day and time owned land; simple sailors could barely grasp the concept of ownership. The loot that passed through their hands seemed not really theirs but only a means to rum or women.

"Exactly," said Rogers. "You'll own it and hold written title. But"—and here was the hooker—"every man will have to improve his plot. Clean it, plant it, put up a building."

It was no more than simple homesteading, but to these men the idea that they could be owners of land was wildly exciting. Rogers gave each a parchment title, showed them all the simple engineer-

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ing necessary to raise a thatched shack, and watched them plunge into work. Most of them slacked off, of course, when they found how hard it was, but still, Nassau began to improve and men were occupied. A few planted gardens. Rogers organized hunting and turtling parties and set about producing the dyestuffs and waxes that were basic to the economy. The pirates hardly realized it, but their governor had created a climate in which a man could be honest if he chose.

Meanwhile, Rogers was consolidating his position. He was a brilliant judge of men, and from the beginning he had chosen to rely on Hornigold. He made the blunt pirate—bluff, hearty, honorable in his way—first an assistant, then a confidant, and Hornigold became a devoted follower.

If Hornigold was loyal and of great value to Rogers, most of the pirates were lice. One Jack Rackham, known as Calico Jack for the pants he wore, caused Rogers the most grievous offense. He had fled with Vane, but he slipped back from time to time to sample the charms of Anne Bonny, who was more or less the wife of a pirate serving as an undercover agent for Rogers. One day Anne Bonny swished into Rogers' office.

"Your excellency," she said demurely, "I've formed an attachment for John Rackham and he for me, and we want your honor's permission for him to buy me from my husband." She gave her trim rear end, which was jammed into a pair of pirate pants, a delicate little wiggle so the governor would know what kind of attachment she had in mind. But he was outraged and forgot that she might once have been a lady. "Why damn you, madame," he shouted, eyeing her tight-to-busting pantaloons, "any more such talk and I'll take the skin right off that round end of yours with a cat-o'-nine-tails."

The next morning Hornigold saw Rogers in the street and stopped him with a smile. "Everyone knows about the Missus Bonny and that scoundrel Rackham," he said, "and they're all on your side, Governor." Oddly enough, Hornigold's estimate was quite accurate. It was an age of extreme violence and yet, paradoxically, of modesty and even prudery. Pirates liked sex well enough, but even the roughest were insulted by a display of sex. There were no strip shows or girlie pictures. When a pirate wanted entertainment, he got drunk or beat up somebody or slashed away happily in a duel. Sex was sex; for fun, you fought.

But it took more than Rogers and community disapproval to keep down what Calico Jack and Anne had in mind, and one night they slipped off to go apirating together in a stolen sloop. Eventually they were caught and taken to Jamaica, where Jack was hanged, while Anne barely saved herself with the remarkable defense—for a pirate—of pregnancy.

The island's sex life was the least of Rogers' problems. The dread Edward Thaitch, better known to history as Blackbeard, was ranging the shores of the Carolinas. With him was none other than Charlie Vane. Thaitch missed the comforts of Nassau, and Vane was still rankled over the loss of his brandy when he fled from Rogers.

At the colony one leaden afternoon, when Rogers was despairing of keeping his pirates at homesteading, home-building and commerce, he heard that an emissary from Vane was on the island holding forth over a tankard of rum. With face blackening and great scar flaring yellow, Rogers marched silently through the straggly streets, batted open the grog-shop door, and stalked in on silence that fell thick as winter fog. A swinish voice rambled on, ". . . And when Cap'n Vane gets around to it, he's gonna sail in here and nail the governor's ears to his mainmast. . . ."

Rogers' eyes paled and a great nerve throbbed in his cheek. "Have you a message for me, sailor?" he asked. The man's bluster oozed out of him like a dirty smell. "No, your honor," he wheezed.

"Well, I have a message." Rogers' voice was soft and deadly. "You find Charles Vane and you tell him that if he ever shows his greasy face in Nassau, I'll hang him on the spot." He wheeled to face the other men in the room, and his voice rose to a bellow. "And by God, that goes for any other pirate who thinks to anchor here."

It was a good speech—but Rogers had little with which to back it. His hundred soldiers were hardly worth their daily rations. The two Navy ships that had brought his converted merchantman into the harbor had sailed off long ago. Now, passing men-o'-war did not even bother with a courtesy call. Blackbeard and Vane, often able to command several hundred men, were a real threat. Rogers was aware that his dilapidated fort could hardly hold off a rowboat, let alone a ship.

The fort needed repair, and what's more—the work would serve to keep his semi-retired pirates occupied. But he could hardly ask them to labor on a fort for defense against other pirates. It was a time for more thinking.

One evening Rogers split a bottle of port with Hornigold.

"Captain," he said solemnly, "I've just had disturbing news."

Hornigold's round, pleasant face turned serious.

"I've just got a message," Rogers went on, "that the Spanish are preparing to attack. They've massed 5,000 men at Havana, and even now they're fitting 20 sail. They've sworn to make the Bahamas theirs."

Pirates hated the Spanish. It was a harsh age, and the Spanish were experts at torture, which they frequently practiced on English sailors. Nor was Rogers' story entirely untrue. The Spanish were constantly on the edge of attacking.

"Ye got 2,000 fighting men here," Hornigold cried. "We'll throw them into the sea."

Rogers laughed. "They'll lie offshore and blow us apart. With a fort like this—and they know its condition—we're helpless."

"Then by thunder," roared Hornigold, his skin flaming deep red, "We'll rebuild that damned fort."

Soon sweating crews were shoring up the fortifications and laying the guns for harbor defense. In fact, Rogers got considerably more help from the pirates than from his own men. His supply ship, *Delicia*, was captained by a plump and petulant officer named Wingate Gale, in whose abilities Rogers had little faith. Nevertheless, he summoned Gale ashore one day to discuss rehabilitating the guns in the tired fort. He and Hornigold were there waiting when a small boat left the *Delicia* and landed a pimply young lieutenant, who saluted and said casually, "Captain Gale is indisposed at the moment, but I am sure that I can handle your lordship's problems adequately."

"Oh, can you?" growled Rogers, well aware of the easy grins of the pirates, who instantly dropped their tedious work on the walls at this promise of diversion. Even Hornigold was watching with no little amusement.

Signaling a couple of his biggest soldiers, Rogers leaped into the boat and ordered it back to the *Delicia*. As it pulled alongside, he bounded over the ship's rail with animalistic grace and spotted Gale looking alarmed.

"By the Holy, sir," Rogers roared, "when I order you ashore, that's damned

**"Excuse me for a few minutes, it's time for the children to come home from school!"**

7up

# the man's mixer

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**"I didn't even know he'd changed his religion until he said, 'I divorce thee, I divorce thee, I divorce thee' and left me."**

well where I mean you to be." Before Gale could answer, Rogers whipped up his pistol and smashed the long barrel over the captain's ear. Gale dropped like a sack. At a nod from Rogers, the two soldiers picked him up and dumped him over the side into the small boat. Without a word Rogers was rowed to the fort. There the two soldiers seized Gale bodily and threw him onto the dock.

As he was picking himself up, Rogers bounded ashore with a smile. "Ah, Captain Gale, thank you for joining me ashore," he said politely.

"My pleasure, your lordship," said the dazed Gale, dabbing at his leaky ear—and the pirates hid their snickers behind their hands.

By now it was becoming plain to the unreconstructed pirates still in Nassau that Rogers would not be corrupted or scared. A logical alternative was to kill him. Then the island could revert to piracy and everyone would live high again. There were a good many pirates involved in the plot that began to develop, but what is indicative of Rogers' tenuous position is the fact that a good many soldiers were involved, too.

When a dozen men know something, it no longer is a secret. Word of the plot soon reached Rogers. Sick at the treachery of his own men and suddenly lonely, he walked slowly down the beach and pondered. When he returned, he was pacing in long firm strides. Calling in four of his most trusted men, he gave them orders. Within a week they had reported back.

The day after he had seen their evidence, Rogers assembled the entire troop and with fife and drum marched them about the fort. The pirates gathered to watch the show, and when the crowd was thick, Rogers lined up his men and faced them, standing so he could see the pirates as well.

"It has come to my attention that divers persons well known to me have been plotting on my life and to take over the government of his Majesty's colony," he said. There was an uneasy shuffling in the crowd. Rogers called his four agents and asked them to testify, and suddenly everyone realized he was attending a full-dress court-martial.

Each of the four gave evidence, naming both soldiers and pirates, and watching the crowd, Rogers saw heads nodding in agreement. When the witnesses were done, the governor turned to the pirates and with a slight smile, his hand riding on his pistol butt, he said easily, "Now gentlemen, I believe I'm game for any man with the nerve to try to take me. I've got a pistol ball awaiting him." Then his voice cracked like thunder and he whirled back to the soldiers lined before him. "But that doesn't mean I'll tolerate mutiny. There is a penalty for plotting against your government, and I shall show it to you."

The sun rasped at the skin like sandpaper in the tiny fort, and the breeze died. Rogers' men reached into the ranks and snatched out the ringleaders. They were stripped to the waist and each lashed face down on an iron cannon sizzling hot in the sun.

Rogers nodded, and a warrant stepped forward with a cat-o'-nine-tails swinging heavy in his hand. Like an axman chopping wood, he laid on the great multilash that slices the flesh on a man's back and drives screams from the bravest. Two dozen strokes can kill a man. Rogers let each man have but a few, then ordered the ropes cut. The renegades dropped sobbing to the ground.

He eyed the remaining troops coldly. "There are a dozen more who deserve a taste of the cat," he said in an iron voice, "but you're not worth my effort. Just mark you well the price for mutiny."

With that he walked away, his back an open target on which none had the nerve to fire. It was a splendid psychological moment: the penalty for mutiny in that day was death, and instead he had flogged a few, ignored the others, and turned them all back to duty. It was the act of a supremely confident man.

Nor did it mean that the colony was out of trouble. It was not long before there arose a problem more vexing than the worst of mutinies or threats. The grog shops were running out of rum. No pirate, reformed or otherwise, intended to face life without rum. It *had* to be brought in. After all, if the colony was to survive, it must trade. So Rogers organized an expedition for Barbados and Jamaica—the sloop *May*, the sloop *Lancaster* and the schooner *Bachelor's Adventure*, all ships that once had been in the pirate fleet. He loaded them with the island's paltry produce: salt, mahogany, peat, wild cinnamon and sweet wood bark, ambergris from the sea, cotton, jerked turtle meat, polished turtle shell and even a bit of seal oil.

He crewed the ships with reformed pirates, for he had no others. He ordered James Carr, a young midshipman from the *Delicia*, and the pilot, Richard Turnley, to sail in the *May* under the command of Capt. John Auger, a skilled seaman some 40 years old, strangely given to black moods and impulsive actions. And finally, on the cool and wind-whipped day of October 5, 1718, with the incredibly blue sea frothing white at its caps, he launched the expedition with worry and a sense of real foreboding—for sending pirates to sea in armed vessels seemed to be asking for trouble.

It came quickly. The three ships hove to at Green Key late the next afternoon and anchored. That night a couple of hearty sailors named Phineas Bunce and Dennis McCarty, with a dozen rugged friends, put over to the *May* from the *Bachelor's Adventure* for a friendly visit. Once aboard, McCarty slipped into the ship's armory and armed his men with muskets and cutlasses while Bunce swapped old tales with Midshipman Carr, and idly took Carr's sword to make reminiscent thrusts.

As McCarty's men appeared, another group in the waist of the ship struck up a song, "Did not you promise me that you would marry me?" At this Bunce suddenly roared, "And that I will—for I am the parson." He wheeled on Carr and began beating him with the flat of his own sword. Moments later McCarty and his men were in control.

Captain Auger joined the pirates. So did most of the men. Those who refused—Turnley, Carr, the other two captains and

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Well, there's some of the evidence. Performance enthusiasts, that's what they are.

More power to them.

The Buick Skylark
**Gran Sport**

a handful of the crew—were marooned unarmed and naked on Green Key. The three ships made off in the morning. About six weeks later, having taken a few small prizes, they sailed up to Exuma Island in the Bahamas, saw three ships which looked like traders from New York, and attacked. As it turned out, the three ships were heavily armed Spanish privateers. They blew the pirate vessels apart. Only 16 of the mutineers managed to escape by swimming ashore. The Spaniards took the others. A few of these convinced their captors they had joined the pirates under duress, and they were sent back to Nassau in a small boat, carrying with them Bunce, who had taken a ball through his chest and was dying. The Spanish hanged the remainder and sailed off to Cuba.

When the small boat put into Nassau, Rogers was furious. The colony could not survive without trade and supplies. But more important, he knew it could not survive unless this ultimate challenge to authority was met. If the pirates could take over Rogers' ships, why couldn't they take over Nassau itself?

He walked down to the crystal sand beach and saw Bunce in the boat's bottom, pain pulling his lips into a little smile. Rogers wasted no sympathy. "Bunce, damn you," he cried, "so you violated the king's pardon and went back to your old ways."

"Aye, your honor," said Bunce, not giving an inch, "that I did."

"You'll hang tomorrow," said Rogers, though as a matter of fact, Bunce fooled him by dying that night. Meanwhile, Rogers considered his plans. First he dispatched a sloop to pick up the men marooned on Green Key. But what of the pirates left at Exuma?

Rogers could have taken the *Delicia* and his hundred soldiers and flushed them out. But this, he knew, would alienate his colony and line the men up in sympathy with the pirates, and in the end might turn the converts back to piracy itself.

So he elected to try a gamble that, if it won, could be superb—and if it lost would lose everything.

He decided to send Benjamin Hornigold after the renegade pirates.

The great, tawny, reformed freebooter shoved off the next morning. If Hornigold defected, or if he couldn't control his men, Rogers was finished in the Bahamas. Hornigold was a leader, too, and as he went, so would the others.

The gamble paid off. Hornigold anchored off Exuma, and who should come marooned from the brush but Dennis McCarty, confident that this new ship was a New York trader in for salt and ripe for seizure. McCarty was a fine Irishman, 28 years old, handsome and gay, with the grace of a prize fighter and the wit of a comic. Now, with skill and gift, he talked the 16 marooned pirates aboard—only to find too late that he had misjudged another ship.

The mutineers returned to Nassau in irons. Six quickly proved they had been forced to join the original conspiracy, and they were released. Rogers proposed, after a suitable trial, to hang the other 10.

The trial started the next day, December 9, 1718, with indictment and rules of evidence strictly observed. It is doubtful that Rogers had the authority to hold a capital trial—but no one in England seemed to care what he did, and he shrewdly guessed that his ultimate survival depended on what happened now.

Each prisoner was allowed to call witnesses. Capt. John Auger claimed he was drunk when Bunce seized his ship, but Midshipman Carr and Pilot Turnley quickly disputed that. A pirate named John Hipps made such a case for himself that he was found not guilty. The other nine heard Rogers read, the following day, the fatal words:

". . . Are guilty of mutiny, felony and piracy. . . . Sentence . . . to be hanged by the neck till you shall be dead, dead, dead; God have mercy on your souls. . . ."

The whole community was edgy and restless when dawn cracked the eastern horizon and showed the nine dangling nooses that workmen had erected, and Rogers knew that a single real leader could take the moment away from him with a word and a gesture. But he called out the prisoners and ordered them led to the gallows. Dennis McCarty, a dark and smiling man, bounded up the steps with bright blue ribbons dangling from cap and wrists and waist and knees, and he looked at his friends assembled and cried with a sneer, "Damn me, but I can remember a day not so long ago when there was many a brave fellow on this island who wouldn't have suffered me to die like a dog. I wonder where these brave ones have gone today."

The nine men stood each below his noose—and at this moment Rogers pulled a master stroke. Having demonstrated harshness and strength, he now showed mercy. Even as the ropes were adjusted, he reprieved the youngest, a lad named George Rounsivel.

Now, with one noose empty and eight filled, with eight men standing on the threshold of death in the bright Bahama sunshine and the wind fluttering the crystal-blue water, Dennis McCarty began to talk for his life. High, musical, poetic, Irish to the core, his voice laid a spell on the 500 men clustered here to watch him die for a vice which they all had practiced. The words stirred them and reached them—and Woodes Rogers, cool as steel, saw the ripple of reaction and nodded to the hangman and all eight traps sprung at once . . . and eight men dropped like stones and that melodious voice cut off and its echoes hung there in the lovely brilliant sunshine. The ninth noose swung idly in the breeze.

Now he had done it—Rogers had rammed home his authority on the end of a rope. He stood there in the silence, his hand idly polishing the butt of his pistol, and then a pirate whose name has been lost in history leaped onto a hogshead with a shriek that galvanized the crowd.

"There's the betrayer," he cried, pointing at Rogers. "We've helped him hang men for piracy—and what are we if not pirates? We've hanged our own brethren for no more than we all have done—now let's hang the man who caused it. There's an empty noose—I say use it on the governor. . . ."

Rogers saw hysteria sweep the crowd, saw it energize and bunch, and in the instant before it acted he knew that his soldiers and Hornigold and the navy together could not move fast enough to save him. The big pistol with the cherrywood butt leaped up in his hand to be fired, and the great ball hit the man with a punching noise that everyone heard and blew him right off the hogshead.

Again there was silence in the crystal sunshine in which the corpses creaked on the ends of the ropes, and then the moment for the explosion died. Rogers put his empty pistol in his belt, and that, finally, was that.

For Nassau was now his, and for all time it would remain his. Piracy was not—and still is not—finished around the world, but never again would pirates have their own base in North America, nor would piracy even be a serious factor in the Americas.

Rogers still had plenty of troubles, though they didn't include Charlie Vane much longer. In the end, if indirectly, Rogers sank him for good. Vane was shipwrecked in February, 1719. An old friend rescued him, but to Vane's consternation, the friend had taken Rogers' pledge, liked lawful Nassau and was engaged in honest merchant trade. He took Vane in irons to Jamaica, where the little pirate was hanged, a victim of the influence that Rogers had brought.

A few months later Hornigold was shipwrecked, too, while leading a trade expedition into the Gulf of Mexico, and the reformed pirate died in the ruin, a stunning blow to Rogers. Despite several such trade expeditions, Nassau did not become self-supporting. Rogers had endless troubles with government in England and gradually exhausted his own fortune to keep the colony alive and in rum. Finally he returned to England and was put in debtors' prison.

But Nassau remained a law-abiding colony. Several years later, when Rogers' powerful friends had helped him recoup his fortune and he was named governor of the Bahamas again, things were so peaceful that he brought his family with him. He died three years later, in 1732, and was buried on the island he loved so well.

Today Nassau is one of the world's great resorts. But the touch of its past, the light of Woodes Rogers over the centuries, still may be seen on the walls of its Government House, in its motto, *Expulsis Piratis Restituta Commercia*, or "Pirates expelled, commerce reinstated." That is precisely what Woodes Rogers did.

—Jack Silvey

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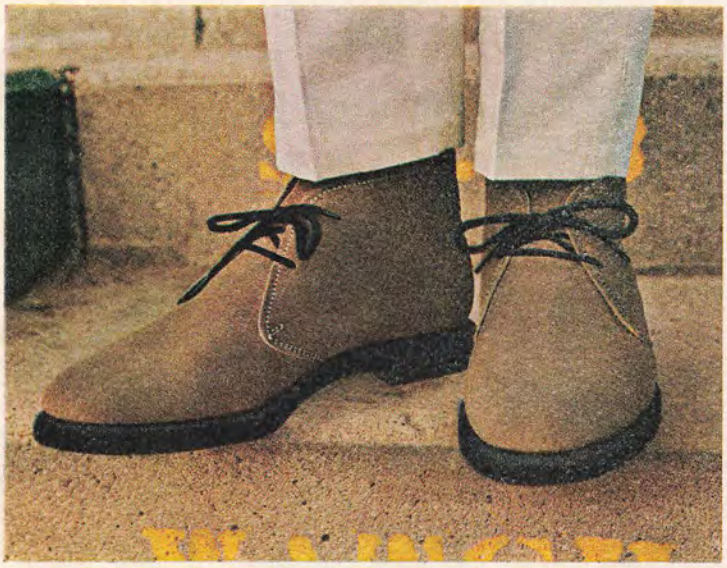

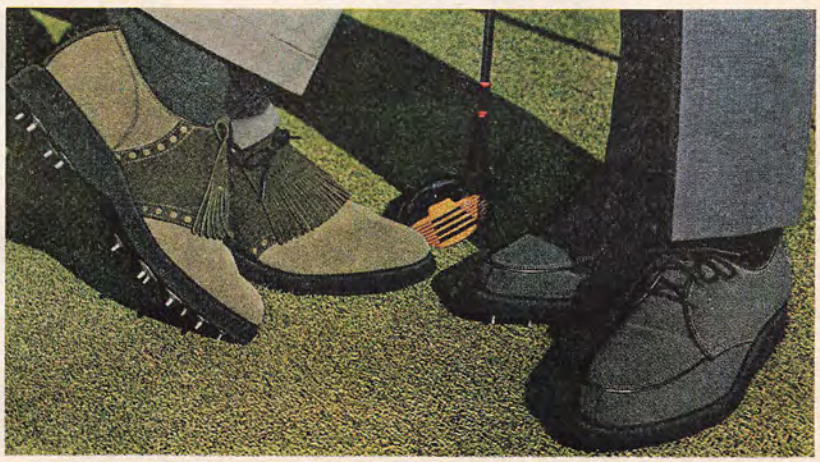

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PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY LEONARD NONES

# WINNING WAYS FOR WET-WEATHER DAYS

Raincoats are fast becoming the brightest touch to dreary days. The standard length, jumbo overplaid Galetone coat, far left, is by Alligator, $29.95. Another of spring's biggest fashion splashes is the new 38-inch length Samthur cotton gabardine raincoat, at immediate left, from Broadstreet's, N.Y., $19.95. This rain-dodger is also wearing Gordon-Ford's Lubberbones Breton sports jacket, about $45, and color coordinated slacks, about $15, both of Vycron and cotton. Shirt is by Van Heusen, $5, and tie is by Mr. John, $5. Back in strong popularity is the traditional trench coat, shown at right. This style, in Calibre cloth by London Fog, will be available in natural color only, about $45.

## BUT THE VICTIM WOULDN'T DIE

[*Continued from page* 48]

cheapest bar whisky and their gaudiest promises. It was an emaciated and liquor-logged Malloy who bade owner and bartender goodnight one frigid January evening.

Marino and Murphy cast lingering looks at Malloy as he shambled out into the cold. Their thoughts did not rest upon Malloy directly. First they dwelt upon the fate of a late but steady customer of Marino's establishment, Mabelle Carlson. Mabelle had died recently of alcoholism and pneumonia after conveniently making Marino her beneficiary of a $2,000 insurance policy. Bartender Murphy had not lost sight of the fact that Mabelle had been given unlimited speakeasy credit in return for naming Marino her beneficiary. Nor did the balding barkeep forget that Mabelle had expired dead drunk in Marino's rented room in front of an open window with the temperature below zero outside.

As owner Marino stood lost in thought, Murphy ruminated and polished glassware behind the bar. A late-staying habitué of Tony's speakeasy was also aware of Malloy's lumbering exit. He was Frank Pasqua, a local undertaker who doubled as the neighborhood notary public and political handyman. Pasqua had handled all the official and procedural events for beneficiary Marino upon Mabelle's untimely demise.

Slightly more worldly than either the hairless Murphy or the portly Marino, Pasqua came to the swift conclusion that Malloy, in bad health from lack of decent food and addiction to speakeasy liquor, would soon be a prospect for his undertaking services. The sober consensus of Mallo's three "friends" was that, if supplied with enough liquor, Malloy would be dead inside of a week.

The amateur standing of the speakeasy murder ensemble was evident in their efforts to make Malloy an acceptable insurance risk. One glimpse of the underweight and whisky-reeking hulk of Malloy would have convinced any insurance agent that Malloy was no policy prospect. In consequence, owner Marino and mortician Pasqua made two applications to insure Malloy directly; one to the Prudential Life Insurance Company of America for $2,000 and a second to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company for $3,000. They listed Malloy as an employee of Pasqua's undertaking establishment, and Pasqua and Malloy's "estate" as beneficiaries. A routine check by insurance clerks revealed that Malloy had sought no insurance, did not want any, had no estate and that Pasqua, not being Malloy's employer, could not qualify as a beneficiary.

Marino and Pasqua, joined by barkeep Murphy, thereupon essayed a more modest plan. They applied to the same two insurance companies for much smaller policies on Malloy, one for $800 and two for $494 each. They changed Michael Malloy's name to Nicholas Mellory, and listed Joseph Mellory, impersonated by the beady-eyed bartender Joseph Murphy, as brother and beneficiary. In this manner the troublesome physical examination of Malloy was sidestepped, since it was not a requirement for the small policies in question. "Joseph Mellory," the brother, answered all questions. to the satisfaction of the insurance agencies.

Malloy was now worth a total of $1,788 to the Marino-Murphy-Pasqua enterprise and Operation Malloy was begun in earnest. Instead of hanging around the elbows of his speakeasy friends and mooching his drinks, Malloy suddenly became the center of generosity and camaraderie. Whenever the Marino-Murphy-Pasqua trio grew tired of doing the

TRUE

"But there's *got* to be a set of triplets somewhere in the Bible!"

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**"Frankly, Phil, I'd rather go with a boy a little less popular."**

honors for Malloy, these duties were delegated to the second platoon of Operation Malloy—three shabby, dubious, but steady, hangers-on at the speakeasy. These additional "friends" of Malloy were, in order of importance, "Tough Tony" Bastone, a local small-time gangster; Joe Maglione, his accomplice gunman, erratic as to aim but highly willing; and Daniel Kreisberg, the fruit dealer next door to the speakeasy, who was also a part-time strong-arm man. This reserve trio kept Malloy more than well supplied with liquor.

Malloy responded to the friendliness and the increased ingestion of alcohol like a hemophiliac to a blood transfusion. His eyes became brighter, his voice deeper and firmer and his attendance at Marino's almost continuous. It was possible, as someone has said, to assume that Malloy thought himself already dead and in Paradise; even if he turned up at the speakeasy at 9 a.m. there was always a drink and a welcome waiting for him.

Bartender Murphy was the first of the group to show concern over his customer's improved condition. He began serving Malloy special whisky of the cheapest variety, mixed now and then with wood alcohol procured from the paint shop down the block. Malloy, however, continued to thrive. "Tough Tony" Bastone, as his contribution to Operation Malloy, next challenged Malloy to a drinking bout. While "Tough Tony" was served the best rye that Marino stocked, Malloy received the worst bar whisky, liberally flavored with paint remover, wood alcohol and canned heat.

After about three hours of toe-to-toe drinking, Bastone was led off the field of carnage supported by Malloy, who was stronger than at the start. The gallery applauded politely. Mortician Pasqua and barkeep Murphy were aghast at the results. Marino, who as speakeasy owner footed the bills, was frantic about the cost of the drinks.

"Take it easy, Boss," said Murphy. "The rotgut I'm serving him will burn him up real fast. It has to build up."

"Murph," Marino replied sadly, "liquor is never going to hurt this bum. We'll be dead before he is at this rate."

"I'll tell you, boss," said Murphy, "Malloy needs something to eat. He's been on a liquid diet too long."

"Fix something up," said Marino.

So Murphy fixed up something. As an amateur toxicologist Murphy was no great shakes, but he was thorough and ingenious. First he soaked a dozen oysters in wood alcohol. The efficacy of this mixture was later hailed by no less an authority than District Attorney Samuel J. Foley of the Bronx.

"Alcohol taken during a meal of oysters," Mr. Foley explained to the *New York Times*, "will invariably cause acute indigestion, for the oysters tend to remain preserved."

Next Murphy opened a can of sardines behind the bar and allowed them to ripen. When they were sufficiently gamey he prepared a ptomaine canape which he sprinkled with chopped-up pieces of the sardine can itself.

Malloy, whose affection for his "friends" had been increasing directly with the amount of free liquor he received, was touched by Murphy's suggestion that he partake of such a rare delicacy as oysters.

Malloy gulped down the oysters, washing them down with a few drinks of Marino's "special"—that is, special for Malloy. Next he ate a few sardine tidbits and resumed his drinking and lolling against the bar. Toward 6 o'clock he said he didn't feel well and went home to rest. The Board of Directors of Operation Malloy immediately offered congratulations to Murphy. But they were premature. Next morning at 9:30 Malloy was waiting at the door for Marino to open up for business.

"My mouth tastes kinda funny," said Malloy as he hoisted his first one of the day. Marino, Murphy and Pasqua retreated hurriedly to the back room.

"How the hell we gonna kill that Mick?" demanded Marino. "I'm going broke feeding him booze."

"Don't forget Mabelle," said Pasqua, remembering the late insured female. "She was a Mick, too, a lady Mick, but she couldn't stand fresh air."

Murphy bent his bald head toward Marino, "Maybe Malloy could die from pneumonia?" he whispered hopefully.

"On a very cold night," said Pasqua, smiling. "In a park and after he's filled up here."

So two nights later, on January 10, 1933, Malloy was deemed by his five "friends" to be sufficiently full of alcohol. They loaded him into the cab of a friend —Hershey Green—and drove to MacComb's Dam Park in the Bronx. On the drive over most of Malloy's clothing was removed; what was left was well saturated with water they had thoughtfully brought from the bar. The night was clear and bitterly cold as Malloy was propped up on a park bench, his glistening chest exposed to the frigid moonlight.

The next day was spent by Malloy's "friends" in the speakeasy perusing the local papers for news of anyone found in the park. The group kept close together, although "Tough Tony" Bastone was elbowed away from the inner circle; he had developed a bad sniffle and cough from the outing of the night before.

Promptly at 1:30 p.m. Malloy lumbered into the speakeasy complaining of a slight ache in his bones. He had been found about 5 a.m. by a policeman who wrapped him in his overcoat and put him to bed in the station house.

"Boy, am I dyin' for a drink!" was Malloy's announcement. "The covers must of slid off me last night. I've a touch of the grippe."

Bartender Murphy gave Malloy his first ration of rotgut booze and joined his confreres in a booth at the rear.

"He's gotta have an accident," said Pasqua.

"Aaaah, what do you know about anything?" said Marino, pondering the expense of the previous night's liquor. "The park bench was just the thing, according to you."

Pasqua beckoned Murphy and Marino closer. "Double indemnity," he said quietly.

At once they appreciated that Malloy would be worth $3,576 if done in by accidental means, rather than the paltry $1,788 which was then in view. This doubled figure was very important money in that bitter Depression year.

"What kind of an accident?" inquired Marino.

"Maybe an auto accident?" said Pasqua.

The group acknowledged his superior thinking, and Hershey Green was again summoned in his cab and offered the job. His asking price of $500 was far out of line, the way expenses were mounting. After trying two other prospects who asked even more, the trio finally persuaded Green to take $150 for the job plus an unspecified share of the proceeds.

On January 20 Malloy was again surrounded by all his "friends" in the speakeasy. Murphy was serving Malloy a brew

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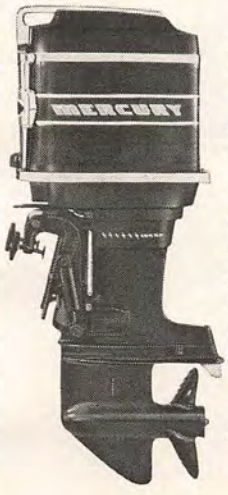


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of canned heat, bar whisky, Carbona and ginger ale. Bastone and his gunman, Maglione, saw to it that Malloy drank liberally of Murphy's mixture. Malloy, beaming, swore a man never had truer or more devoted pals. The words were scarcely out of his mouth before Murphy's concoction took hold. Marino, Pasqua and Bastone laid the recumbent Malloy on the back seat of Green's taxi. The five of them drove to Baychester Avenue and Gun Hill Road, a rural, lonely spot in the Bronx at that time. They planted the "Mellory" identification on Malloy, as they always did at his proper state of unconsciousness.

When they arrived at the spot a new problem presented itself. As soon as Malloy was stood upright on the road he thrashed around so vigorously that Green had difficulty drawing a bead on him with his taxi. Finally Malloy was slapped and pinched by his companions into wavering around in one place long enough for Green to speed up his cab and do his "job." After he had picked up Marino, Pasqua and Bastone, Green reversed his route and ran over Malloy a second time just for good luck.

Next day the group gathered at Marino's speakeasy and watched the papers for news of the finding and the passing of Mellory-Malloy. But the papers were strangely silent. Finally news trickled down that Malloy had been found and taken to Fordham Hospital where he was listed as a simple hit-and-run accident victim, suffering from concussion, fractured shoulder and alcoholism. He would be as good as new in a month. His true identity was established from fingerprints? His "Mellory" identification had been lost in the shuffle.

Owner Marino and his partners were stricken. A month's wait would mean more premium payments on Malloy's policies, then more free liquor for Malloy. It would take time—no one could guess how long—to get Malloy in shape for another try after his four healthful weeks in the hospital.

Again it was mortician Pasqua who provided the solution to their problem. "It don't have to be Malloy who has the accident," he pointed out, "as long as they think it's Malloy—I mean Mellory."

"Whadda ya mean, 'they'?" asked Marino.

"The cops and the insurance companies," said Pasqua. "Ain't Malloy insured as Mellory? And, ain't Murph here his official brother? As long as somebody is identified as Mellory and Murph okays it, we can collect."

At 12th Avenue and 137th Street in the Bronx in 1933 was a "Hooverville" or "Depression City," as the New York papers then described them, a melange of packing boxes, makeshift huts and lean-tos where groups of the many unfortunate unemployed of that winter were in residence. Among the "Hooverville" residents was one Joseph Patrick Murray, 31, like Malloy an unemployed stationary engineer with a fondness for liquor. The fact that he had a slight acquaintance with Hershey Green, the taxi driver, made Murray the outstanding selectee.

On the night of February 7 Murray was put into condition for Operation Malloy—comatose from Murphy's liquor and neatly laid out on the back seat of Green's taxi. Placed securely in Murray's inside pocket was identification listing him as Nicholas Mellory, next of kin Joseph Mellory (Murph, the bartender), with the individual to be notified in case of accident, one Frank Pasqua, undertaker, of 195 East 117th Street.

Murray received the same treatment as Malloy, only this time the location was 141st Street and Southern Boulevard. A passing motorist caused them to hurry Murray back in the cab and it was not until they arrived at Austin Place and 145th Street that Murray was given his final going over by Green.

Back at Marino's speakeasy the next morning the group carefully examined the papers once more for news that Murray-"Mellory" had been found in the streets. Pasqua kept close to his undertaking establishment, ready to do his part, and Murphy composed himself behind the bar for the sad purpose of identifying his "brother" when the call would come.

The impatient and discouraged group that comprised Operation Malloy disintegrated when Pasqua came into the speakeasy that evening with the news that Murray-Mellory was in Lincoln Hospital with the usual fractures and concussions that an ordinary auto accident victim might have received. It was enough to take the heart out of stronger men than Marino and Murphy, to say nothing of the second-string members of the operation. Expenses were mounting with nothing to show for them. More insurance premiums were coming due.

But then occurred an event which brought the group together and galvanized them into immediate action. The durable Malloy himself was released from the hospital 10 days early, looking better than ever after the excellent care and nourishing food.

"Lor'! What they give me to drink at that hospital! Cocoa, tea, milk. It was awful!" were Malloy's first words as he hove to at the bar in Marino's speakeasy.

By 11 p.m. Malloy, now fresh off his hospital diet, was beginning to waver and glide around the floor. The Operation Malloy membership retired to the back room for a final caucus.

"This time for keeps," said Marino. "Or else."

"My cab can't take it any more," said Green. "There ain't a hack made that'll kill that Mick."

"An' there ain't any other accident I can think of that he wouldn't bounce back from," said Murphy.

"Then an accident is out," said Pasqua finally. "It'll have to be the real thing, and Murph and me'll do it."

After a week of steeping Malloy in every kind of alcoholic mixture possible, Marino took Murphy's place behind the bar one night. Murphy and Pasqua, with Kreisberg, the strong-arm man assisting, walked the loopy Malloy down to a room with a gas jet at 1210 Fulton Avenue, a dingy hide-out that Kreisberg and Murphy shared from time to time. There they threw Malloy on the bed, inserted the gas hose in his mouth and made small talk for about an hour until Pasqua said, "That's it."

Murphy sat up with Malloy the rest of the night just to be sure that Pasqua's verdict was correct and that Malloy didn't get up and return to the speakeasy. Meanwhile, Pasqua sought out a distant relative, Dr. Frank A. Manzella,

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former Republican alderman from the 20th Harlem District, who, for $100, wrote out a death certificate stating that Malloy-Mellory had died of lobar pneumonia with traces of grippe and bronchitis contributing to his demise.

That same day the remains of Malloy were taken to Pasqua's undertaking establishment, dumped into a $10 coffin and lowered unceremoniously into a $12 grave in a charity plot in Westchester. Pasqua did not even bother to embalm Malloy—a fatal mistake it later turned out—to keep expenses down. However, Pasqua made out an imposing bill for a $400 funeral to impress the insurance company, and Murphy, as Joseph Mellory, collected the $800 policy from the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

It was at this point that the true complications of Operation Malloy really began. What to do with the $800.... How to split it up? Expenses were running far ahead of income at this point. Marino was heavily into the kitty for the gallons of lethal liquor served Malloy. Hershey Green, the taxi driver, had two claims of $150 each for hitting and running over Malloy and Murray, but it was obvious that these claims weren't worth 10¢ on the dollar. Murphy, bartender, amateur toxicologist and more competent as an asphyxiator, had the status of a senior partner in the transaction. Pasqua as undertaker was most out of pocket with his payments for death certificate, coffin, plot and burial. Kreisberg, the strong-arm man, and probably the most efficient murderer of the group, was on a par with Murphy. Joe Maglione, the unreliable gunman was far down the list as little better than a consultant. A reporter and amateur accountant later figured that, at this point, total expenses exceeded all possible income by $87.31.

"Tough Tony" Bastone now stepped into the limelight and solved the split-up problem. He took the $800 from Murphy-Mellory and paid out as little on account as he thought he could get away with, pending collection of the remaining two policies. To barkeep Murphy he gave $60, to strong-arm Kreisberg $50. After all, they had done the actual job. Green, the taxi driver, was brushed off with a $20 bill. Pasqua was given $65 for himself and burial expenses, and a promise for repayment of the $100 advanced to Dr. Manzella for the death certificate. Maglione got nothing. Bastone took owner Marino into his confidence and together they held the balance of $605.

Interminable arguments began in Marino's speakeasy among all of the late Malloy's "friends" about this division of receipts. At times some of Marino's regular customers joined in the debate. Bastone was tough enough to hold out the balance of the first policy payment from the group, but he wasn't tough enough to force Murphy to collect the remaining $988 in the two smaller policies.

Malloy's "friends" split into two camps. The gunman Maglione, who hadn't received a cent, tried to set himself up as intermediary. Bastone rejected Maglione's role and a furious fight began between them. The outraged Maglione whipped out his gun and started spraying shots in the direction of "Tough Tony."

"Tough Tony" went down with a bullet in his leg. Before anyone could stop him, Maglione leaned over his victim, grabbed his guns and finished him off. The police arrived quickly, jailed Maglione and three speakeasy customers, plus bartender Murphy, as material witnesses.

Maglione immediately related the Malloy story to the police to divert their attention away from him to more important matters. He had no success at all. The details of Operation Malloy sounded entirely too fantastic and complicated to the police. They were satisfied with the simple speakeasy killing already on their hands, the culprit and witnesses handily in jail. Besides there couldn't be anyone as durable as Michael Malloy was made out to be. But eventually the skepticism of the police was overcome, to the extent that Malloy was exhumed. The fact that Pasqua had omitted all embalming fluids to keep expenses down made it possible to establish that Malloy had met his end from asphyxiation by gas. Then Hershey Green, already in jail on a charge of carrying a gun while on duty in his taxi, began to talk. Doctor Manzella was corralled, also the substitute Mellory—Joseph Patrick Murray—was located in Hooverville. Conveniently for the police, the strong-arm man, Kreisberg, was already in jail, awaiting trial for a hold-up. There were no gaps in the case.

The five participants, plus Maglione, made full confessions in great detail. District Attorney Samuel J. Foley of the Bronx secured indictments for murder against all five in record time. Four months later, in the fall term of Bronx County Court, the trial of Marino, Murphy, Pasqua and Kreisberg began. Green and Maglione turned state's evidence and secured a severance.

The trial was a model for speed and efficiency. District Attorney Foley presented his witnesses, read the confessions and rested his case. All the defendants tried without success to pin the blame for the entire operation on the recently murdered "Tough Tony" Bastone.

Murphy, Marino, Pasqua and Kreisberg were sentenced to die in the electric chair and were taken to Sing Sing Prison that same day. Appeals, pleas for clemency and other legal maneuvers occupied the next six months, but at the end of that period all four men went to the chair.

Taxi driver Green pleaded guilty to assault in the first degree and received a 5- to 10-year sentence. Maglione, the gunman, was permitted to plead guilty to manslaughter and received 10 to 15 years. The accommodating Doctor Manzella stood trial for the misdemeanor of "failing to report a suspicious death to the police and medical examiner." He received an indefinite term up to three years.

As for Michael Malloy, his incredible stamina made him the legendary victim of an almost impossible murder, still remembered in the upper reaches of the Bronx.

**—By Robert Wohlforth**

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## BEAM OF DEATH LIGHT OF LIFE

[*Continued from page* 53]

deceptively simple. It is a gadget that produces a strange beam of light, a light not found in nature. Its power of destruction may one day be developed to rival the hydrogen bomb's. Its capacity for good may exceed that of antibiotics, tranquillizers and all other "miracle" drugs combined. In industry it may prove to be more revolutionary than the vacuum tube, the transistor and computerized automation. And it will certainly add a whole new dimension in military capabilities.

In the short five years of its existence, the laser has proved to be a boon in fields as widely separated as dentistry and space exploration, watchmaking and biological investigation of heredity. It can replace machine tools, make computers operate even faster than they do now, outmode all of our present means of communication and revolutionize surgery. It has measured the depth of craters on the moon, by "bouncing" a beam of light off the rim of a crater, then off the bottom, and using the return-time difference as a gauge. Some day the laser's ray may provide the means of communication between space ships; and when two capsules rendezvous in space it may exert the connective force to keep them together out there.

The laser's military potentials are still being hotly debated. Lasers can make radar useful over much longer distances and make front line artillery spotting vastly more efficient. But lasers have been proposed for much more grandiose roles: to knock out enemy intercontinental ballistic missiles long before they approach their targets; and to bring into reality, finally, that hardy staple of science fiction, the "Death Ray" which can disintegrate an individual enemy by picking him up in its beam or fry a whole army in the field.

Right now very serious consideration is being given to these far-out potential uses of the laser:

- Long-distance automatic highways on which passenger vehicles would be steered at high speeds, safely and unerringly, by laser beams while the drivers nap.
- Giant breeder nuclear reactors powered by lasers which could realize the centuries-old goal of desalting ocean water economically.
- Unmanned interplanetary freight ships which could be kept on their space paths by laser beams.

Telephone, radio and TV signals may be sent by laser beam. It has been calculated that one laser beam could carry millions of telephone conversations plus all of the programs now heard on radio and TV. No wonder, then, that the laser is the hottest thing around in the research and development laboratories of the whole civilized world. This year about $100 million is going into laser research in the United States alone. By 1970 lasers

may account for a volume of business in this country as high as a cool billion annually.

Everybody is either in the act or getting into it fast: military researchers in all service branches, government and industrial laboratories and university installations devoted to "pure" research. It is almost impossible to convene a group of physicists and chemists without the laser becoming topic number one, not only at official sessions where formal papers are read, but also in the informal bull sessions where scientists talk vehemently about the subjects that really excite them. Not long ago an international meeting held in Paris with lasers as the main subject drew no fewer than 1,000 scientists from all over the world.

As "hardware," the device which is creating such a scientific and industrial furor today, and may help remake our world tomorrow, is unimpressive. It requires only a light source (a flood lamp or a xenon tube similar to a photographer's strobe light will do); a rod (which can be made of various substances) or a container for gases and liquids of certain kinds; a cooling system (to dissipate the heat generated, which is considerable); and a lens (to focus the beam down and intensify it). The laser I had seen in operation used a rod of artificial ruby, which has the element chromium as one of its chemical constituents, and a xenon tube enclosed in a box-shaped container. Both ends of the ruby rod were optically ground and silvered to a mirrorlike polish, but one end was heavily silvered, and therefore opaque; the other was silvered only enough to make it semitransparent.

The light source can be coiled around the rod or container, or be set up parallel to it. When light is "pumped" into a ruby rod, it "excites" a chromium photon to break loose from its atom. The photon travels to one end of the tube, then reverses itself when it hits the mirror. On the way back it dislodges a photon from another atom. Ricocheting back and forth, more and more photons break loose—all this in an incredibly short span of time—and when the "threshold" is attained, they break forth through the semitransparent end of the rod. The word laser is an acronyn, i.e., it is coined from the first letters of the words that sum up this process scientifically. Light Amplification by Stimulated Emission of Radiation.

What this produces is a light of one color only and one wave length only—monochromatic or coherent light—as opposed to sunlight or ordinary man-made light which combines all the colors of the spectrum and many wave lengths. The laser beam spreads out very little, no more than a third of an inch over a mile. This means that it does not dissipate its strength over long distances as ordinary light does. And since the manner in which it is created makes it start out as an intense flash, it stays strong over incredible distances. Laser beams punch through or ignite opaque substances, but they pass harmlessly through transparent substances such as glass. With the appropriate lens, the beams can be focused to fierce intensity, to light literally a billion

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times hotter than that on the surface of the sun.

The power of lasers is measured in "joules" (after the English physicist, James Prescott Joule, who made some important discoveries in electricity in the last century). A joule is defined as one watt-second of energy. Lasers have already been built with a capacity of 1,500 joules, but power this high cannot as yet be maintained over long periods. A number of variables determine the power of any one laser: the basic material used, the strength of the light source used to "pump" or excite the breakaway photons, and the strength of the lens that focuses and magnifies the beam of light. Still another factor is the duration of the beam—whether it is meant to flash for mere thousandths of a second or to shine steadily. A gas laser can produce a continuous low-power beam. But for great power, short flashes must be used.

The most spectacular demonstration to date of a laser beam of fairly long duration at relatively high strength was an experiment in "bouncing" a beam off the moon. This began as something a couple of scientists got into for the hell of it, rather than as a serious scientific project —and it might never have been done at all had it not been for a delayed plane.

One evening in November, 1961, two M.I.T. radar experts, Professor Louis Smullin and Dr. Giorgio Fiocco, were lounging around Bedford Air Force Base in Virginia, waiting for an Air Force plane to pick them up for work on a government project. In my interview with him, Smullin recalled the evening vividly. To kill time, he and Dr. Fiocco talked, and as scientists inevitably do, they talked shop, which included the latest news on laser developments. A bright moon bathed the runway in its cool light.

"It sort of came naturally," Professor Smullin recalled. "We wondered if a laser could be used as a long-range radar, and of course the moon has always been a favorite target because it's pretty far away but close enough to be workable for an experiment."

By the time their plane taxied in to collect them, the two men had worked out the basic mathematics and other plans for a "moon bounce," naturally on the back of an old envelope that Smullin fished out of a pocket.

From this informal beginning the project became a full-scale operation. The Raytheon Company, which got into laser production early, built a special laser for Smullin and Fiocco. All three branches of the armed forces loaned technicians and observers and the Lincoln Laboratory at Lexington, Massachusetts, run by M.I.T. for the government, was made available for the project. Lincoln has a planetarium with telescopes and other equipment that Smullin and Fiocco had figured on. The project took a long time to complete, however. "There were a hell of a lot of little things that kept going wrong," Smullin recalled, "but we finally got everything set in April."

On the night chosen the laser was hooked up to a telescope that would aim the beam; in an adjoining room another telescope was set up to receive the beam as it returned to earth and record it on an oscillograph. And then it snowed.

Now, the laser beam, which can penetrate steel armor inches thick, cannot survive moisture. Rain, fog or snow dissipate the laser beam, rendering it no more effective than a two-cell flashlight.

Smullin still thinks this was funny. "Those snow flakes," he told me, "looked like bowling balls when the beam hit them." On May 9 the moon was in the right position again and operation laser-moon-bounce was carried out. Smullin admitted to me that the team was in a kind of tizzy that objective men of science are not supposed to be susceptible to. "We started shooting at one-minute intervals at 8:55. We'd try to watch the shot, then run into the next room and see it recorded, but of course that was impossible. The half-a-million mile trip took only two and a half seconds."

By standing directly behind the laser, an observer could make out a flicker of red light as the beam left the atmosphere, but only if he didn't blink. The target area was the crater Albategnius in the southeast quadrant of the moon. The beam was the size of a thin lead pencil when it left the laser. It was expanded to 12 inches by the telescope and had become two miles wide when it hit the moon. Any other kind of light beam would have fanned out over thousands of miles by then and become invisible. The light that bounced back to earth was only an infinitesimal fraction of the strength of the beam that was sent—something under one ten billion-billionth—but it was still strong enough to be recorded as a spikey wave on a green-faced oscillograph at the Lincoln planetarium. Thirteen "bounces" were shot.

This dramatic demonstration of a man-made beam of light making a journey of half a million miles started military men thinking. Suppose you wanted the beam to travel only three thousand miles, how much power would it be able to retain? Or suppose, to put it more bluntly, the beam were aimed at any enemy only 500 miles away? Was this, in other words, the prototype of the Death Ray? After the moon-bounce experiment the possibilities of the laser as a Death Ray were talked about more and more.

Could the laser be used to knock out an enemy intercontinental ballistic missile long before it aproaches its target?

Could laser beams fry an army in the field?

The answer to these questions is "no," at least with existing equipment and know-how. To do jobs of this order would require generators of unheard-of dimensions. This would be the case even if lasers could be stationed on the moon as has been suggested. As Dr. Arthur L. Schawlow, co-developer of the principle of the laser, puts it: to make the laser beam a Death Ray "would take the nation's entire power capacity, with warehouse-size capacitors." A laser would have to have a minimum output of 100,000 joules even to approach this capacity, according to Schawlow's calculations. An Austrian physicist, Hans Thirring, has calculated that a laser beam capable of penetrating a missile casing would have to have enough power to provide electricity for a city with a population of a million—about 100 billion times the power of existing lasers.

Many people who argue that the laser is a potential "Death Ray" forget that when a laser beam drills through a diamond it is operating at close range and through a powerful focusing lens in front

of the diamond. Enemy missiles or tanks are not likely to carry a powerful lens in their nose cones or turrets for our benefit.

It is a fact, however, that an experimental laser rifle for the Army has been built by Maser Optics Co. At this point, Dr. Harry E. Franks, president of the company, calls it the "crudest form of weapon." It consists of a small laser head, capable of emitting a very modest beam, mounted on a rifle stock and powered by 35 pounds of batteries carried in a back pack. With more power in the pack, a refined laser rifle might be able to punch through tank armor. And even the present model can be used as a sniper's weapon. Dr. Franks has reported an incident of a beam accidentally reflected off a mirror-like surface half a mile away from where it was fired. The beam bounced back and blinded a technician taking part in the experiment.

And, of course, one must remember that laser weapons are now in a very early stage of development. The military is intensely interested in them and it certainly would not be safe to assume that they will not be developed into awesomely destructive machines. The thought of what they might eventually be able to do is plenty frightening.

An exceptionally frightening sidelight on laser development is our knowledge that the Soviet Union is hard at work at it also. Several months ago a Western industrialist visited Khrushchev in his Kremlin office. Khrushchev had on his desk a hollow steel rod about six inches long. He explained to the Westerner that the rod had been bored out by a laser beam. We can be sure that Russia's new rulers are continuing Khrushchev's strennous efforts in the laser field.

In assessing military uses of the laser, as in all other fields in which it is being tested, the thing to bear in mind is that the first working lazer was built only five years ago, that it is a breathtakingly precocious youngster.

The birth of the theory behind the laser can be traced to a precise time and place; in a park in Washington, D.C., early on a beautiful spring morning in 1951, so early that restaurants were not yet open. Seated on a bench in the park was Dr. Charles Hard Townes, then a young physics professor at Columbia University, and now Provost of M.I.T. A brilliant physicist who last year won a Nobel Prize for his laser work, Townes is a scientific theorist as well as fertile inventor in applied science. He is also a skindiver, mountain climber, breeder of exotic orchids, master of four foreign languages and the possessor of a restless, ever-questioning mind.

On that park bench Townes was admiring the beauty of the morning and brooding about microwaves, the subject that had brought him from New York to Washington. Here is his matter-of-fact description of how one of the most important scientific breakthroughs of our time got under way: "I found myself sitting on a bench in Franklin Park admiring the azaleas, then at the height of their bloom, but also wondering whether there was a real key to the production of very short electromagnetic waves."


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The waves Townes was wondering about are at one end—the very far end—of the electromagnetic spectrum. This spectrum includes both light and sound waves, both visible and invisible light. Radio and television use parts of the electromagnetic spectrum. X rays and ultraviolet light as well as infrared light and heat are found in other segments of the spectrum. The "very short" waves that intrigued Townes were known to exist but had never been produced by man. Man-made radio and television wave lengths, or frequencies, are relatively long and therefore have relatively few cycles per second. Shorter waves, with many more cycles per second, could "carry" more sound or light, faster and more efficiently.

Indeed, the light beams eventually created by various lasers have frequencies on the order of a billion times higher than radio wave lengths, even 10,000 times higher than radar, which uses microwaves. In short, Townes was engaged in man's age-old pursuit of adapting more and more of nature to man's use.

The government was interested in very short electromagnetic waves, too. In fact, Townes was in Washington to attend a conference on the subject sponsored by the Office of Naval Research. This area of physics was familiar territory to him. He had worked in it for years, and had a number of discoveries and inventions to his credit, including radar-controlled bombing, developed during World War II.

While Townes sat breakfastless, pondering on that park bench, a new idea struck him. Why not put atoms and/or molecules to work? This was an approach no one had yet tried. So, says Townes, "In a few minutes I had calculated, on the usual back of an envelope, the critical condition for oscillation in terms of the number of excited molecules."

He did not bring up his idea at the meeting that day, but he discussed it with a number of colleagues when he got back to Columbia. One of them was James P. Gordon, who was studying under Townes for his doctorate. Gordon agreed to work on the project for his dissertation. The idea they started with, to put it briefly, was to irradiate ammonia gas so as to "excite" the molecules—i.e., break up the atomic structure of the ammonia—and achieve what physicists call coherent oscillation, or a circuit which could produce ultra short waves. In this case, they would use the waves as a super amplifier for very weak radio signals.

For two years, Townes and Gordon tried various devices, invented new techniques—and spent some $50,000 of government research funds. To no avail. His colleagues were urging Townes to give up the project and Townes himself was beginning to think they were right. But one day, toward the end of 1953, he was conducting a seminar when the door suddenly crashed open and Gordon rushed in, panting. He announced that oscillation had been achieved.

Townes' seminar was abruptly adjourned to a restaurant to celebrate the invention of Microwave Amplification by Stimulated Emission of Radiation, or "maser." The maser has a number of practical applications as a sound amplifier. It is used in radar, in radio astronomy and, perhaps most importantly, as a unit in the ground receiver for the Telstar communications satellite operation.

Any wave length in the electromagnetic spectrum can be reproduced as sound, heat or light, depending on the instrumentality used. So it was only a matter of time before Townes, as an ever-inquisitive man of science, addressed himself to the problem of reproducing his ultra-short wave lengths as light rather than sound.

In 1958, in collaboration with his brother-in-law, Arthur L. Schawlow, Townes published a paper setting forth the theoretical principles on which a maser could be used to amplify light. At once, all over the world, individual scientists and laboratory teams went to work on the theory. This worldwide scientific sweepstakes was won by Theodore H. Maiman, who was a physicist at Hughes Aircraft and had been applying masers to radar work. Maiman's optical maser, or laser as it was soon rechristened, was built around an artificial ruby rod similar to the one I watched punch a hole through a stainless steel plate.

"Is that all you can say—how's the car?"

The ruby rod is still the basic material used in most solid state lasers but lasing devices have been built using various gases, liquids and man-made substances. In fact, so many different substances have been used as a basis for lasers that a current joke among physicists is that "next they'll be making pure air lase."

It makes sense to continue investigating the laser possibilities of almost anything because the laser beam of each substance has its own wave length, color and—most important—initial power. Different materials will find different uses in different fields—medicine, space, communications, industry.

Most people will probably meet up with lasers as a medical instrument. Already, as related earlier, it has been used on cancer in human beings—for skin cancers only, to be sure, but even this is a major breakthrough.

The experimental treatment on a human being was preceded by a controlled test on hamsters. A number of hamsters had cancerous cells implanted in their cheeks. The tumors took hold and grew until the mouths of the animals were almost filled with the growths. Then half of the hamsters were treated with laser beams. The others received no treatment at all. Within 20 to 30 days, the hamsters that had been treated lost all traces of the tumors. The others died. I watched the laser treatment being administered. The animal was positioned so that the beam could be shot at the tumor through a lens. The tumor was then exposed to a pulse of light that lasted about three billionths of a second. For an instant the tumor gave off a reddish glow; then a small lesion appeared. It could have been a dent made by a ball point pen. These lesions heal like minor burns.

This experiment was first conducted by a team of doctors, from Tufts-New England Medical Center in Boston, working with physicist David Bushnell of Raytheon. I asked Bushnell why the laser beam did not destroy or put a hole clear through the hamster's flesh instead of stopping at the tumor. "The same shot we used here," he explained, "would pierce a half inch of steel armor. The reason it doesn't go deeper in flesh is the moisture content. Moisture diffuses the beam and the pulse is so brief that there just isn't time for the beam to boil away the moisture and penetrate deeper."

Bushnell was a member of the team that treated the first human being for cancer with a laser beam. Other experiments on human cancer have been conducted at the Pasadena Foundation for Medical Research. Here, too, the finding was that cancerous cells were destroyed

by the laser beam. In one patient, all of the malignant cells disappeared after eight weeks; in another, 76 percent of the cells were gone by that time.

Often, when surgery is used to remove cancerous growth of the kind treated in Boston and Pasadena by laser beam, malignancy reappears, sometimes elsewhere in the body, even though the operation is deemed successful. But laser treatments seem to block recurrence of cancer.

Medical adaptations of the laser beam have resulted in some ingenious improvisation. One couples a laser with a microscope. The resulting beam is a terribly fine one, so fine that it can search out and destroy, as desired, one chromosome or one protein in a living cell to see what effect this might have on cell reproduction. Or it can weld veins or fibers too tiny to be stitched.

Laser beams have already made possible a giant step forward in the repair of detached retinas. The retina, the sensitive membrane of the eyeball, sometimes becomes detached from the dishlike cavity in which it rests. Blindness results unless the retina is reattached. This can be done surgically—but it is an intricate, slow and painful process. Laser beams have been used instead. The laser makes a series of small welds. These are really tiny burns, made around the edge of the break, and as the scar tissue heals the retina is reattached to the eyeball. Quick, simple, no anesthesia, no long convalescence.

The laser beam can be counted on for massive innovations in industry. Alloys specially developed for the nose cones of space rockets, for example, have to be so hard and so heat resistant that conventional machine tools cannot work them efficiently. But the laser beam can drill and mill them with ease. Laser beams have been used for such prosaic tasks as welding fibers for electric blankets. They have been also used for exotic assignments: welding glass and metal, and welding objects enclosed in glass in a vacuum.

The computer industry may be made over by lasers. Laser beams could be substituted for electricity to power computers and then these machines could operate with literally the speed of light. Coupled with computers and automatic milling, drilling machines and lathes in factories, lasers may eventually replace most machine tools.

There seems to be no limit to the possibilities of this incredible instrument. For example, a laser radar with a two-foot dish has been proved to give more accurate results than conventional radars with 60-foot antennas. This suggests that artillery forces could use a small, portable laser device for spotting enemy artillery and ranging their own guns.

In the medical field the possibilities are even more startling. One physicist suggested, only half-jokingly, that "if you want to go way out in the realm of gee whiz, you could say that some day a doctor will just lay a patient out on a table and bathe him with laser rays of different frequencies to cure all his ills." Wildly improbable? Yes, but with their marvelous invention that is only five years old hardly anything can be said to be impossible.

—Lauritz P. Miller


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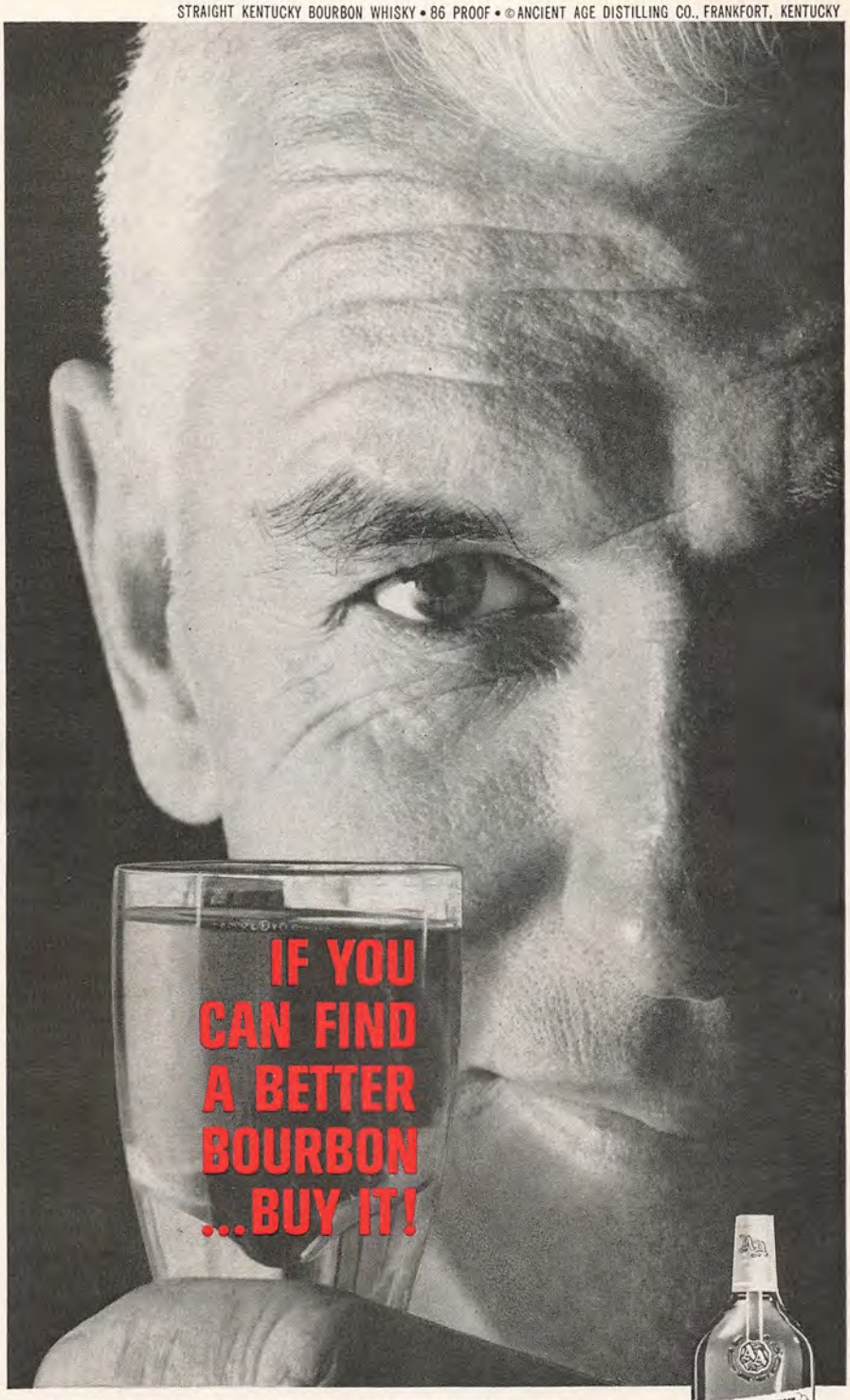


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# MAN TO MAN
# ANSWERS
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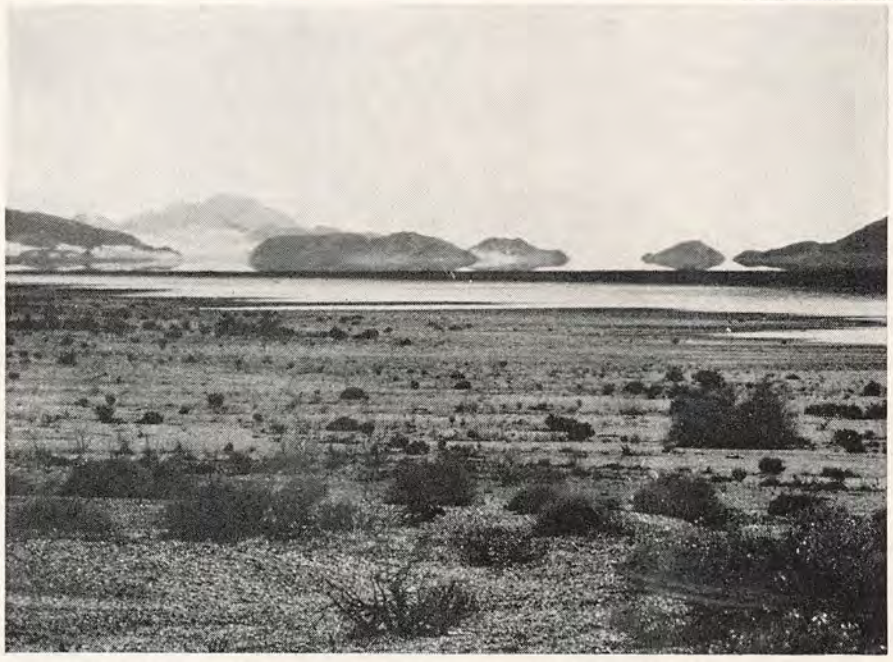

**You see it, but it's not there. Here's rare camera view of Death Valley water mirage.**

A thirst-crazed man crawling across desert sands looks up to see a shimmering lake. He never reaches it, because it isn't there. This familiar picture presented in tales of desert adventure has set Alan Sylvester of Cleveland, Ohio, to wondering if a mirage can be photographed, or does it fool only the eye? He also asks if mirages are seen only in desert areas.

Yes, the camera can record a mirage; and no, these strange apparitions are not confined to deserts.

What makes a mirage? It all comes back to a basic fact of physics. When light rays hit a layer of air of different density (cold air is denser than warm air), they are bent. Actually, there are two kinds of mirages, *inferior* and *superior*. The inferior is the kind seen in the desert. It's also what you witness when you think you see water ahead on the pavement.

In these cases, light rays hitting the layer of hot air right above the ground are bent in such a way that they create a complicated optical illusion. It's as if, scientists explain, that layer of hot air becomes a mirror lying on the ground. What you see reflected in this mirror is sky. But your eyes, not accustomed to seeing sky on the ground, interpret the shimmering reflection as water.

The most spectacular examples of optical trickery occur in the superior mirage. It's caused by the same business of light rays being bent by hitting air of differing temperatures, except that these layers are not near the ground, but are high in the air. Here they act not only as mirrors, reflecting objects on the ground or water surface below, but as lenses which enlarge, distort, or project images of these objects. A number of different layers can form a vast projection system in the sky. Relayed from one system to another, mirages can sometimes be transmitted over great distances and produce a variety of images.

A big scale non-desert mirage once caused the American Museum of Natural History to shell out $300,000 to search for a non-existent range of mountains which Robert Peary had reported sighting in the Arctic. The expedition members saw them, too; in fact, they were convinced they were right in the midst of the range. The trouble was that when the sun went down the peaks disappeared.

After a lot of scientific hair tearing, the explorers realized they were seeing a projection of mountains hundreds of miles away. It is now known that in the Arctic, and in some desert regions, mirage-producing air layers often remain so stable that they produce an almost permanent mirage.

Another spectacular non-desert mirage once astounded people on the Maryland shore when they saw a strange city in the sky. It had domed roofs, minarets, and palm trees. James H. Gordon, former U.S. Weather Bureau meteorologist and authority on long distance mirages, believes this was actually a relayed projection of a city in far off Africa.

**Q: Who invented sauerkraut? *M. D. Aulenbach, Harrisburg, Pa.***

A: Just when or where sauerkraut, shredded cabbage which has undergone a lactic fermentation in the brine of its own juices, was first made is not known. A popular conception, based largely on the name and the fact that it is popular with German people, is that it originated in Germany. Sauerkraut, however, is actually of Asiatic rather than European origin.

**Q: In January, 1944, a new destroyer, the USS Turner, sank in a New York port. Can you tell me if it has ever been established what caused the sinking? *Mrs. Guy Landry, Columbia, Miss.***

A: Commissioned in April, 1943, the Turner was anchored off Ambrose Light on the morning of January 3, 1944, awaiting permission to enter New York harbor. At 6:16 a.m. the ship was rocked by an internal explosion. Several other explosions and flash fires followed and, at 7:42 a.m., it sank. The ship was under the command of Commander H. S. Wygant, Jr. Fifteen officers and 123 enlisted men were lost in the disaster. A court of inquiry was convened following the sinking, but the causes of the explosions were never determined.

**Q: Which alcoholic beverage causes the least aftereffect? *Tim Leary, Albany, N. Y.***

A: If you're speaking of hang-overs vodka is your best bet. The morning-after hang-over is believed to be caused by organic materials in alcoholic beverages known as congeners. Vodka contains the fewest number and smallest amount of congeners of all distilled spirits, thus leaving lesser aftereffects or hang-over. Pure alcohol has no congeners, of course, but is hardly recommended for anyone's cocktail hour.

**Q: Are the bodies of Gen. George A. Custer and Capt. Miles Keogh buried at the scene of the Battle of Little Big Horn, where they died in battle? *F. S. Atkins, Elkhorn, Neb.***

A: No. The remains of General Custer and Captain Keogh, an Irish soldier of fortune, were exhumed from Custer Battlefield in Montana a year after the battle. General Custer's remains, consisting of the skull, one femur, and a few small bones, were reinterred in 1877 at the United States Military Academy, West Point, New York. Captain Keogh's remains were reinterred that same year at Fort Hill Cemetery, Auburn, New York.

**Q: Some people say that a single Indian posed for the picture on the front of the buffalo nickel, while others say it is a composite of several Indians. Who's right? *Harold C. Smith, Mundelein, Ill.***

A: James E. Fraser of New York, the designer of the coin, in a letter dated June 10, 1931, stated: "The Indian head on the buffalo nickel is not a direct portrait of any particular Indian, but was made from several portrait busts which I did of Indians. As a matter of fact, I used three different heads. I remember two of the men, one was Irontail, the best Indian head I can remember; the other was Two Moons, and the third I can not recall."


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**Q: Who devised the ouija board and how does it work? *N. C. Altenhof, Trenton, Ontario, Canada.***

A: The ouija board was invented by Isaac Fuld and his brother, William, and was patented July 1, 1892, in the name of the Kenard Novelty Company of Baltimore. In his patent application, Fuld described the game as follows: "A question is asked and by the involuntary muscular action of the players, or through some other agency, the frame will commence to move across the table." The ouija board swept the whole world in one of the most remarkable crazes on record, although it had been marketed by its manufacturers merely as an interesting toy without any claim that it had the mystic powers ascribed to it by man. The name "Ouija" was a coined term for trademark purposes, being a combination of *oui* and *ja*, the French and German words for "yes." Literally it means, "yes-yes." The ouija board was really a modification of the planchette, an instrument used in spiritistic and automatic writing which was in wide vogue about the time of the Civil War.

**Q: What useful purpose can be made of used coffee grounds? *Ryan Enright, Los Angeles, Calif.***

A: Coffee grounds, being a vegetable derivative, make an excellent mulch, providing various nutrients for soil. Dried coffee grounds also provide excellent fuel, however drying techniques are costly.

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## IMPOTENCE

[*Continued from page* 43]

sure. He'd been tired before, but never *that* tired. And he'd not been tired with the waitress the night before, although he'd been pretty sleepy, sort of groggy. He kept remembering the waitress taunting him about his virility.

For almost a week, pleading weariness, he kept away from his wife at night, but when he tried again, it was the same. He was a failure. At work in the shipyard he worried. He was only 38, he told himself. He was too young to be slowing down. He remembered his premarital affairs, and wondered if he were paying for them now. He recalled his father's angry, embarrassed cautions about teenage masturbation. He remembered a Boy Scout leader warning that youth must conserve its virility by "avoiding waste of vital fluids during boyhood." He condemned himself for infidelity. He felt miserable.

(Such feelings—guilt about masturbation, infidelity and premarital affairs—are significant in this case as in many others. Dr. Wilfred Hulse, writing in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, reports, "In organically sound persons disturbances of potency are almost always the product of shame, fear, guilt feelings or other emotionally conflictive psychological factors.")

He wondered if he and his wife had enjoyed intercourse too frequently for the good of his health, but he did not know how frequently was "too frequently." He wondered what his sexually-healthy wife would do now that he no longer was a man. He worried and avoided her, fearing failure at the next attempt.

Havelock Ellis, the great English scientist and scholar, pointed out that in such circumstances, it is natural for males to brood over their sexual powers. Such brooding itself interferes with a man's return to normalcy, and a concern about what is "enough" or "too much" sex is an exercise in futility. Dr. Hulse points out that there is no valid basis "for beliefs that maintain that 'too frequent' sexual activities or promiscuity of diverse kinds may 'exhaust' the reproductive organs and cause premature loss of erectional potency." And the famous Austrian physician Wilhelm Stekel, says, "All assumptions which attribute potency in old age to economy in youth are false."

For three months the steelworker was impotent, shamed by his failures, torturing himself with guilt. Then, at last, in despair, he turned to his family doctor. It took merely explanation to clear up this case of impotence. In some respects, the doctor explained, the steelworker was punishing himself for cheating on his wife; in other respects he was the victim of sexual fallacies about frequency of intercourse and the dangers of masturbation; but essentially he was compounding his impotence by *believing* that he could not make love, and the more he feared he could not, the more he could not. As Dr. Wershub points out, "There is hardly any other physiological process which can be so easily disturbed by inhibitions as the act of erection."

At home that night, hesitantly, somewhat fearful but remembering his doctor's reassurance, he found that he no longer was impotent. That night's lovemaking was not as it had been before his hunting trip, for spasms of doubt at times diverted him, but in 20 minutes he knew he had nothing to worry about. He rolled over and just before he dropped off to healthy exhausted sleep, he chuckled.

His drowsy wife mumbled, "What's that, dear?" And he replied, "Nothing. Nothing to be concerned about." And he was right.

Most men, when they think of it at all, consider impotence to be solely the inability to achieve an erection. In reality, impotence includes other breakdowns in the sex act. (Impotence is not to be confused with sterility. A sterile man can be potent and perfectly capable of satisfactory and complete intercourse, but because he produces too few sperm cells, he cannot make his partner pregnant. An impotent male, on the other hand, might have sufficient sperm cells for conception, but is unable to deliver them to the female ovum.)

Dr. Wershub describes the impotent male as one who "wants to make love, but cannot obtain an erection; or if he does, it rapidly disappears either before intromission, or in the course of intromission. In other instances, ejaculation occurs before penetration has taken place, or when it is attempted. . . Or the male is unable to obtain an ejaculation even though erection is normal and sustained for a considerable length of time."

In order to understand impotence, we must be quite clear about potency, or virility. The potent male, according to Dr. S. Leonard Simpson, speaking before the Medical Society of London, is a man who has the "ability to initiate, sustain and successfully conclude the act of sexual intercourse to the satisfaction of the female."

These are the medical definitions of virility and impotence; but they are skeletal, for coitus—or love-making—is a highly individual matter, with great departures from the norm. Sex performance that would be considered quite virile by one healthy normal male, might frighten another equally healthy normal male into visiting his doctor. For impotence is one of the few disorders in which the patient diagnoses himself; he interprets his own actions and tells the doctor that he's impotent; it's not something the doctor discovers and reveals to him.

There is much misinformation about what is "normal sex" in our society, and many men develop what Dr. Arnold J. Mandell of the University of California Medical Center, calls "impotence anxiety" which sometimes can lead to actual impotence. Dr. Mandell reports that "these patients usually have unrealistic fantasy notions about how frequently other people have intercourse, and how long other people can postpone ejaculation." They worry and feel inferior about their sexual performance when it actually is quite adequate, he says. "An encouraging and instructive discussion about normal range of frequency and performance will help reassure the patient." In considering "normal range"—or the kind of a sex life an average potent male can expect—age must be considered, for age does make a difference. Kinsey was one of the first scholars to point out that the male's sexual desires and performance begin to decline at 19; after that, his desire and frequency slowly, but steadily, diminish. True, there are startling variations in sex drive and performance, but usually as a natural result of aging, sexual capacities decline in a man's forties and taper off for the rest of his life.

But what is "normal range" in a single act of intercourse? In answering this question, let us ignore the marriage manual approach—which makes love-making a "complicated psychophysical skill," according to one British doctor—and consider coitus simply as a physical, mechanical performance.

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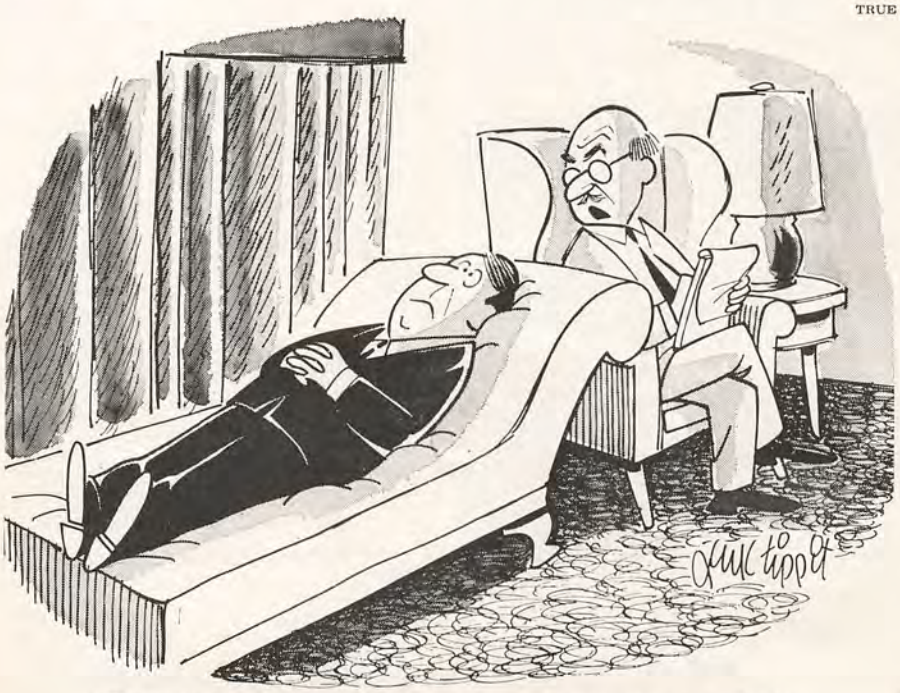

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Here, then, are average performance statistics for the male, as gathered by medical science.

Coitus cannot be performed, of course, unless the male can achieve an erection —for without it the male is impotent. According to Dr. Wershub some males can achieve this within as little as five seconds, but usually it takes a minute or more. There may be love-play or petting between erection and what the doctors call intromission, but once penetration is made, a male orgasm is normal within a range of from two to ten minutes. Kinsey reports orgasm usually within two minutes of intromission. In *Human Fertility and Problems of the Male,* Dr. Edmond J. Farris, a research anatomist, says, "The average duration of a single act is about two to five minutes. Any much longer period is usually the result of a special effort on the part of the husband. Longer duration occurs in about 20 percent of the couples."

The act of love suddenly burns up an enormous amount of energy in the male, and the normal reaction after orgasm is one of pleasant fatigue and exhaustion. Rarely can a normal male maintain his erection after orgasm and produce a second ejaculation immediately. Kinsey, however, does record cases of some teenage husbands who are capable of multiple orgasm, but most of these lose this capacity by the time they are 35. For most men, a repeat performance requires a recuperative period of one or more hours. With some normal males, however, it may take days or weeks.

But such slow recovery is rather rare. The most common frequency of coitus is two or three times a week with greater frequency immediately after marriage, when daily intercourse is fairly common. Dr. Simpson reports data from 1,000 college-educated English women concerning frequency during the early years of their marriage: 2 percent twice or more a night; 8 percent once a night; 33 percent twice a week; 45 percent once a week; and 12 percent once a month. Which shows a considerable variation in range. Once the early marriage years are past, both Farris and Kinsey report, there is a gradual decline in frequency of about one time a week with each decade of marriage, until it becomes quite infrequent in the sixties.

But Dr. Wershub emphasizes that "there is no established frequency of copulation for all men and the desire and practice of each individual is that particular individual's norm. It is charlatanry and humbug to make [a patient] believe that periodic coitus is essential for good health, just as it is ridiculous to allow a man to think that excessive sex leads to serious disturbances of health. Healthy potent males may have no worry or fear about excessive coitus being injurious or ultimately leading to sterility and impotence. Coitus is as frequently permissible as is mutually agreeable."

While 90 percent of impotence is a symptom of a psychological problem, a doctor always checks his patient for possible physical causes. General good health is necessary for copulation, for a man can hardly expend enormous amounts of energy on the sex act if he does not have it to spend.

Dr. Simpson reports that "malnutrition was responsible for impotence among prisoners of war in the Far East." (He adds that "among ex-prisoners of war from some European camps, impotence was proved to be psychological and associated with difficulty of readjustment.") And Dr. Donald W. Hastings, head of the University of Minnesota Medical School, writing in *Postgraduate Medicine,* says, "Bona fide fatigue is understandable as a cause of temporary impotence and may well occur in the executive who is overburdened by some set of business circumstances." But he warns that if the patient blames *chronic* impotence on fatigue, he probably is rationalizing about some psychological distress.

Addison's disease, diabetes, pernicious anemia, thyroid disfunction, or disordered carbohydrate metabolism are all recorded in medical literature as causing impotence. Sometimes an out-of-kilter pituitary gland is responsible. Dr. Simpson reports a case of a 28-year-old husband who for five years had coitus three times a week, but always without orgasm. Then he became completely impotent, unable to gain erection. Dr. Simpson checked him thoroughly and prescribed radiotherapy to his pituitary area. Later his wife wrote Dr. Simpson, "The reaction was immediate. From the first day of the course of treatment my husband began to show all-around improvement. His chief response was sexual. For the first time since our marriage he was able to reach a climax . . . consequently experiencing a relief and satisfaction he had not known previously." He now is the father of several children, and the husband of a more sexually-happy wife.

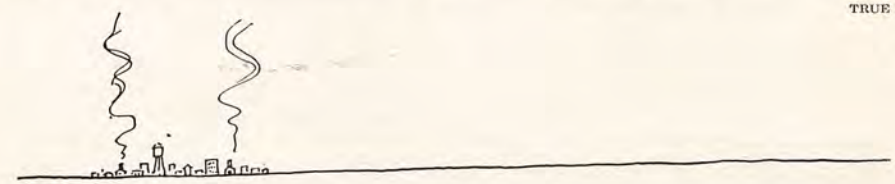
Then there is what Dr. Hastings calls "chemical impotence," and which in some cases might be caused by psychological disturbances. The heavily-pressured executive type, Dr. Hastings points out, might be taking a tranquilizer during the day, and then two or three Martinis before dinner plus a couple of highballs afterwards. Add to these a sleeping capsule or two at bedtime, and "You have an excellent candidate for impotence."

Such a combination of chemicals can be a powerful depressant of sexual desire. But some drugs, taken singly, can also spell sexual failure. Tranquilizers and barbiturates—many of the standard sleeping potion formulae—lessen sexual ability if taken to excess. "Drugs depressing the central nervous system such as morphine, nicotine in large quantities, bromides and barbiturates tend to produce impotence," report Drs. Jesse G. Keshin and Bernard D. Pines in the *New York State Journal of Medicine.*

When Dr. Wershub warns about inhibitions frustrating lovemaking, he's getting at the nub of why so much impotence is psychological. Take selective or marital impotence, for example. Some men simply cannot perform with their wives, but are potent with other women. Such a situation, Dr. Hastings explains, "reflects . . . a hostile relationship between husband and wife . . . In this set of circumstances it is quite common for each to be carrying on a surreptitious affair with another sexual partner. . . Marital counselling, psychiatric outpatient therapy or both are indicated usually."

The wife is not always the victim of selective impotence. Dr. Abraham L. Wolbarsht, writing in the *Journal of Urology,* reports that one of his patients "was extremely miserable because of his complete impotence with women other than his wife." Such cases, obviously, result from strong inhibitions, with the body obeying moral commands. For this reason some men are impotent with prostitutes, even though these women include some of the most skilled sex practitioners in the world. And Dr. Wolbarsht once cured impotence by acknowledging this skill.





"It's a shame they went dry last election."

He was confronted with a patient who had delayed marriage several times because he was convinced he was impotent. After a year's intensive treatment by another physician, he went to Dr. Wolbarsht. "He was cured," Dr. Wolbarsht says, "in one day by the simple and pleasant expedient of spending an afternoon in the intimacy of an attractive young member of the oldest profession."

Some men are relatively impotent with their wives because they harbor a residual Victorian attitude about sex at home. They feel that wives are too pure for such a gross act as intercourse. Copulation for pleasure rather than reproduction with a "decent" woman—which is what a wife is—is unthinkable because it is degrading to her. And if the wife limits her bedtime responses to her "wifely duty" his impotence is reinforced.

Yet this same man can be sexually active with prostitutes or "common" women. Somewhat allied to this unrealistic but overwhelming worship of the wife as a symbol of virginal purity, is the "so-far-and-no-further" rule that many engaged couples set upon themselves. Convinced that they should wait until after marriage before making love, they discipline themselves even as they indulge in "heavy petting." The result is that over a long period of time, like Pavlov's dogs, the male becomes psychologically conditioned (a sort of sexual brainwashing) to accepting sex without orgasm, or orgasm without penetration. It is no wonder then, that he is either "too fast" or never finished in his marriage bed when finally the taboo against normal sex is lifted.

A brilliant West Coast business executive, a graduate of one of the nation's best graduate schools, and a man I know quite well, got himself involved in this sort of psychological impotence. He courted his beautiful wife for more than two years while he took his graduate degree. Both were healthily libidinous, and spent long, weakening hours kissing and fondling each other. But that was all; they deliberately and conscientiously restricted themselves. Marriage, when finally it came, was a shock and startling disappointment to both. Neither was prepared for reality. But their love was great, and the marriage continued for almost 10 years, even though the husband, ashamed and embarrassed by his lack of virility and unable to compare it to a fearless combat record as a Ranger, avoided his wife in bed and worked later and later.

Then one night while taking his young secretary home, he found he was not impotent with her. After a long struggle with his conscience—and after repeated, humiliating attempts to make love to his wife—he solved his impotence with a change of bed partners. He divorced his wife and married his secretary, with whom he was from the beginning psychologically conditioned to complete the act of love.

Perhaps incredible to most American males is the fact that some impotence can be traced to boredom with sex. Dr. Louis Berg, in *"Sex: Methods and Manners,"* observes that "the sex life of the average couple is a deadly routine gone through with a monotonous sameness, the same position in the same bed at the

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same time in the same way. There is no reason why matrimony need interrupt all the premarital habits of a wedded couple. Boredom and the impotence from it is often overcome by an occasional drive to the haunts of yesteryear and a petting party to recapture a measure of the old-time magic."

Dr. J. F. Tuthill, writing in the British medical journal *The Lancet,* agrees with Dr. Berg about the magic cure of courtship in impotence. "When intercourse has failed," he says solemnly, "the patient must stop trying, and retrace the steps of courtship, which in some cases he may never have trod at all."

One of the most common causes of impotence is the ancient bugaboo—perpetuated by well-meaning Boy Scout leaders, parents and clergy—that adolescent masturbation is harmful, and that the man will pay for the boy's misdeeds. "Old masturbation anxieties . . . tend to produce a large amount of open anxiety and fright," reports Dr. Hastings. Speaking of healthy young males who are impotent on their first attempt at coitus, he says that the man "who has had a serious struggle with masturbation often fears he has damaged himself. An experience or two with impotence later on can easily revive these old fears, and he regards the impotence as proof of the damage he feared."

Dr. Wershub expresses amazement that "in these days of enlightenment and education so many adult males believe that the adolescent habit of masturbation leads to sexual impotence. This anxiety leads him to believe that he will be impotent in a normal sexual situation and . . . eventually finds himself so." He adds that "masturbation is a normal process."

Many are the psychological causes of impotence. Failure in the office can cause it. Dr. Stekel once treated a 36-year-old writer who had become impotent shortly after his new play had been returned for revision. In addition to this professional ego-bruising, his wife was rather cool about his play while wildly enthusiastic about a very successful novel written by her husband's best friend. Dr. Stekel found that the playwright had deliberately picked a quarrel with his best friend, and while he praised his wife elaborately to his doctor, he could not make love to her. Yet before his ego had been ruptured by his producer and before jealousy had caused him to fight with his best friend, he had made love to her every night. When Dr. Stekel explained to the playwright that he was spilling self-reproach from his professional life into his private life, the writer was cured.

Dr. Mandell once treated a 35-year-old Hollywod motion picture director with similar problems. The patient, happily married for eight years and with two children "first experienced ejaculatory impotence and finally erectile impotence." A highly competitive man, he had become depressed when management passed him over for men he considered inferior. Psychiatry helped him.

To the male, sex is a very serious matter. He laughs about it only as long as it is someone else's; his own sexual behavior is no joke. Part of the steelworker's problem was that the waitress taunted him; and Drs. Leslie B. Hohman and W. W. Scott, writing in the *Journal of Urology,* report, "We have seen patients who have been rendered impotent for months or years by the casual joking of a wife about the patient's age or lack of potency." A man's virility is very, very dear to him. And a joke, plus a nagging conscience about violating taboos can make a man almost helpless in his impotence. Dr. Mandell once treated a 31-year-old engineer, who at 18, "was taken in a semi-drunken state to a house of prostitution. The prostitute teased him when he was unable to perform successful intercourse. This reactivated his early masturbatory guilt feelings." He convinced himself that his impotence with the prostitute was the price he had to pay for his adolescent masturbation. He became totally impotent.

Dr. Mandell reports another case where a man subconsciously used his impotence to punish his wife. The patient was a 43-year-old electronics engineer who had been unhappily married for several years. But there was little open expression of anger. Instead there was what Dr. Mandell calls "a passive-aggressive dance." When his wife became angry with him she would go to bed with a headache for two or three days. "This forced him to cook his own meals and take care of the children. When he became angry with her, he would become silent and would occasionally take long drives by himself. Although their sexual relations were not frequent, they were quite regular until the last two or three years before the huband sought help for his impotence. He reported that he became progressively more premature until his orgasms occurred without pleasure and before entrance. He finally became unable to have an erection. His wife did not complain openly but she sometimes walked through the house restlessly at night."

In such cases, impotence is a most obvious symptom of other troubles, and frequently psychiatric treatment is necessary to remove the root of the problem.

The human mind being what it is, and sex being such a powerful drive so enormously entangled with taboos, even the most outwardly strange sex reaction does not seem so strange when explained. Take for example, a case reported in Dr. Wershub's medical textbook, about the man who became impotent when his wife told him that she wanted a child and had discontinued contraception. The man never had wanted children and to keep himself from becoming a father, his mind made him unable to become one. Dr. Farris reports the case of a man who wanted children and was told after several semen analyses, that he was infertile, or sterile. From then on he was impotent most of the time with his wife, although he could and did frequently have relations with other women. However, Dr. Farris reports, the sperm counts were incorrect. When the patient learned the truth—that he was indeed fertile—he regained his potency with his wife and fathered several children.

Then there are men who for no reason at all except that they are human, suspect their wifes of adultery and begin to blame themselves for being so inadequate in bed that they forced their wives into another man's arms for satisfaction. They worry about being poor lovers, and soon they become impotent.

In addition there is the forever-suspicious male who discovers with surprise that his wife's facility at love-making has improved remarkably. He forgets that because they're both in their forties he's slowing down while she might actually be slightly accelerating in both desire and performance. He becomes suspicious and withdrawn, eventually becoming relatively impotent, unfortunately unaware of the dictum of Dr. Berg that "the wife who abandons herself (in bed) will be looked upon by an intelligent husband as simply behaving like a woman."

Although some cases of psychological impotence are so entwined with deep-seated, hidden emotional conflicts that they require psychiatry, a large proportion of them, according to Dr. Wershub, "are amenable to simple treatment when they first seek medical advice. When patients are made to understand there is nothing wrong with their sex apparatus, potency usually returns." According to Dr. Wolbarst, "All that many of them require is restoration of confidence in their sexual competency."

There are no pep-pill or folklore-medicine cures for impotence. If the problem is physical, surgery may be effective; if it involves the endocrine glands, drugs or radiation may be effective; if malnutrition is a problem, a properly balanced diet may be helpful. And if the man suffers from psychological impotence, no magic pill, no goat gland extract, no spicy food or bushel of raw oysters will improve his sexual ability.

What is needed for a permanent cure for psychological impotence is a change of mind. Doctors today are aware that male impotence is common and in the great majority of cases completely curable. Dr. Wershub says "the main object in treatment is to . . . relieve anxiety, fear and apprehension and to encourage confidence and understanding of the mechanism to be corrected. Unless the problem is broadspread emotional, there is no need for psychiatry and long hours of mental 'dry cleaning' and 'scouring' the mind. Understanding is often enough, accompanied by explanation that the patient is not really unusual and is normal."

And for the million or so American males who at this moment are impotent, this should be good news indeed.

—Evan Hill

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## "THE FISH ARE HERE!"

[*Continued from page 37*]

species as the black basses, bluegills, white bass, pike and muskies when they're in the shallows.

But after that spring spawning spree it becomes more complicated. For all most of us can tell, the fish just disappear into their environment. Except occasionally during the night, most fish retreat to deeper waters where they are as hard to find as modest politicians. And the bigger the fish, as a rule, the more they tend to remain in deep water.

Let's pause here long enough to see what happens in a large lake or reservoir. Water reaches its greatest density or weight at 39.2° and at this temperature settles to the bottom where, because its oxygen content is low, it is shunned by fish.

Come spring, many a lake will have water colder than 39.2° near the surface. Wind enriches this water with oxygen and sun warms it. There now occurs a sinking and rising of waters—an intermingling—often called the "spring turnover." For a short time afterward all the water will be about 39.2° and fish are apt to be found almost anywhere in it.

But continued sunlight keeps warming the surface and the lake gradually stratifies into three layers. The warm upper layer is called the epilimnion. Below it, at a depth of roughly 20 to 75 feet, lies a narrow layer called the thermocline wherein the temperature drops sharply. The bottom layer is the hypolimnion, cold and inhospitable to most fish life. Much of its water may lie stagnant at 39.2°.

In summer, when most of us take vacations, the fish of most fair-sized lakes will be found in the oxygen-rich, pleasantly cool thermocline much of the time. Night may bring fish foraging into the shallows but usually the big ones we travel so far to find are in deepish water.

Of course, enterprising fishermen could always find the thermocline simply by dunking a thermometer tied to a length of line to establish its depth. Today there are at least three electronic temperature gauges manufactured for this purpose. But there still remains the problem of blindly exploring an area nearly as extensive as the surface area of the lake. You could spend weeks finding one school of fish.

"That's why the idea of a surface fish finder always bugged me," Lowrance told me last year.

It must have bugged others, too, because quite a number of fish-finding devices have appeared on the market recently. Some have survived testing, some haven't and no doubt others will join the list of survivors.

These devices come in curious shapes and designs. One called Vi-Tackle is mostly a $35 listening device. It includes a fishing line with a fine wire core, a rod handle which contains batteries and an ear plug connected to the rod. The manufacturers say you can hear fish with it while you fish. Pflueger of Akron, Ohio, has a fish finder which resembles a small vacuum cleaner—or maybe a mine detector. The angler "listens" to it with

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stethoscope-type ear plugs. It sells for about $85.

Some others (by Ross Labs of Seattle, Danford White of Maine, Raytheon's marine division in San Francisco) at least superficially resemble the Lo-k-tor in appearance and in theory. Even prices are similar, ranging from $120 to $150. All are nearly the same size and the angler finds his fish by watching rather than listening. But more on the details later.

The first time I tried a Lo-k-tor was a slightly ludicrous experience. In the first place, I didn't want to be seen using it; I hoped other fishermen around the boat-launching area would think I had bait in the small green box. For some reason, most fishermen look warily on any new-fangled devices and the idea of finding fish scientifically seems absurd to them. As I said before, you can't tell an average fisherman much.

O'Shaughnessy Reservoir seemed like a good place to test the finder because it's close to my home in Columbus, Ohio, and it has an impeccable reputation for being fished out.

With instruction book in hand in the most remote part of the reservoir, I opened up the Lo-k-tor, plugged into it a cylinder called a transducer and, as instructed, clamped it underwater onto the side of the boat. Then I watched fascinated while a whirling, blinking tube showed on a dial that the water was 15 feet deep.

I started locating fish immediately. To be exact, I found fish all over the upper, headwater end of the lake. At least, there were red blips on the dial above the steady blip that indicated the depth and the manual assured me that these were fish. But if they were, I couldn't catch one by any of the means which usually work in this part of Ohio. I surrendered to the sailboaters at noon with an empty stringer and probably would never have used the device again except that I met the local game warden at the launching site.

"Lake is loaded with gizzard shad," he said. "One of these days we'll have to seine them out."

So that was it! The blips I saw *were* fish. Gizzard shad are seldom taken on hook and line.

I didn't use the Lo-k-tor again until Dick Kotis dropped by one May day and suggested we try Dillon Reservoir which is only an hour away. I agreed, though Dillon hadn't produced great fishing as most other new impoundments do. No doubt because he manufactures lures and has a vested interest in the sport, Kotis goes fishing frequently. On this particular day he could hardly stop laughing long enough to cast when I opened up my green box and flipped the switch. You can't even tell a *good* fisherman much.

Of course, he may have kept laughing to keep warm because it was an unseasonably chilly day and a sharp wind roiled the water. All morning long we cast the shorelines, which was the logical place for bass to be at this time of year, but it was just so much exercise. Just before noon the wind drifted us out over open water and about 100 yards out from the bank, several quick blips showed up on the Lo-k-tor face.

"We just drifted over something," I said. "It could be fish but maybe it's only a submerged fence or old farmhouse foundation."

Because he was ready to cast, Dick tossed an Arbogaster back toward the spot we had just passed. A couple of turns of the reel handle and his rod was jumping. So was a two-pound largemouth. In due time Dick netted the fish and slipped it on his stringer.

But while Dick was playing the fish the wind had pushed us far beyond the spot where it was hooked. When several more casts produced nothing, I cranked up the outboard and circled around to see if I could find the lucky underwater spot again. With the Lo-k-tor it was easy and this time both of us cast as we drifted by.

My strike came first and my bass was walking on its tail when Dick also set the hooks. Somehow we kept the two from getting tangled up and that made three on the stringer. But before the spot went dead—I later learned it actually was the crumbled foundation site of an abandoned farmhouse—we'd netted six of the seven bass we hooked there. That's good action anywhere.

Although finding that first place was pure accident, finding the second wasn't. Instead of aiming for shore and lunch, we cruised slowly about until the Lo-k-tor spotted another irregularity below. As soon as I saw the telltale red blips, Dick hurried a cast to the target. It may sound too good to be true, but the bass hooked instantly was only the first of four we caught in the same spot. . . .

There is really nothing new about using electronics and sonar to find fish. In World War II the Navy hunted tin fish—submarines—with various sonar equipment. Since then, commercial fishermen of the world have used sonic devices to locate schools of fish and many large charter boats are similarly equipped. However, this equipment was both too bulky and expensive for average anglers. Only recently the cheapest equipment on the market cost about $5,000. But now there are those miniature, lightweight and all-transistorized models powered by a couple of six-volt dry batteries.

Sonar operates on the principle that sound travels at a known speed in water (4,800 feet per second) and that a sound wave will rebound on echo after striking something solid. Electric impulses are converted to sound waves and transmitted in water. When a sound wave rebounds to the transmitting unit the time

the wave took to rebound is measured electronically and this can be instantly translated into distance between transmitter and obstacle.

In other words, when a sound wave strikes the bottom of a lake—and a fish—the wave bounces back and indicates the depth of the water *and* the depth of the fish as blips on a dial marked in feet.

The sound waves from a Lo-k-tor spread downward covering a cone-shaped field below. At 15-foot depth, the area covered is about 6 feet in diameter. At 30 feet deep, it's about 11 feet in diameter. If any fish pass through or are intersected within this cone-shaped field, sound waves will rebound and their presence will be recorded in blips on the finder above the blip that shows bottom depth. Big fish make bigger blips than small ones at the same depth.

Of course, the finder also spots rock piles, sunken trees, deep slopes, wrecks and other objects. These are often just as valuable as finding fish—because fish are usually nearby.

A remarkable example of finding first the place and then the fish concerns a former President of the United States, Grover Cleveland, and Glenn Lau, a professional bass-fishing guide on western Lake Erie. President Cleveland, an avid angler, was among the first to discover that certain areas off the north shore of Pelee Island just over the border in Ontario comprise probably the greatest smallmouth fishing hole on earth.

But nobody ever knew exactly where the President fished—until one morning last spring. With an electronic fish finder in the cockpit, Glenn Lau patiently cruised back and forth offshore north of Pelee. Whenever the finder would show rockpiles, or bottom areas strewn with rocks (which Cleveland had mentioned in notes), Lau would mark the spots with plastic bleach-bottle buoys. Later he mapped the location of the buoys by triangulation and bearings on shore so that he could instantly and easily find them at any time. Finally he pulled up the buoys so as not to tip off the competition on what lay beneath.

If all this seems a lot of work, I can guarantee it was worth it. During one choppy, drizzly day at Grover Cleveland's fishing hole, we caught 54 smallmouths! Thirty of them were over four pounds each and four exceeded five pounds apiece. Thanks to electronic fish finding, Lau can—and does—offer a no-fish-no-pay proposition to everyone he guides.

But electronic devices can only help find fish; they can't catch them. Carl Lowrance figures that when he can make his Lo-k-tor do *that,* he will be a candidate for the richest and most popular man in America.

A couple of summers ago, Lowrance believes he kept the annual World Series of Sport Fishing from falling completely apart. This contest between some of the best fishermen in the South was held at Grand Lake, Oklahoma, but heavy rains and hot weather cut the catch down to practically nothing. Not even the experts could catch any fish. Many went home after finding nothing where they caught fish a week before in pre-Series trials.

"But I set up a couple of Lo-k-tors," Carl Lowrance claims, "and showed them schools of fish and their exact depth as well."

It's a matter of record that the contest continued—if somewhat shakily—instead of breaking up entirely.

Carl gets his share of unfriendly letters as well as testimonials at his plant, Lowrance Electronics Mfg. Corp., in Joplin, Missouri. "What kind of sportsman is it," somebody asked, "who has to find his fish like that?"

"The same kind who would use a bird dog to point quail," he replied.

On the other hand, the operator of a large fishing resort in Ontario bases his promotion on the boast that a Lo-k-tor is standard equipment with every boat. Another man who signed himself the champion bass fisherman of Kentucky returned a unit to Lowrance for repairs. "Get it back goddam fast," the letter pleaded, "or I'll lose my reputation round here."

Maybe the best letter came from a tongue-in-cheek Midwestern man who wrote: "If we'd had this thing years ago, we could have been storing fish oil to sell to the Russians instead of wheat."

Conservation departments in a number of states have been good customers for Lowrance, but possibly to map the underwater contours of lakes more than to find or count fish. However, they have also used the device to show unhappy sportsmen that local "fished-out" lakes are not fished out. But still there are plenty of doubting Thomases and Lew Baker, with whom I frequently fish every summer, was one of them. One afternoon he donned his scuba outfit to see if the red blips on the Lo-k-tor were fish or . . . blips.

The place was on the south side of East Sister Island in western Lake Erie. Whenever we drifted past a certain area the fish finder showed more red than a whole woods full of decorated Christmas trees. The small green box seemed about to explode.

"There can't be that many fish down there," Lew said. "I'm going down to verify it." Then he slipped out of his clothes and into the scuba harness before plunging overboard.

Lew was right; the blips weren't fish. Not entirely, anyway. Fifteen minutes later he was back in the boat hardly able to believe what he saw.

What caused the Lo-k-tor to jump was actually an artificial reef in 15 feet of murky water. By feeling his way as well as by sight, Lew first found an old trapnet anchor and what remained of a trapnet frame used by commercial fishermen. Probably it had been lost in a storm. Huge carp and sheepshead darted away from the spot as Lew swam past. Just beyond the anchor was a great pile of timbers and steel plate, all that remained of a sunken iron-ore barge. No fish were anywhere about.

But Lew is an inquisitive cuss and he began poking among the timbers. He picked up a rusted steel rod and tapped sharply on a deck plate clinging to the skeleton of the old hull. That did it. In the next instant smallmouth bass were

popping out of crevices and cracks all around until the place was alive with them.

"At one time I figure there were 300 bass within my limited range of sight," Lew reported.

From that experience, he developed a technique for fishing with a finder which might be used just as successfully elsewhere. In the beginning, he just drifts over likely water, either casting or trolling along the way. As soon as blips show on the finder, he tosses out a marker to identify the spot and then continues to drift past. After drifting well beyond the marker, Lew makes a wide circle upwind of the marker where he anchors within easy casting distance. More times than not, the fishing which follows is fast, at least for awhile.

Last winter Glenn Lau, Lew Baker and I found that the electronic devices are extremely effective even after ice covers the water. The place was Lake Erie, around the Bass Islands, where anyone crazy enough to risk the discomfort can usually catch a sackful of perch *without* any kind of fish finder. But in recent winters huge, panatela-shaped smelt have been showing in increasing numbers. Nobody knows exactly where they come from but suddenly they're moving around the islands.

However, smelt fishing is strictly hit and miss because they're hard to find. Last winter it was harder than usual and at times they seemed to disappear entirely. "But maybe we can spot them with the Lo-k-tor," Glenn suggested.

There was a slight thaw the day we arrived on South Bass Island and that was a good break. Here and there small pools of water lay on top of the ice which was as thick as 24 inches in places. But the pools were enough to permit using the Lo-k-tor *without* cutting a hole in the ice (the transducer must touch its bottom to water to work) . Let me say to anyone who has never tried it that spudding a hole through two feet of ice is no small chore. It's also why nobody relishes prospecting very far for smelt.

We should have known better than to say what we carried in the green box. The ice-fishing guides who meet most planes at Put-in-Bay are neither the most diplomatic nor the most receptive to fresh ideas. The Lo-k-tor instantly became the best conversation piece they'd found in a long, long time.

"Looks like a nice box for carrying your lunch," somebody said.

"Does it play music, too?"

At first we just made plenty of footprints across the ice. But nobody was doing any better—except that sitting inside shanties is warmer than walking into the north wind. About halfway between Put-in-Bay and Rattlesnake Island, we found another pool of water on the ice and decided to try the finder once more. And that was enough.

There they were—blips all over the circular dial.

We may have set a new record for spudding a hole, but that's of no consequence. What matters is that we started catching foot-long smelt from the moment we dunked the first silver ice jig and preserved minnow into the milky green void below. The bonanza lasted without interruption well into the afternoon. And it was a heavy sack of smelt we carried onto the evening plane.

As it has been pointed out, only experience will teach a fisherman to interpret what he is seeing on the finder's face. Perhaps the most important use of finders is that they keep an angler constantly informed of depth. Reefs, drop-offs, shoals and sunken boats are easy to spot. In time a man can also distinguish one kind of bottom from another.

The easiest fish to spot are those which cruise about at mid-depths—such as lake trout or white bass in fresh water, or kingfish and jack crevalle in the salt. On an Ontario lake last summer, where laker fishing usually isn't sensational, Dick Kotis and I had no trouble spotting fish between 30 and 40 feet deep. And we hooked many of them trolling heavy silver spoons at that depth—something we'd never have accomplished without the blinking little box. **—Erwin A. Bauer**

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## HIMALAYAN HUNT

[*Continued from page* 46]

selves until at last Gilgit was occupied by the British in 1889, to stop the Russian expansion from the north. In general appearance, the dress of all the mountain-bred peoples extending through these northern districts is very similar. They wear thick felt coats reaching below the knee, loose pajamas with cloth puttees and boots. The distinguishing feature in their costume is the felt cap worn close to the head and rolled up around the edges.

We came to a small park at the northern end of Gilgit and discovered it had been used as a cemetery by the British in their early occupation days.

"Look at this inscription," said Herb, pointing to one of the stones. It read: "Captain Thomas Shaw Johnson, 33rd. Madras Infantry, 3rd. Burma Battalion who was killed out shooting markhor by a fall down a cliff near Rakiot Nullah on March 14, 1899."

If we needed a reminder that hunting markhor is a tough business, this was it, and if there was one thing the old British hunters in India were unanimous on, it was in calling the markhor king of the mountain trophies. To stalk and bag one of these long-bearded, twisted-horned goats in its native habitat is the supreme test of a big-game hunter's skill and ability.

It is my considered opinion—and I am not alone here—that the markhor is the most difficult animal in the world to stalk. There are some eight or 10 species of wild goats in the world, including our own Rocky Mountain goat, but of them all only the ibex and especially the markhor carry the great trophy horns that are desired by hunters. The markhor has always been on my list of the top 10 big-game trophies in the world and, in fact, second only to the Marco Polo sheep. Strangely enough, the habitat of the markhor is less than 200 miles south of the high Pamirs where the Marco Polo sheep live in Red China and Russia.

When we returned we found that all our gear was ready. "I've just been talking to Habib Remon Khan," Big John informed us. "He is the political agent here and has invited us to dinner."

"What about our hunting licenses?" I asked, remembering that in Karachi there had been some doubt as to whether we could get special licenses for markhor.

"No problem at all," Big John assured us. "The political agent is an old buddy of Ayub Khan's. They served in the same regiment together. He will have them ready for us tonight."

Just before sunset we strolled up the tree-lined lane leading to the political agent's residence. As we approached the gate, the Gilgit scouts on guard brought their rifles up in a sharp salute. The political agent is the supreme local authority and has complete control over all civilian and military matters in his district, being accountable only to Ayub Khan.

After the introductions, we were led inside and served strong Scotch and sodas. At dinner it came out that Habib Khan was not only a big-game hunter but an ardent trout fisherman as well. At the mention of trout fishing both Herb and I perked up our ears.

"I had no idea there were any trout in this part of the world," said Herb. "If I'd known, I sure would have packed a fly rod with my gear."

"That makes two of us," I said.

The political agent smiled at our interest. "The trout really aren't native to this part of the country," he said, "but were introduced by one of the early British political agents who didn't mind serving as long as he could go trout fishing. As a matter of fact," he continued, "the trout are in the stream which flows through Kargah Nullah where you are going markhor hunting."

"What kind of trout are they?" asked Herb.

"Browns. And since you are both fishermen, I want you to take two of my fly rods with you and have some fun."

Talk drifted on into hunting which was even more interesting to us. The political agent promised to send some of his men out the first thing in the morning to round up *shikaris* and porters for us.

When we got up the next morning there were already 20 or 30 men waiting in the yard. Big John was soon organizing our caravan while Herb and I watched the proceedings. It was quite a lengthy and complicated affair for it seemed that every man and boy in Gilgit wanted to go with us. First, because of their importance and status, the *shikaris,* or hunting guides, had to be chosen.

After a lot of maneuvering, arguing and bickering among the *shikaris* themselves, John finally selected an old man about 60 years old by the name of Ibraham Khan as the chief *shikari.* He was to be the boss or foreman of the other

*shikaris* and because of his age would not actually do any hunting himself. Herb and I learned that Ibraham Khan had once guided various British notables including Lord Kitchener.

Next came the selection of the working *shikaris* and the hassle that went on here would put a union hiring hall to shame. John finally hired two swarthy, black-bearded characters, one named Mohammed Shar whom Herb and I dubbed The Talker, the other, Abu Khan, whom we called The Silent One.

Of next importance was the hiring of a cook and his assistants, and finally the 60-odd porters or coolies, as they are known here, to carry our supplies and equipment.

The political agent had sent a couple of his Gilgit scouts to act as policemen for the caravan and, with their help, all of our equipment was finally divided up into loads averaging about 80 pounds.

Each coolie furnished his own ropes or shoulder straps, most of which were braided from yak hair. Each man tied up and adjusted his load to suit himself and at last all was ready.

It was a pleasant afternoon and we soon passed the coolies who were strung out for about two miles. Kargah Nullah enters the Gilgit valley at a point about five miles north of Gilgit and here we made our first camp in a beautiful little meadow by the stream. Herb and I unlimbered the fly rods the political agent had lent us and with our first casts hooked into fighting fish. In 15 minutes we caught 14 nice brown trout.

The second day we traveled about eight miles before turning up the left fork of Kargah Nullah. From this point on the climbing would be too steep even for yaks; we would all be walking the rest of the trip. Herb and I moved on out ahead of the caravan with Mohammed Shar and Abu Khan to carry our rifles, cameras and binoculars. We fished for trout while the *shikaris* glassed the mountains on either side for game.

Although the October weather was good, we were there at the most difficult time to stalk markhor. The heavy winter snows had not yet started and our quarry would be up in the inaccessible cliffs at 13,000 to 14,000 feet. Later, when snow came, the markhors would be much more accessible . . . but we'd be long gone.

For the next three days we climbed steadily until we had reached an elevation of 12,000 feet and set up camp in the upper basin of the nullah or gully. Big John rounded up all the *shikaris* for a conference which Herb and I sat in on with Big John interpreting. The first order of business that came up was that Ibraham Khan, our senior *shikari*, declared it would be necessary for his men to first make their hunting *chapattis* which they would not only carry with them as food but which would also be blessed to bring us good luck and to blind the ibex and markhor so they wouldn't see us. All this would have to be done, Ibraham Khan told us, before we could even discuss the hunting itself. Otherwise, he said, the ibex and markhor would know of our plans and we could not get near them.

We agreed to this to humor them, so immediately they went to the rocks where the kitchen had been set up and began to prepare their *chapattis*. A *chapatti* is about the same thing to these people as a tortilla is to Mexicans. Any grain that can be ground into flour such as wheat, barley, millet, and even buckwheat is used. Simplicity is the keynote—a *chapatti* requires only flour and water, a bit of mixing and then rolling out and laying on a hot stone set in a fire. In a few minutes the *chapatti* can be turned and then is ready to eat. When they are going to be eaten immediately, *chapattis* are made very thin like tortillas and about the size of a dinner plate. The hunting *chapattis* are smaller in diameter and about a half to three-quarters of an inch thick so that they will stay fresh longer.

After the *chapattis* had been made, cooked and blessed to everyone's satisfaction, we got down to the serious business of organizing the hunt. It was agreed that Herb and I would hunt in different directions with Big John going with Herb one day and with me the next. So, for the next five days we climbed various peaks in the area, set up our spotting scopes and searched in all directions but there were no signs of markhor. We moved camp to another nullah and spent two more days searching for markhor there.

Finally, on the eighth morning, I was looking through the scope at some steep cliffs on the far side of Kargah Nullah and picked up a markhor. He was a shaggy old patriarch with long black twisted horns and a long yellowish-white beard flowing down neck and chest. On this day both Abu Khan and Mohammed Shar were with me and I let them look through the scope. After one look Mohammed Shar began to move his hands in excitement.

"It is the big one, sahib!" he said. "The king of all the markhors. There are none with horns so big and so long."

I motioned Abu Khan to look through the scope. He had proved himself to be a first-rate *shikari* and I was more interested in his opinion. After a quick look he turned to me: "It is the great one, sahib."

We had located a real trophy markhor and from the actions of the two *shikaris*, it seemed we had found the best one in the country. But finding him in the spotting scope and stalking him were two different things. We would have to go all the way down to the bottom of Kargah Nullah, a descent of about 5,000 feet, then climb about 6,000 or 7,000 feet up the other side to get within shooting range. This could easily take more than a day and in that time the markhor might be on another mountain. Still, this is what I had come for, a record-class markhor, and now that he had been spotted, the only way I knew to get a shot was to go after him.

Back at camp I learned that Herb had spotted several markhors himself but none were quite as big as the trophy he already had taken in Kashmir a few years earlier. When I told him about the big one I had spotted, he revealed what a great sport he was by insisting that we break camp immediately and go after


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it. We were just about at the end of our allotted time and had only two more days before starting the long haul back to Gilgit. Herb and John would stay with the coolies at the bottom of the valley to set up camp while Abu Khan, Mohammed Shar and I started the long climb up the other side.

It was almost too dark to see when we reached a tiny meadow just under a stratum of black rock that slashed through the cliff. I had seen this dark stratum through the spotting scope and knew we were only a few hundred feet from the top of the sharp ridge. If my judgment was correct, the top of this ridge was within 250 to 300 yards of where I had spotted the markhor. The best plan now was to spend the night at this spot, then climb the remaining few hundred feet as soon as it was light enough to see in the morning . . . and hope to get the drop on him.

We built a tiny fire out of willow twigs that produced enough heat to make hot tea. Then Mohammed Shar pulled one of the thick *chapattis* out of his pocket and solemnly divided it into three equal parts.

"Sahib," he said, "this *chapatti* is one I have saved for this moment. We saw the king of the markhors only because I had it with me. We will eat it now and in the morning we will shoot the markhor because he will not see us."

I looked at Abu Khan, for I had a feeling he didn't go too much for this mumbo-jumbo business with the *chapattis*. There was a twinkle in his eye as he looked into the fire and smiled for the first time during the hunt. "Perhaps it is so," he said slowly, caressing my .300 magnum which he held across his knees, "and we also have this rifle with the long eye."

At the first light of morning we clambered up the last few hundred feet to the top of the ridge and got into position behind some rocks. My original estimate had been fairly accurate for the opposite cliff appeared to be about 250 yards from our position.

It was one of those unforgettable mornings. I had noticed on the way up a slight movement of the air but within a few minutes it stopped entirely. It was dead still and dead silent. As the sky turned from dark to light gray, I saw the first faint glow of sunlight touch the crest of Nanga Parbat and then a moment later Rakaposhi. The red glow of morning slowly descended both pinnacles until suddenly a shaft of sunlight struck the cliff high above. At the sight of this breathtaking display, I had almost forgotten the reason for our being there. Then I heard the sound just as Abu Khan touched my arm and pointed.

The old patriarch had outsmarted us and yet in so doing he had betrayed himself. There he was on a high ledge fully 200 yards above where I had seen him the day before. The sound we heard was the clatter of a tiny stone he had dislodged when he moved from one ledge to another. Had it not been for the dead stillness we never would have heard the noise and probably wouldn't have seen him. He had undoubtedly been looking down at us from the moment we reached the top of the ridge. I am sure he thought he was safe and even as I watched he was slowly walking along the ledge and would soon go around a corner out of sight.

At first glance I instinctively had estimated the range at about 350 yards and was preparing to try a shot, for I knew that if he got around that corner we would never see him again. Laying one of my gloves on the rock in front of me as a pad, I brought the rifle to bear on him. In anticipation of a possible long shot, I already had set the variable scope on the rifle to 7 power. Just as I brought the cross hairs to bear on his shoulder, he stopped for a final look down before walking the last few steps around the corner. It was his second error of the morning and the last one of his life.

Knowing he would stay there only four or five seconds at the most, I quickly brought the cross hairs to bear just a touch above the point of his shoulder and put that extra fraction of pressure on the trigger that released the firing pin. There was a loud crashing roar which was quickly absorbed by the still, cold air. A split second later the *whop* of the striking bullet came floating back. The markhor remained motionless for two or three seconds and I wondered if I had missed. Then he went down on his knees and slowly rolled off the ledge.

Until that moment I hadn't given a thought as to where the animal might fall but now I had a horrified vision of those beautiful horns being smashed on the rocks below. But fortune was with us all the way that morning, for although the fall was almost 1,000 feet straight down, the animal hit a small rock slide with the under part of its body, then slid another 500 feet in a shower of small stones. When we reached my trophy the magnificent horns were intact and while I think just about very bone in the body was broken and the skin was torn on the belly, there were only a few small marks on head and neck.

Counting the rings in those magnificent horns, I found the billy was at the end of its 13th year, incredibly old for a markhor and about equal to a man in his 100th year. He was near the end of his natural lifespan and I had a feeling he couldn't have lived through the coming winter. When I laid the tape on the curve of the horns, the reading at the top was 57¼ inches, which earned him fifth spot in the all-time records.

More important than that, this grand old fellow would occupy a place of honor in my trophy room where I could look up at him for years to come. It was a more fitting end than to think of him dying on some lonely ledge where the scavengers would pick his bones and his wondrous horns would weather away and be lost forever.

After taking off the cape and horns, we stopped for a smoke. Mohammed Shar pulled the horns over to his side and reverently caressed them. "Sahib," he said, shaking his head in admiration, "it was the will of Allah. This markhor was truly the king of the mountains but he did not know we had eaten the special *chapatti*."

"Yes," said Abu Khan, "and he did not know we had a rifle with the long eye."

**—Elgin T. Gates**

TRUE

"Any bad habits, Miss Paxton . . . lateness, gossiping, chastity?"

[*Continued from page* 34]

bolt 'coons, 'possums, foxes and rabbits."

"They sound useful," I admitted. "Are they difficult to handle?"

"Nothing to it, just don't let them get their teeth into you. When you pick one up, never put your hand crosswise to the ferret and grab him by the neck. You have to be fast about it, though, because a ferret is so quick he can jump three feet in the air and catch a flying bird."

"Can't they be tamed?"

"Well, they're a little uncertain. I had a ferret tame as a kitten. One day it jumped on my shoulder, snuggled under my chin and then reared up and bit me through both lips. I must say, though, it's marvelous what plastic surgeons can do for you nowadays."

I decided to get a couple of man-eating Bengal tigers and work up to ferrets gradually, but a few nights later the rats chewed the electric wiring in the barn, causing a short circuit and nearly starting a fire. Right then I decided that I'd had it with our furry friends and determined to get a pair of ferrets.

As I had no intention of depopulating the countryside and was interested only in ratting, I thought this violation of the game laws was permissible. I soon discovered that there is an underground ferret market that makes the famous "Road to Buenos Aires" look like a Variety booking agency. Even the authorities know of its existence; one underground agent received a letter from a game department reading: "Please send five females trained on rabbits. We know it is illegal but we feel sure you can supply us." The department wanted to bag live rabbits for restocking purposes. Ferrets are seldom used on game any more but people keep them as pets, and many farmers are convinced that only ferrets can clean out granaries or get rid of rats in poultry or livestock areas where the use of poisons is dangerous.

I drove to Delaware where a man lives who sells ferrets and got a pair, a big white lob (or male) a little over a foot long and a much smaller brown jill (female). Being averse to bloodshed—especially my own—I let the dealer put them in a traveling box. He explained that both were tame as puppies and he only wore heavy motorman's gloves when handling them because his fingers were cold.

"What do you feed them?" I asked.

"Very simple," he assured me. "Oatmeal, whole-wheat bread, eggs, hamburger, milk, mice, small birds and grubs —you know, anything you eat yourself. But get it out of your head that they have to be fed mainly on meat. Everybody's heard about weasels sucking the blood out of their prey. Maybe they do in the wild state but in captivity too much meat gives them mange. They prefer warm milk."

"Can I keep them outside? Ever since our 'coon got into the refreshments my wife had laid out for her hunt club she's been very unreasonable about animals in the house."

"Sure. Just provide them with a box well stuffed with hay and they don't mind the cold. Otherwise they develop influenza. But keep them dry and clean. If the pen gets dirty, they develop foot rot."

"Let's see now. They get influenza, mange and foot rot. Anything else?"

"Well, in general they're very hardy but they also get distemper, diarrhea, sweating (if the straw in their box gets moldy), lump jaw, sore eyes, worms and fleas."

"What do you do then?"

"There's nothing you can do. You can't call in a vet because it's illegal to have them in the first place and anyhow, vets don't know anything about ferrets. That'll be $50 please."

I paid up and started home with the two ferrets, accomplishing the journey without incident except for a tendency to burst into a cold sweat every time I saw a police car. I was sure of one thing: no ferrets worth 50 bucks and subject to every ailment known were going to be let outside in the cold, and besides, if I were going to work these new arrivals on rats, they would have to be tame enough to handle. As no animal kept in a cage outside will ever grow tame, these two would have to stay in the house at least for the first few weeks.

Jule turned out to be surprisingly reasonable about the ferrets, mainly because the night before a rat had bitten her beloved hunter, Sea Witch, in the coronet (the lowest part of the pastern, just above the hoof) making her go lame. So the ferrets were installed in a large, roomy cage in our living room.

The ferrets weren't exactly vicious, but making pets out of them was like trying to domesticate a current of electricity. I hadn't had the pair 24 hours before I learned what "ferreting out" meant. Both were convinced that no hole was so small that they couldn't go through it (and they were usually right) and that there was something interesting hidden in every part of the room. I have never seen such curious creatures in all my life.

The first time I let the lob out he was convinced I had a couple of mice hidden in my shoe. He stuck his nose between my ankle and the vamp, gave a loud sniff, and then started burrowing in. I had to take the shoe off and he promptly dived in. Meanwhile the jill had humped herself into the kitchen at the strange inch-worm gait all weasels have that doesn't look fast but covers an amazing lot of ground and climbed on top of the stove to supervise Jule's cooking. Preparing a stew while a ferret is trying to snatch pieces out of the saucepan is not one of Jule's specialties and the ferrets finally had to be locked up.

They did bite on occasions, but never maliciously. I doubt if they could see more than three feet so they depended almost entirely on their noses. We soon discovered that the dealer was right—the odor of warm milk sent them into a frenzy. Put a saucer of warm milk in the room and both ferrets went mad. Questing about like hounds on a hot scent, they would often run right over the saucer, sending the milk in all directions and keep right on going. If you tried to pick

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**"Dammit, Briggs, surely you must be aware of our regulations against moonlighting!"**

them up at such times to show them the saucer, they'd turn on you. A good slap over the snoozle usually brought them out of their berserk frenzy and then they'd allow themselves to be carried to the saucer and would sit licking up the warm fluid like kittens. Once the milk was gone, they were friendly again.

The lob we named Snoopy because of his desire to stick his nose into everything. You could usually tell where Snoopy had been from what was sticking to the end of his nose: jam, milk, and when we let him outside, bits of egg shell and occasionally feathers. He found eggs in the barn and the feathers came from starlings who liked to mob him and would occasionally fly too low. Whenever he found anything new, he'd make a quick check to see if it was good to eat. If it wasn't, he dropped it immediately and never bothered with it again.

The little jill was much gentler and liked to climb on your shoulder and snuggle under your chin. This always made me a bit nervous as she usually made a quick check of your ears, lips and nose before settling down to make sure you hadn't anything edible on them. However, as she never bit once she had got used to us, we became used to this investigation. We named her Lady. Both were scrupulously clean and spent hours working their fur like cats. As Lady was brown, dirt didn't show on her but after Snoopy had come out from investigating the barn, he was almost black and required a complete dry cleaning. Sometimes Jule would help him out with a damp cloth.

Both were playful, especially Lady. When we let them out of their cage, she would bounce around like an animated rubber ball, sometimes turning a complete somersault. Most of the time they slept so deep that you could pick them up, turn them upside down, and then put them back in the cage without waking them. When they did awake, they moved so fast it was almost impossible to keep track of them. Lady would dive under our living-room couch and while her tail was still disappearing, her head would pop out at the far end six feet away.

Having a superstitious regard for books, I read everything I could find on ferrets. Ferrets have quite a history. There are Egyptian frescos dating from the 18th Dynasty showing nobles hunting with trained ichneumons, a weasel the size of a large cat and related to the ferrets. Ichneumons were used to retrieve ducks and other game birds. Dogs proved better for this purpose but there was still a need for some animal that would go down a hole and bolt anything from a rat to a rabbit. A fairly small Asian weasel called *Mustela eversmanni* was domesticated for this work and later crossed with the European polecat to give it more size and stamina. The domestic ferret *(Mustela furo)* is the result of this cross and averages about a foot and a half long, including a five-inch tail, and stands some three inches high, or at least the lobs do. The jills are only about half that size and are used mainly on rats, as the lobs are often too big to go down the holes. The black-footed ferret of our Western plains is a completely different animal, and as far as I know can't be domesticated.

Ferrets have played a surprisingly important role in the records of man, mainly because of their efficiency as rat catchers. Rats are more than a nuisance; they are a definite menace because certain species of rat fleas spread the deadly bubonic plague—the Black Death of the Middle Ages which once wiped out 60 percent of the population of Europe. Poison is ineffectual against plague-bearing rats as the infected fleas leave the bodies of their hosts as soon as they are dead and contaminate other rats. But when ferrets are used the rats are driven out of their holes, killed and the bodies burned immediately. For centuries, the chief rat catcher was an important official in European courts.

Ferrets were brought to this country in 1875 and soon proved so popular that a rabbit hunter would as soon be without a dog as a ferret. During the early part of this century, an ambitious young man named Henry Farnsworth started breeding ferrets wholesale in New London, Ohio. Soon he was doing a $10,000-a-year business—which in those days was quite a sum. He required 190 acres of wheat and meat of 50 horses a month to feed his stock. Before long, Henry had plenty of imitators. By 1914, New London was shipping an average of 200,000 ferrets a year and became known as "Ferretville." The breeders exported ferrets to Europe, India and South America.

They were used not only on rats but on just about every animal that has to be bolted from burrows. When telephone companies started to put their lines underground the only way they could run the wires through the long pipes was to start a rat through the pipe with a ferret after him, the ferret wearing a harness to which was attached a light string that later was used to pull the wire through the duct. When plague was reported among ground squirrels in Montana during the early part of this century, men with ferrets and dogs were sent out to kill the infected squirrels. One man with two dogs and a ferret killed 62 ground squirrels in two hours. . . .

By the end of a month, our ferrets were so tame that they'd come to my whistle and even Snoopy had stopped biting except when he was excited. I decided the time had come to make them earn their board and try them on rats.

There was one problem. Our barn was built before the Civil War and during the last 100 years the rats have made a maze of passages under the floors, stalls and sheds. We didn't have any doubt that the ferrets would go down the holes but the

question was: would they come out again? With a perfect bonanza of rats, they might stay down there indefinitely. They weren't so well trained that they'd leave food when I called and if they killed a rat or found a nest of young they might stay underground for days. Also, I had a pretty good idea that when they ran out of rats, they wouldn't turn down a nice fat chicken so I didn't want them running loose in the barn.

I'd discovered from my reading that regular ferreters also have had this problem. The usual way of solving it was to put a muzzle on the ferret called a "cope" so he couldn't kill, only drive out the rats to the waiting dogs. Some men even put a regular harness on their ferrets and keep them on a long line. I didn't like either of these systems. A cornered rat is a tough fighter and a big rat could easily kill little Lady if she was defenseless. Three or four of them might even gang up on Snoopy.

The best thing to do was simply put them in the holes and trust to luck.

The man who had originally suggested that I use ferrets offered to come over and bring three ratting terriers. He assured me the dogs wouldn't bother the ferrets.

"They've worked with ferrets before and been so badly bitten they leave them alone now," he explained.

So we arranged for a rat hunt the next morning. Dan, my teen-age son, agreed to help and as he is already a hardened juvenile delinquent (having prayed several times in school), I decided this new violation couldn't hurt him.

Around 10 o'clock the next morning, my friend arrived with his dogs and we set to work. I'll call my friend Homer because it's nothing like his real name. Homer first took the dogs on an inspection of the barn and the rat holes. If the dogs didn't take any interest in a hole, we went on to the next one. If a dog whined and dug at a hole, Homer quickly pulled him off to keep from frightening the rats and we marked it as an exit.

When all the holes had been checked, Homer told us to start the ferrets down from the loft.

"Ferrets can't climb so you've got to begin at the top and work down," he explained. "I'll stay here with the dogs. The whole trick is to drive the rats out fast. Once rats know that ferrets are after them, they go mad with fear. I've seen them jump on a hot stove and die there rather than face a ferret. But once they recover from their fright, they can keep away from two ferrets because they know their tunnel system and the ferrets don't.

"I don't want to let the dogs get too near the holes or the rats will see them and turn back. A really experienced ratting terrier will always stand well to one side of a hole and won't move until the rats are a couple of feet in the clear. But these dogs aren't professionals."

Dan and I carried the ferrets to the loft. Snoopy was still asleep and showed all the animation of a stuffed mongoose but Lady was ready to go. I decided to try Lady first.

Dan had put Lady down on the floor where she ran around eagerly investigating all the new smells. I'd found a hole under some bales of hay which I knew the rats had been using and tried to call Lady over but she ignored me.

"Take Snoopy," said Dan. "He's beginning to wake up."

Lying on my belly under the bales, I reached back for Snoopy. Snoopy still seemed half asleep until I tried feeding him down the hole. Then he smelt the rats. He was suddenly galvanized into life. Quick as a flicker of light, he twisted around in my hand and when I didn't drop him, sank his teeth into my thumb. I dropped him then, all right. Snoopy dashed to the hole, sniffed at it and then went into action. He began to chitter eagerly, his tail swelled like a bottle brush, and he poured himself down the hole.

I crawled out from under the bales in time to see Lady disappearing down another hole. For awhile nothing happened. Then we heard sounds of wild scurrying under the floor and a few terrified squeaks. Dan and I blocked up all the holes we could find so the rats would be forced to come out below where the dogs were waiting. We'd scarcely finished when we heard Homer shout, "They're coming out! Give me a hand."

We rushed out the loft door and ran down to the lower part of the barn. The scene there looked like Walpurgis Night. Rats were exploding out of holes in all directions. The frenzied dogs were fairly dancing among them, and Homer, armed with a spade, was swinging at the rats. One of the dogs, a little bull terrier, ran among the rats tossing them up one after another as he went. He seemed to have several in the air at one time.

We'd killed about a dozen rats when the first ferret appeared. It was Lady. I tried to pick her up but the little jill jumped sideways to avoid my hand and then ran across the paddock. She crossed the trail of a rat and stopped so suddenly she fell over herself as though she'd run into an invisible wire. She dashed along the scent only to find it ended against a flat wall. Lady stood sniffing and puzzled when a rat seemed to explode out of the wall over her head. Since the wall was as smooth as a sheet of paper I don't know where he came from but he bolted across the yard and one of the dogs nailed him.

When no more rats appeared I went to look for Snoopy. There was no sign of him. Dan finally took Lady to the loft and put her in the same hole that Snoopy had gone down. After a few minutes, we heard the angry chittering of the two ferrets quarreling. I traced the sound to one corner of the loft and pried up a plank. There we found that Snoopy had cornered and killed a big rat and was eating the brains. Lady was trying to get it away from him. Lady finally let go but Snoopy refused to relinquish his rat.

Although most of the rats escaped, they didn't come back. Apparently the scent of ferret in their tunnels was enough to discourage them. However, there were some woodchucks in our pasture I felt I could do without because horses kept stepping into their holes. The same went for a few muskrats who were busily engaged in digging away the sides of our pond. In all my reading, I couldn't find any

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# SOMETHING OF A RECORD

The March issue of CAVALIER magazine is a whopper. "Conversations In a Sorority House," by James L. Collier, searches out the curious sex mores of the girls on an Ivy League college campus. Sterling Hayden lashes out with his "Testament Of Revolt." Paul Krassner, editor of the fiery *Realist* matches James Drought, another young rebel, in assailing The Establishment. P. G. Wodehouse. Paul Gallico. Colin Wilson. Eugene Burdick. More? Of course there's more—girls, the Datsun car roadtested, terrific fiction, Brian Glanville's eyewitness retrospect of the Tokyo Olympics, and—well, you get the message. Everything for the young man who wants everything. On sale Feb. 9th.

Cavalier


record of ferrets being used to bolt woodchucks or muskrats. Since a woodchuck weighs at least three times as much as even a big lob and a muskrat is a very tough fighter, ferrets have traditionally been used mainly on rabbits and rats. However, I ran across old records of hunters who had used ferrets to bolt mink, foxes and even raccoons, so I decided to see what I could do. Anyone who has ever tried to dig a tough old 'chuck out of a burrow protected by tree roots or get muskrats out of their system of tunnels can understand why I was interested.

The purpose of a ferret is not to kill an animal in a burrow but to drive it out. Although nearly any animal would rather run from a ferret than fight, if the animal knows that a man or a dog is waiting outside the burrow, he'll then turn on the ferret. The idea, then, is to keep as quiet as possible once the ferrets are in the holes. Because muskrats naturally take to water as soon as they are bolted, I decided to use a .410 shotgun rather than a dog.

There was no trouble about finding muskrat holes around our pond; the whole bank looks like a Swiss cheese. So I took the ferrets down one afternoon, carrying them in a basket with some straw at the bottom so they could keep warm and dry. Remembering ferrets like to work down, I went to the top of the bank, walking lightly so as not to alarm the muskrats. Then as quietly as I could I opened the basket and tried pouring them down the holes.

Indoors, the ferrets had always been only too eager to go down anything that looked like a hole but here they didn't get the idea at all. As far as they were concerned, I'd taken them out for a game of tag. Lady kept trying to play with me; jumping sideways and making mimic attacks on my fingers. Snoopy ran around investigating every clump of grass, every stone and every root—in fact, everything except the holes.

Luckily, I'd taken some hamburger with me and I threw a little down a hole. Lady promptly dived down after it and Snoopy, seeing she was after something, rushed over and tried to pull her out by the tail. Lady chittered furiously but wouldn't come out until she'd eaten the hamburger. I tried them on some more burrows, baiting two holes at the same time, although I found that both insisted on going after the same piece. As they always came out again for more, I'd decided I was on the wrong track when suddenly Lady went into action.

She'd gone down the wrong hole looking for hamburger and started to back out when I saw her freeze. She remained motionless for a few seconds and I could hear her sniffing loudly. Then she began to dig frantically. Slowly she disappeared.

Snoopy hurried over but he was far too big to fit down the hole. He ran to one nearby and poured himself in. He vanished, all but his plumed tail which began to lash furiously. Then with an eager wiggle, he went underground.

I picked up the gun, went to the water and waited. For a while nothing happened and then a curious moaning came from the bank. I don't know if it was the ferrets or the muskrats; it didn't sound like either of them. I began to be afraid the ferrets were being killed.

Then a muskrat darted out of one of the holes just at water level. While he was running along the bank I knocked him over with the .410. Almost at the same time, another muskrat appeared and I was about to fire again when I saw Lady hanging to him. The muskrat dived into the pond and as he disappeared, I saw him lock his teeth in Lady's head. When they came up again a few feet away Lady had let go and was gasping for breath but the muskrat made a deliberate attempt to drown her. I waded in and after a few wild grabs got hold of her. She was bleeding badly and almost unconscious. I put her back in the basket. She came around after a few minutes and started to clean her fur like a cat.

Another muskrat ran out, apparently in a hysterical frenzy, for instead of taking to the water, he ran around in circles until I shot him. Two more bolted and then I heard a sound as though a junior earthquake were getting ready to be born: hissing, snarling and a chattering noise like a squirrel scolding.

I sprinted back to the barn, got a spade, and started digging. I had to be careful not to dig too fast as I might drive the spade through the ferret. When I broke into the burrow, I found what had happened. Snoopy had a big muskrat trapped at the dead end of a burrow which had been hollowed out as a nesting place. They were fighting.

When I broke in the animals separated. I dropped the spade and reached for the shotgun but to my surprise the muskrat instead of running went for Snoopy again. He reared up on his hind legs, apparently to get Snoopy by the back of the neck, but Snoopy sidled up to him with the same sidelong gait both ferrets used when playing with me. Suddenly he flipped over on his back and grabbed the muskrat by the throat. He threw the muskrat down but in doing so lost his hold. Snoopy was panting so heavily he kept his mouth open and didn't try for another grip, holding the muskrat down with his forefeet. The muskrat was equally exhausted and lay there gasping for breath.

They stayed there so long I put down the shotgun and reached for the spade to finish the muskrat off. As I raised it, the muskrat made a desperate effort to escape. He grabbed Snoopy by the shoulder and regained his feet. He'd put up such a fight I was willing to let him go but Snoopy wasn't. He fell on his side, locking his teeth in the muskrat's neck and shaking him as a terrier would shake a rat. In a few seconds the muskrat kicked convulsively, stiffened and died.

After a few days' rest, I tried Snoopy again. This time he went down the burrows at once but no more muskrats came out. Checking the muddy bank, I couldn't find any fresh tracks. I think the whole colony probably moved out the night after my first hunt.

My experience with muskrats taught me a few things about using ferrets that turned out to be useful when I tried them on woodchucks. I don't believe there was ever a ferret who could bolt a woodchuck if the 'chuck didn't want to

be bolted. I counted on a 'chuck's being so astonished by a strange-smelling animal unexpectedly coming down his hole that the 'chuck would rush out in panic. This meant that I had to be sure the 'chuck wouldn't get bottled up in a dead-end burrow as the muskrat had done, and also that the 'chuck would have no idea I was waiting outside with a shotgun.

I was careful not to use the ferrets in spring when a female 'chuck would be defending her young and also didn't use them in wet weather when a woodchuck is reluctant to leave its burrow.

I started by casing the woodchuck holes in our pasture and making sure they all had two exits. The second exit is often hidden and takes some finding but eventually I was able to spot them all. I waited a couple of days to let the 'chucks settle down, and then went out with the ferrets.

At the first few holes, instead of a 'chuck the ferrets bolted rabbits. I've never seen anything come out of a hole as fast as did those rabbits—I thought one was going to leave his tail behind him in his hurry. I've heard of ferreters who'd wait by a hole and grab a rabbit with their hands as it came out. Those fellows could tie a hair ribbon on a streak of lightning. I'll admit you could hear the rabbit coming and that gave you a moment's warning but these rabbits didn't come out of the holes in the usual way; you'd hear the underground racket and the next instant the rabbit was halfway across the pasture with his ears laid back and touching the ground every 10 yards. It would have taken a good shot with a shotgun to have hit them.

Although I thought that I'd spotted all the holes, those 'chucks had an underground system like the Maginot Line. After putting the ferret into one system, I stood waiting with the shotgun, keeping an eye on all the holes. After a few minutes I heard the patter of little feet in the dry leaves by our hedgerow and turned to see Lady coming over to me. She'd popped out of a hole I didn't know existed. I put her back in the basket and waited for Snoopy.

I was still waiting when I heard an angry grunting from the hedgerow. I turned my head and saw an old 'chuck come out of a spot where I'd have taken my Bible oath there wasn't even a field-mouse burrow. I don't know who was the most surprised, me or the 'chuck, but I suppose it must have been the 'chuck as he stood still long enough for me to get in a shot. Snoopy was following him and before I could get there, the ferret grabbed the dead 'chuck by the ear and tried to haul him off. He couldn't get the body back through the bushes but neither would he let go, so it ended by my having to carry them both back to the house.

By the end of a week, we had the 'chucks cleared out although I'm inclined to think some of them would fill in a burrow when they heard or smelt a ferret coming and so block it. As a ferret isn't as good a digger as a 'chuck, he couldn't reopen the pipe. But like the muskrats, the 'chuck would usually be gone the next day. All burrowing animals have a horror of anything that can go down their holes after them.

For a while I thought of going into the exterminating business and wrote a cautious letter to the game commission asking how one went about getting a permit to keep ferrets. I got an indignant answer saying that no such permits were ever issued and asking me if I knew of any criminal types who had ferrets. I hurriedly explained that I didn't and I was telling the truth.

Jule and I had decided Snoopy and Lady were a little too much of a problem around the house, what with making life miserable for Tilly and having constant designs on Greenie, our parrot. Even Peter, our 10-foot python, wasn't completely safe from them—Snoopy especially thought he was Rikki-Tikki-Tavi and Peter was inclined to agree with him. So we gave them to a farmer who wanted them as ratters and hunters and lives in a state where possession of ferrets is legal. There's only one proviso in the deal—if the rats ever come back to our barn, we can borrow Snoopy and Lady for a weekend.

—Daniel P. Mannix

## LONG ORDEAL

[*Continued from page* 60]

chills, his arms wrapped tightly around his chest in a vain attempt to draw warmth from his own flesh. In the night he thought he heard sounds outside and someone pounding on the plane and saying, "Anybody in there?"

"Yes!" said La Nore, crying out in the blackness. "Please help me!"

"Don't worry," said the voice. "I'll go and get help."

When morning came, La Nore realized that the voice and the pounding had been an hallucination. And now, for the first time, he began to feel fear—a fear that already was edging toward terror.

He had to do something—anything. Blindly he groped around in the dark, and his hand touched the hydraulic pump handle on the left side of the cockpit. The hydraulic pump was for use in case of electrical failure, to pump enough pressure into the hydraulic lines to lower flaps and wheels. The handle itself was shaped like a stubby gear shift. It was made of aluminum alloy, had a hard-rubber knob and was fastened at its base by a pin snap. He released the pin snap and removed the handle.

Well, he had a tool. Next question: what to do with it?

He felt along the canopy, down in the water below the level of his chest. The canopy was an assemblage of plexiglass panels, each panel framed in metal. The panel nearest his left hip seemed to be about a foot high by a foot and a half wide.

With his makeshift hammer La Nore went to work to break out that panel of plexiglass. It was tough going. He had to work under water, and, besides, plexiglass wasn't like plain glass. It was designed to resist shock. And a rubber knob, however hard, still was something less than a carpenter's hammer.

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He managed first to knock out a small hole and then slowly he was able to widen the hole, first cracking a piece of plexiglass with his "hammer," then wrenching the piece loose. Occasionally he used his knee as a bludgeon against the stubborn plexiglass.

Every few minutes he had to stop and rest. He tired easily, and he was getting weak from lack of food. And periodically a tide of panic welled up in him. He had to muster all his will power, knotting his fists and clenching his jaw, to put it down.

Now and again he heard the sound of an airplane. The first time it happened, he became very excited. He was sure it was a search plane, that it had spotted him, that soon he would be rescued. Then, when he heard the same sound a second and a third time and nothing materialized, he began to wonder if they were search planes at all. In this part of Florida there were all kinds of military air activity—Navy as well as Army. Besides, Sarasota Air Base probably would assume that he had gone down at sea, since, when last heard from, he was heading in that direction.

Anyway, if a plane flew over his swamp, would it be able to see him in the high saw grass? La Nore doubted it.

Once he heard a tractor in the distance. He screamed and whistled and pounded with the pump handle on the metal plate of the inverted seat in front of him. And then he realized how futile that was. Nobody would be able to hear him beyond 50 feet.

Every hour or so, exhausted, drained of all energy, he fell into an uneasy slumber. Once he sensed with a start that there were two other people in the cockpit with him. He could reach out and touch their heads directly in front of him.

He thought frantically:

"There's not room for three people in this cockpit! We'll all die of suffocation!"

He started beating at the heads with the pump handle and woke himself up. The two heads had been his own knees.

By Tuesday afternoon (he had now been entombed well over 24 hours) there was a chopped-out opening in the plexiglass panel large enough to get his arm through. Outside the canopy was gluey, carameled mud. Not only would he have to break an opening in the canopy big enough to get through if he was to escape, but he would have to tunnel out and up through the mud.

Grimly he set about digging the tunnel. This involved reaching out and pulling back into the plane handfuls of mud and saw grass and then tucking it behind the inverted backrest of the cockpit seat.

As he worked, he prayed. He did it aloud, the words sounding strange and hollow there in the watery darkness of his tiny mud-and-steel prison.

Gradually the tunnel through the mud began to take shape. When night came, he had excavated a space about half the size of an orange crate.

*Meanwhile, search planes had been combing a large part of Florida in the hunt for La Nore. But he was right—the planes he'd heard overhead weren't looking for him. The search was concentrated southward and out over the Gulf, where it was thought he might have gone down.*

During the night a cold wind came up. It was now 36 hours after the crash. La Nore could hear the heavy grass swishing against the metal fuselage and wings, and the cold seeped down through the mud and water and in through the hole in the canopy. Quaking with cold, his teeth rattling violently, he reached beneath him and pulled the water-and-mud-saturated silk from his parachute. He wrapped part of it around him like a shawl and, when he wasn't working on his tunnel, stuffed the rest of it into the hole.

Through the night he worked and slept by turn. When he had shoveled out as much tunnel as he could with his hand, he chopped away more plexiglass to enlarge the hole. Then, with a tremendous effort, he wriggled around until he could get one foot through the jagged aperture. He pushed the mud a little farther out with his foot. As he pulled the foot back, the mud sucked off his shoe. Then he took off his sock as well and found he could scoop in more mud with his bare toes.

To prop himself up clear of the water in his new semi-crosswise position, he inflated his Mae West and sat on it. He remembered, from his boyhood, a kind of rule of thumb that he applied to holes in fences. Anything he could get his hips through, he could get through. He squirmed and wriggled again until he was at a full 90-degree angle in the cockpit and could get both legs through the hole in the canopy. But it still wasn't large enough, and he got stuck at the hips.

He pulled his legs back into the cockpit, returned to his original position and chopped away the rest of the plexiglass inside the metal frame. Now he had an opening that was about a foot by a foot and a half large. And now, at last, in the 45th hour of his ordeal, he could get his hips through the opening.

It was Wednesday morning, about 9 o'clock. Working as fast as he could, his heart pounding with exertion and excitement, he scooped in more mud, more grass, and then more mud and grass after that. Now the cockpit was filling up with mud waste. He was almost out of space.

But the tunnel was dug far enough to accommodate all of him up to his chest. And then suddenly one foot broke through the surface and he felt the wind on his toes.

Quickly, with his feet, he widened the opening at the upper end of the tunnel (by now he'd cast off the other shoe and sock) and got ready for the big breakout. To wriggle all the way through the opening in the canopy feet first, he would have to pull his head under water. He took a deep breath, started out through the hole, arms above his head, his head under water, clamping his toes around clumps of grass to get leverage and pull himself along. And then he stopped, jammed tight at his armpits. Try as he would he could go no farther. His lungs almost bursting, he struggled back into

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the cockpit until his head was out of water and he could breathe again.

He had been so sure of success—of liberation. Now, for the first time, he faced the possibility that he might not make it after all—that here in the water and the mud, hopelessly imprisoned in the cockpit of an upside-down airplane, he would stay and die. And a wave of sheer terror flooded over and through him and seemed almost to choke him.

What in God's name was wrong? Hadn't he always been able to get through anything his hips could squeeze through?

He tried it again. And again he got stuck. He rested a few minutes and then started again. He became more frantic. He tore his flying suit and scratched his body on tiny, sharp bits of plexiglass still clinging to the metal frame.

What La Nore didn't realize was that his years of sports had given him a magnificently-developed torso. He was considerably larger on top than he was at the hips. And a hole one foot high by a foot and a half wide just wasn't large enough to accommodate the La Nore chest and shoulders.

All day Wednesday he kept trying. Deep breath . . . head under water . . . feet clamped around the grass . . . pull . . . pull . . . pull! But it was no use.

Panic—a maddened, frenzied panic—clawed at him. He wanted to scream. He wanted to grab something—the naked metal frame of the section of canopy he'd hacked out, the lower edge of the instrument panel, anything within reach—and shake it with all his strength, as if, in doing so, he could shake the airplane apart and free himself from this suffocating torment. But some shred of sanity and stability and good sense told him it would be futile, that it simply would waste what little stamina he had left.

*By Wednesday night—some 55 hours after the crash—La Nore's home base had about given up any hope of finding him. Search planes continued to fly, but they still were flying considerably south of the swamp where he lay entombed. A chaplain had even written to La Nore's family to prepare them for news of his death.*

That night the stench in the cockpit became worse. To La Nore it seemed like the smell of decay—the decay of his own body. His instinct told him that he hadn't much time, that if he didn't escape soon, he would perish—that even if he were found finally by search planes, it would be too late.

He prayed often. And he talked—out loud—to everybody he could think of.

He talked to his mother, his father, his brother, Thomas; his girl; Glen Hubbard, the coach at Grand Forks, a man he truly revered. Hubbard had given him his chance in sports and encouraged him

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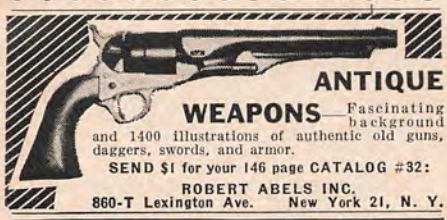
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and helped him get his scholarship to the University of Iowa. Hubbard had taught him how to breathe properly in competitive sports, how to relax . . .

The thought triggered something in La Nore's mind. Breathe properly . . . Relax . . . Let's see, he was trying to get through the hole after having inhaled, with his chest greatly expanded. Maybe if, instead of inhaling, he exhaled . . .

He tried it. Again he got stuck. But the jam wasn't quite as tight as before. He had a hunch that if he could stay under water long enough, he might be able to force his way through.

He took 10 or 15 deep breaths, to get as much oxygen into his system as he could. The last time he exhaled, he deflated totally. Then down under the water he went. Once again he stuck fast.

But it was his only chance. There simply was no other. On through the night he kept trying. Deep breaths . . . total deflation . . . down under the water . . . back up again . . . rest . . . deep breaths . . . total deflation . . . down under the water . . . back again . . . rest . . .

Each time he went under, he swallowed repeatedly as he held his breath. Hubbard had taught him that. You swallowed partly to gulp down tiny bits of oxygen from your mouth into your throat, mostly to keep your mind off your terrible need to breathe, to give yourself perhaps another second or two or three under water.

Each time he was able to stay under a little longer. But he was also getting weaker.

Thursday came. He had been entombed since Monday noon. He resolved that the next time he would make it or drown. Otherwise he was sure he would go mad.

He breathed deeply 10 times, 15 times. Then, with an audible whoosh, he let every last bit of breath out of his lungs and went under.

He felt the familiar, terrifying clutch of the metal frame just above his armpits, at his shoulder sockets. His arms were over his head, his feet wrapped around clumps of grass, pulling with all the strength that was left in his legs. With an agony of mental effort he fought to relax his upper body.

"Let go . . . let go . . . let go," he said tautly to himself, over and over. "Relax . . . relax . . ."

Now his shoulders and arms were as limp as if in death. Twenty seconds . . . Thirty . . . He swallowed again and again and again.

Thirty-five seconds . . . Forty . . . He couldn't hold it any longer. He had to breathe. He gave a desperate, convulsive, violent twist of his hips.

He was through and free!

Frantically he fought his way up through the tunnel to the surface and gulped a lungful of precious air. He tried to pull himself up on the wing, but he was too weak. He waited—tried again and once more after that—and finally made it. Then, almost paralyzed with exhaustion, he fell asleep, the blessed sunshine pouring down on him.

When he awakened, it was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, or so he judged from the position of the sun. He calculated that it must have been about noon when he escaped from the cockpit. He had been trapped in it for 72 hours.

He took a bearing from the sun and decided to head south. His sole objective at the moment was to get out of the saw grass and swamp.

He tried to fish his jacket containing his watch and wallet out of the cockpit. But he couldn't find it. He did find his Mae West and the hydraulic pump handle and decided to take the pump handle with him. At least, he thought ruefully, he'd be bringing part of the airplane back.

Unable to locate his shoes, he smashed one of the plane's landing lights with the pump handle and used a piece of glass to cut makshift shoes out of the rubber innertube-type casing of the Mae West.

It was slow going through the mud and grass, and even after he emerged from it there was a forest everglade, waist deep with water, to traverse. Dusk had fallen when he reached dry ground. Soon he picked up a path that led him to a farmhouse. The farmer and his wife gave him shelter and food (he wolfed down seven eggs, three slices of ham, half a loaf of buttered toast and a pot of coffee). Then the farmer drove him to the town he'd buzzed so vainly four days and three nights earlier.

It turned out to be Crescent City, Florida, where a doctor treated his scratches and the town banker cashed his check for $10. La Nore called Sarasota Air Base to report that he was alive.

Early Friday—still wearing his tattered flying suit and carrying the hydraulic pump handle that had saved his life—he boarded a train and returned to civilization, the survivor of one of the loneliest and most extraordinary ordeals of World War II.

Arriving at his home field, he reported to the base CO.

"Where," demanded the CO, "the hell have you been?"

Second Lt. Douglas La Nore, eager pilot, young man in a hurry, escape artist *par excellence,* was back in the Army again.

---

*Postscript: Doug La Nore went from Sarasota to the South Pacific, where, as a member of Gen. George C. Kenney's 5th Air Force, he flew 150 fighter combat missions. He helped provide air cover for the Allied drive of 1943 and 1944 northwestward along the upper coast of New Guinea. One night during a heavy rain he bailed out near Finschhafen, New Guinea, landing in the middle of a battle between Australians and Japanese. An Australian officer, G. A. Curby, crawled through a booby-trapped area into no-man's land to fetch him to safety on his shoulders. For the rest of the battle La Nore fought alongside the Aussies, and an Australian history of that campaign, mentioning the incident, said he "proved himself a worthy rifleman."*

*He returned to the States in June, 1944. Today, at 43, a retired captain in the Air Force Reserve, he is a successful real estate man in San Francisco, still flies (as a hobby), is married and has two sons.*

—Joseph Stocker

## BLUEBLOOD-HATING HORSEMAN

[*Continued from page* 55]

that Phipps' ivy-league trainer, Bill Winfrey, deserved a lot of credit:

"Not many trainers," he said slyly, "will sell you a horse who isn't doing well for them unless it is four or five years old and broken down."

And for Phipps' wounded pride, the soul of every sporting horseman, Jacobson had only salt.

"Mr. Phipps," he said with relish, "deserves some credit too. And if I still have this horse three years from now, its first colt is going to be called Ogden Flips."

The odds are that if Bupers is still winning races then, Jacobson won't be saddling him. He has a hunger to beat the front row, and everybody else in racing, that is so intense a horse rarely spends much time standing in the barn. Every piece of goods he has—sometimes no matter what its owner wants—is trained to make money and make it as fast as possible. Though few of the owners that make up his public stable own anything but cheap goods, Buddy sent their horses to the post against the toughest competition in racing a year ago when he won 140 races and $730,418. He led the country in winners and was second only to Californian Mesh Tenney in the money-earned department. Running second always bothers Jacobson. Last year Jacobson won again, saddling 167 winners. Running second in the money earned department, by now, didn't bother him at all.

"Tenney," he says with contempt, as if the West Coast trainer managed the New York Yankees, "trained only 40 horses but won six $100,000 races. In six weeks I could teach Casey Stengel to do that. Those real quality horses train themselves. A pro in this business is the guy who can take some broken down cripple nobody wants and get him back earning some money."

Sitting in Box E-6 at Aqueduct, eight rows behind the coveted front row, Jacobson looks like a teenager who could not be anything big in racing. He is just 5′7″ tall, has buck teeth and a pompadour that hangs over a wide forehead. He looks like he needs a shave, even after he has shaved, and sounds as if he took diction lessons from the Dead End Kids.

"Sure I been lucky," Jacobson says, "but the secret to this business is to keep active enough so that luck doesn't count for much. I'm a big success because most trainers are degenerate horse players who are too busy trying to beat the mutuel machines to know what they've got in the barn. With that kind of competition, all I gotta do to be a big winner is pay attention."

Jacobson not only watches his own horses but everybody else's very carefully, because nearly two-thirds of all races are "claimers," in which any horse can be claimed for a specific price. His machines are usually changing so fast that Buddy turns over roughly 75 percent of his barn every five months. In a recent five-month period, for example, he claimed 30 horses worth $182,750 and had 35 others, valued at $268,000, claimed from him.

Other horsemen complain Jacobson grabs a horse when it is fit and ready to win and discards it when it is no longer useful.

"This isn't a sport. It's a cutthroat business," is Buddy's answer, "and anybody who can't take it should get out. When you enter a horse in a claiming race it's like putting a business up for sale. So as long as I'm a buyer, I'm gonna grab off goods that are ready to produce. Making a buck it what this business is all about, isn't it?"

Jacobson not only wants horses that can make a buck, but the kind that can make it in a hurry. One example of the way he operates is No Dance, a horse he claimed for $5,000 on the 13th of May. Buddy got the horse in shape and ran him on June 19. He won $2,600. On June 24th Jacobson sent him to the post again and won a $2,925 purse. Jacobson had No Dance claimed from him by somebody else that day, but by now the price tag was $6,250. Net gain for 42 days: $6,775.

Jacobson's share of the profits comes only out of the purse money his horses win, because he absolutely refuses to invest a dime of his own money. Owners supply all the risk capital and Jacobson takes 10 percent of the purse money and $21-a-day for every horse he has in training, usually about 35. Though he loves to talk about money when it points up his own success, he clams up when it comes to his personal income. He will mumble, for example, that payroll and operating expenses are high. "Maybe it's like, uh, $2,000 a week," but he neglects to mention that owners also cough up cash for medical expenses, feed bills, shipping costs and a long list of other expenses. Jacobson never names a figure for his personal income, but a close friend says Buddy banks $150,000 a year.

He respects gamblers who make a living betting horses because "easy money is the best kind," but Broadway characters who bet big time say Jacobson is no help. He will tell them to bet all his horses, even when he doesn't know what horse they're talking about. Then he'll turn around, as he did to me one day, and say: "What-the-hell, they'll come out just as good in the end anyway. These guys know a lot more than I do about betting horses."

Two dollar bettors who follow Jacobson are even worse off. Though one out of every five horses he saddled in 1963 was a winner, players invariably bet his horses to such pie crust prices that a $2 win bet on every one of the 688 horses he sent to the post, would have lost $118. Jacobson watches more than 2,000 races every year but has enough restraint to keep clear of the pari-mutuel windows, unless he thinks he has a sure thing.

"The public is pretty smart," he says. "But once, maybe twice a year they'll overlook a horse of mine. He'll figure to me at even money, but there he is at 4-1. Then," he says with a look of glee that can only mean putting one over is even more fun than counting the cash, "I send it in."

When Jacobson says "send it in," he means five grand. But he is less willing to tell anyone he has a winner coming up than he is to tell the Internal Reve-

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nue Department that he won. "Anyone" includes his owners, because they can cause a lot more trouble than Treasury agents.

"I tell an owner his horse is ready to win and you know what happens? Sure. Down goes a bundle. Anything can happen in a race and most guys understand that. But if the horse happens to lose then I got a guy on my neck who's yelling, 'Buddy, you cost me ten grand.' So I take the easy way out. I tell 'em nothing."

With some of his 16 owners Jacobson can get away with it. A Long Island dowager, whose horses he has trained for eight years, is not permitted to call him on the telephone. Another owner once claimed a horse on his own for $15,000, despite a non-committal shrug from Jacobson. Then he made the mistake of asking Buddy how the horse looked. "Well," was the laconic answer he got, "he's still breathing."

Jacobson keeps other owners in line with even more direct treatment. The right-hand man of one of this country's biggest real estate tycoons started to take an interest in the boss's stable. Buddy didn't like it. One morning at 7 a.m. in Barn 10 he ended it: "I don't want you in my barn anymore," he told the hardened troubleshooter. "I don't want you in the paddock. Stay away from the jockeys and don't give instructions to any of them before a race. If there's anything I want them to know, I'll tell them."

The amazing thing is that trainers are usually accommodating with everybody, because they are totally dependent on the big money that keeps them in business. But Jacobson is so successful that his owners have to give a little to get along with him. Bill Frankel, who has raked in better than $1 million in purse money since he hired Jacobson to buy and train horses for him six years ago, makes it clear why rich men who have made it big in other businesses put up with Jacobson.

"This kid," Frankel, a lean and sharp-eyed Wall Street broker, told me, "is a winner. He's just a natural. You see them in the brokerage business and, once in a great while, you see them on the ball field. He's got a gift when it comes to horses and there just isn't anybody like him."

"Jacobson's breeding, if you can believe he has any, supplied the talent," one highly respected trainer for a front row stable told me. "But he can't admit he owes anybody anything. Instead of sucking up a little bit and taking over a big stable, he's got to fight everybody to prove he got where he is without any help."

By the time Buddy Jacobson came into this world on December 10, 1930, three of his uncles were already established trainers. One of them, Hirsch Jacobs, had by then saddled better than a thousand winners. At first, the only game for Buddy was baseball because, as he puts it, "a horse gave me no more interest in those days than, say, a cow."

But by the time he was 15, he figured out that 5'7" was as tall as he was going to be. He threw away his first baseman's mitt along with the dream of playing for the Dodgers and took a job with Eugene Jacobs, another uncle, cleaning out stalls.

Buddy was hooked. Reluctantly, he went through two more years at Midwood High School and got through, he says, "giving teachers tips on horses." An official who checked the record gives Jacobson more credit than that. He says Buddy was smart enough to con his way into a program for slow learners to avoid doing schoolwork. The winter Buddy passed his 17th birthday he picked up his working papers, said to hell with a diploma and went to Florida with Uncle Eugene. A promotion went with the job. He became a $25-a-week hot walker.

In 1950 he joined the merchant marine "because there was no money in the Korean War," he says, and shipped out on a Virginia coal ship named the *William Bevan* headed for France. Buddy figured it was possible to save $2,000 in four months (with overtime) and planned to pile up enough cash to buy a horse.

"I made the money," he says, "but it's a big mistake to hang around with French broads when you have time on your hands."

Buddy blew the wad, came home and broke into racing when his brother-in-law, a Florida real estate owner, lent him $4,000 to buy a horse named Teddy Powell. Buddy always told reporters that Teddy Powell won its first time out, but when I checked the Bowie records it turned out Teddy Powell lost by a head.

"Well," Buddy said, like a man whose life story changes with every interview, "my uncles always said they had a winner the first time they saddled a horse. Six years ago, I couldn't see why my story should be any different."

Today, everything Buddy does, he says, is different. He does not, for example, keep to strict training patterns with any horse in his barn. He is just as likely to gallop a horse one morning, walk it a second and breeze it a third as he is to gallop it hard on three successive mornings. In a business where training patterns are treated as "top secret," Jacobson is so lackadaisical that the only existing record for the work he puts into the $1½ million worth of horseflesh he trains is a 6" x 8" piece of graph paper he keeps folded in his back pocket. Where other trainers will use secret codes even in private records, Buddy marks down "G" for gallop, "W" for walk and "B" for breeze.

Though there are stables that nurse stock—Elizabeth Arden, for one, has the same lotion she sells for middle-aged complexions rubbed on her horses' legs—like Uncle Eugene, Buddy says this is bunkum. Almost all young trainers swear by whirlpool baths, diathermy and other modern gadgets. But like Uncle Hirsch, what works for Buddy is a touch of Dr. Spock psychology ("leave them alone and they'll tell you what they want") mixed with mud packs, vinegar, iodine, 300-pound tubs of ice and an ancient liniment called Balls XO.

What Buddy actually does that is unique is work his horses and himself harder than anyone else. "Work makes an animal fit," he says. "If you can work one of these things without irritating any ailments you can give the other guy

[*Continued on page* 116]

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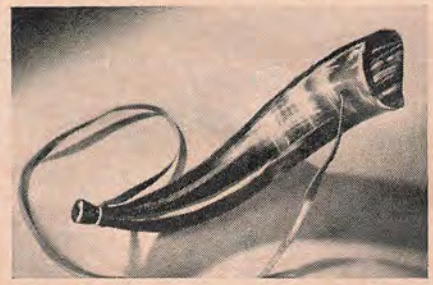

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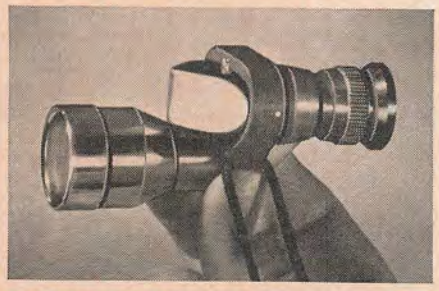

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[*Continued from page* 112]
drugs, batteries and all the Willie Shoemakers alive. Even that combination will never beat a fit horse."

What makes Buddy tick?

His mother tells one story about how Buddy handled a neighbor who bugged him, that is at least a partial answer. The neighbor rang the Jacobson bell early one evening to ask for a favor. He said he was locked out of his sixth floor apartment, one floor down, and wanted to get back in via the Jacobson fire escape.

"Of course it's all right," Florence Jacobson called to her son. Then she tried to go back to sleep and get rid of her cold.

Two minutes later, luckily, she was up with a scream. The neighbor was climbing out the wrong window. No fire escape.

"Why didn't you tell him?" she asked, shaken by the expression on Buddy's face.

"I thought," said Buddy with a trace of a smile, "I'd let him find out for himself."

Buddy may have been ornery in the days when his big kick was evading truant officers, policemen, school principals and anyone else in authority. With success he's even worse, which is why one of the joys that goes with being a big winner is taking potshots at the bluebloods who run the racing business.

For example, it made his day a while ago when the *New York Times* printed an interview he had with a reporter the day before. Early that morning there was a telephone call at Barn 10 from one of the few official friends Jacobson has left in the New York Racing Association.

"You were misquoted," the friend said, "and you better get a retraction before things boil over down here."

"Read it to me," Buddy said, as he looked over the morning workout schedule on the graph paper in his hand.

The writer had Jacobson saying that the New York Racing Association and The Jockey Club were nothing but political tools for front row stables, which in racing is roughly the equivalent of suggesting the Vatican impeach the Pope on a morals charge.

Buddy listened for a minute and then said:

"Yeah. Yeah. He got it real good." And then hung up.

Jacobson likes to needle officials and so frequently he will brag to reporters that he flunked the written test required by the Association for a trainer's license. Buddy's story that he "got a license anyway because it was the end of the season," is so unreasonable that writers pass it off as a bum joke.

But it turned out Buddy actually was licensed as a result of the kind of gentlemanly courtesy he so thoroughly detests and not because he passed the test.

I discovered this when I went to see Francis Dunne, the Association's most respected steward. First he said, "Oh, Jacobson," as if he were spooning a fly out of a soft boiled egg. Then Dunne called into his plush office three staff members who spent half that day checking 1953 records, the year Jacobson was licensed as a trainer. That afternoon, when I returned to his office, Dunne was embarrassed and annoyed by the unnecessary trouble caused by Jacobson.

"I don't think he flunked the test," Dunne said, shaking his head, "because we have no record he ever took it. One of his uncles vouched for Buddy, and well, I initialed the letter."

Few men in racing have more friends than Dunne but Jacobson seems to have little chance of remaining one of them. "He's an upstart you know," Dunne said, "and for some reason he just can't seem to let himself get along."

The truth is that Jacobson has an old-time Dodger fan's relish for big-shot enemies. On slow days when his horses have the slimmest of chances, he will turn over plots in his mind calculated to needle the front row. His favorite gambit is to concoct names for horses most likely to irk the tradition-bound bluebloods.

"First I'm gonna find a horse bred like the Jukes family that runs like Carry Back," he was muttering one afternoon. "I'm gonna name that one F-R-O-N-T R-O-W. Then I'll slip through my all-time bell ringer. Noballs Atoll. What a name. Imagine the day they make a printer's error and Fred Caposella has to announce on the PA system that Noballs Atoll is a colt, not a gelding."

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The man who has it made—
or has he?

**WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE RICHARD BURTON**

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profile of the actor who has
become a household word

**NEXT MONTH IN TRUE**

There is no price Jacobson will get to name an animal Front Row or Noballs Atoll, because all names for Thoroughbred horses must be approved by The Jockey Club. And its chairman is Ogden Phipps.

The fact is that for all the cash and glamour that is supposed to go with being a big winner in the Sport of Kings, Jacobson's days are so long and his job so drudgingly mechanical that even a rare purchase like Bupers, or some newspaper shots at the front row, don't put the fun back in the game.

You could see this not long ago if you watched Buddy walk the circle one morning at 7 a.m. past each of the stalls in his barn. He rarely bothered to stop and look at a horse until he got to one named War Lord. I thought he was staring at the horse because it had won the day before, but when I looked in the stall what riveted his attention was clear. War Lord was lying on his side, praying someone would bring over a mare.

"There's one that wants to take after me," Jacobson said, like a man who wished he didn't have to get up in the morning, and walked on to the next stall.

Later, after he assigned exercise boys to one of the sets of four horses working that morning, he pulled the graph paper out of his back pocket and silently walked the dirt ramp up to the track. Bored with the constantly repetitive routine, he leaned against the rail trying to convince me what a great life he had.

"I got it made," Buddy said. "When it gets cold and they close up here, where do I go? Florida. Tropical Park, Hialeah, Gulfstream, that's the life. And when the summer hits New York do I have to take it? Hell no. I go to Saratoga." Jacobson takes home more salary than the President of the United States, but he still sounds like a kid off the sweltering streets of Brooklyn who thinks the biggest thing in life is Florida in the winter and the mountains every summer.

Jacobson kept talking about all the big money he has made and was going to make. Still, he lives like a man who has invented a gold-making machine but doesn't know what to do with himself except follow the same routine and keep sweating out more gold.

No matter how big the pile gets, he still begins an 18-hour working day every morning when he wakes up at 6 a.m. After poring over racing charts for the hour it takes to dope the day's competition, he has to go to the barn and work 35 horses by 10 a.m. That leaves him two hours on the telephone with owners who want to ask simple questions like why the feed bills are so high or when he has decided to run their horses. As quickly as he can shave, shower and change his clothes he has to be back at the track. Watching horse races may be pleasant relaxation for fans, but it leaves Jacobson yearning to go to a baseball game.

"It's not that I'm bored," he said, staring at the empty stands. "It's just that once in a while I'd like to watch a game that takes real ability."

Buddy has learned how to fend off some owners some of the time, but others require attention. It means that with 16 separate interests in his stable, he will have to spend four nights a week in business meetings talking about horses. Is it worth it?

"I got a new Cadillac and all the steak I can eat," he said, hitting the stop watch in his fist as the first group of horses galloped past the furlong pole. "What else do I need?"

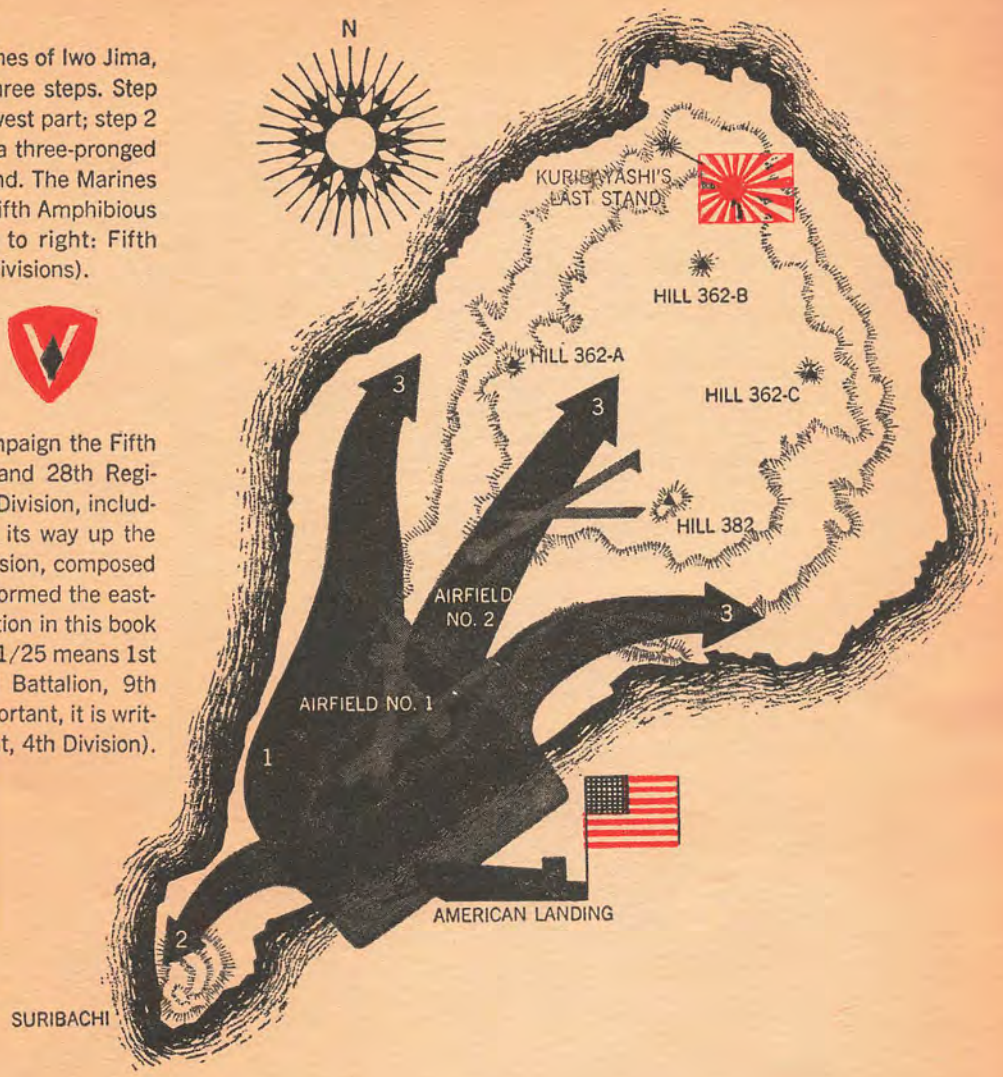
Jacobson also has a 150-acre farm in plush Westbury, Long Island. But he hasn't had time yet to build anything but a training track. With all his money, he is still living in a cramped Jamaica apartment, a suburb that catches the overflow from—where else?—Brooklyn.

Does he ever dream of retiring, say to a castle in Majorca or a yacht he can ride round-the-world?

"Nah," says Buddy, "what I want is to get six barns for myself at every track I run. Why not? The Queen of England has 200 horses. You know what I'll do? Something *nobody's* ever done before. I'm gonna sweep a nine-race card and set a record none of these finks will ever touch. Then let them keep Buddy Jacobson out of the front row. Even those guys will be yelling I'm the greatest thing that ever hit racing." **—Paul Weissman**

The Marines landed on the eastern beaches of Iwo Jima, then reduced the island's defenses in three steps. Step 1 cut the island in half through its narrowest part; step 2 was the taking of Suribachi; step 3 was a three-pronged drive north to secure the rest of the island. The Marines used three divisions organized into the Fifth Amphibious Corps (insignia shown below are, left to right: Fifth Amphibious Corps, Third, Fourth, Fifth Divisions).

During most of the bloody five-week campaign the Fifth Division, consisting of the 26th, 27th and 28th Regiments, was on the west coast; the Third Division, including the 9th and 21st Regiments fought its way up the middle of the island; and the Fourth Division, composed of the 23rd, 24th and 25th Regiments, formed the east-coast prong of the attack. Unit identification in this book follows the Marine system. For example, 1/25 means 1st Battalion, 25th Regiment; 2/9 is 2nd Battalion, 9th Regiment. If division identification is important, it is written 1/25/4 (1st Battalion, 25th Regiment, 4th Division).




# IWO JIMA

[*Continued from page* 41]

read. Kuribayashi spent some time in Buffalo and sketched a picture of his landlady for the boy: "This big, tattooed lady tidies Daddy's room. She is bigger than a sumo wrestler. She is a kind woman, and it is good for Daddy to practice English conversation with her."

When Kuribayashi left Fort Bliss after studying cavalry training, Brig. Gen. George V. H. Mosely gave him a portrait of himself, inscribing it: "With high regard and esteem. I shall never forget our happy association together in America. Best wishes to you and Japan."

Kuribayashi returned to Japan for a short reunion with Yoshii, who resented the fact that Japan could not afford to send her with her husband, as other countries did. But in 1931 he was sent to Ottawa as military attaché. Again he had the opportunity to see America, and he wrote to Yoshii: "The United States is the last country in the world that Japan should fight. Its industrial potentiality is huge and fabulous, and the people are energetic and versatile. One must never underestimate the American's fighting ability."

Kuribayashi began at once to push his plan on Iwo. No attempt must be made to hold the beaches. He would station only automatic weapons and infantry there, holding his main forces in the north and dug into Suribachi. Once the enemy landed, he would be exposed on the isthmus and could be destroyed by artillery, rockets, and mortars. If they succeeded in advancing northward, Kuribayashi would retreat slowly, exacting the highest possible toll as he withdrew. This was his assignment—to give up the island at the greatest cost to the enemy.

One of Kuribayashi's first decisions was that the civilians must go, and as soon as shipping could be found, they were sent off to Japan. By the end of July, only servicemen and Korean laborers remained. The General decided, too, that the program of tunnel and cave development must be pressed. There were many natural caves on the island, and the ground was excellent for tunneling. The soft volcanic stone could be cut with hand tools. Cave specialists came from Japan to make measurements and ground tests and draw blueprints for fortifications. From experience in China, they knew that good ventilation could be assured if entrances and exits were built at different levels, and they knew how to lay out tunnels to neutralize blast shocks near the openings.

During the summer, the garrison was doubled by the arrival of 7,350 Army troops and 2,300 Navy men. With the latter came a new commander, Rear Adm. Toshinosuke Ichimaru. He arrived on August 4, the same day on which he was appointed. One minute he was commanding the Oi Naval Air Wing, a flight training center near Tokyo, and the next minute he was en route to Iwo Jima. It had not happened quite that fast, but it almost seemed to.

Admiral Ichimaru had been a cripple since 1926, when he crashed in an experimental plane. His right leg had been broken and had not healed properly. The deformity made him limp, and he bitterly resented that he was only allowed training commands. To take up his time, he wrote poetry, in both the 31-syllable and 17-syllable styles; he even tried classic Chinese style, comparable to writing in ancient Greek or Latin. His poetry was of high quality, and his calligraphy was exquisite.

When told that at last he was to have a combat assignment, he immediately set down his joy in a poem.

By midsummer, the artillery was arriving and also a new weapon, the rocket gun. The Japanese Army had been working many years to perfect these guns for use in breaking out of static situations, such as river crossings or cliff scalings. Seventy guns were ready, and they and their crews were ordered to Iwo Jima under Capt. Yoshio Yokoyama. The 20cm. (8-inch)

type was fired from a barrel that could be assembled in parts. The 40cm. (16-inch) rocket was fired from a wooden chute. In theory, the smaller rocket had a range of 2,400 yards, the larger of 3,600 yards. Actually, there was little chance of accuracy. One advantage was that the launching frames could be quickly dismantled and moved or hidden.

Six new split trail 75mm. mountain guns arrived in July and were placed around Osaka Yama (Hill 362A) to cover the second airfield and the western beaches. The anti-tank gun units also came in, the first being the 8th Independent Battalion with Capt. Hajime Shimizu commanding. He had only four 47mm. automatic cannon. Lt. Goro Wakatsuki set up two of them north of a quarry that overlooked the east beaches and the other two at the cliff overlooking a boat basin on the east shore. Over the next three months, the 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th Battalions arrived, but none of them was at full strength. The sinking of supply ships between Japan and Iwo by American planes and submarines was beginning to take a heavy toll. Many guns were lost en route, others arrived without optical sights, and most of the battalions were short of men. Captain Shimizu, for example, had 190 men, instead of 260, and the full complement never did show up.

The 26th Tank Regiment, homeward bound from North Manchuria, arrived in Yokohama in the first days of July, and the men were given 10 days' leave. The commanding officer, Lt. Col. Takeichi Nishi, spent several days with his family in Tokyo and then visited Imperial General Headquarters to receive new orders. He was delighted to find that he was being assigned to General Kuribayashi's command. Both cavalrymen, graduates of the elite Cavalry School, they were closely bound by their love of horses, despite differences in age, rank, and social status.

Nishi, a baron, was of an old and wealthy family. The most famous horseman in Japan, he had competed throughout Europe in 1930, creating for himself the classic image of the cavalryman—a dashing fellow, daring on the field, irresistible in the boudoir, and unquenchable at the bar. He returned from Europe 20,000 yen poorer, but with a wild horse he had bought from the Italians for $500. Both sides considered it a bargain—the Italians had gotten rid of a horse no one could ride, and the Baron had acquired at small price a beast that thoroughly challenged him.

"If that's a really headstrong horse," he had said, "it's just the one for me, a headstrong man," and he bought Uranus, a stallion of Anglo-Norman stock.

The stories of his escapades preceded him to Japan, and when he returned, he had to face the Baroness. But she was a wise and beautiful woman, and she only smiled. She had heard such tales before, and she knew that her husband was only 28 and must have his fling. In the end, he would return to her.

In 1932, Nishi took Uranus to the Olympics in Los Angeles, and again his charm and vitality conquered all, even the intense anti-Oriental feeling of the West Coast. On the afternoon of August 14, the Baron and Uranus won the gold medal for Japan in the Prix des Nations, the individual jump event. As the newspapermen crowded around him, the Baron said very simply, "We won it," meaning himself and the horse, himself and Japan.

Before his return to Japan many stories were circulated—of the Baron and Hollywood actresses, of the Baron and prodigious drinking feats, of the Baron and Americans who implored him to stay in the United States. But he went home, faced the Baroness again, and bought a motorboat named *Uranus II* and a 12-cylinder, gold-painted Packard, both of which he raced at high speed.

But now he was 43, and age and the cold winds of Manchuria had cooled his youthful ardors. The Baroness was winning her waiting game.

On his last day in Tokyo, Baron Nishi went out to the Imperial Veterinarians School in the suburb of Setagaya to say good-by to Uranus. The horse was now 25 years old, and the Baron caressed him and clipped a bit of his mane to keep in his inner pocket.

"I am a man misunderstood by many all through my life," the Baron said to his aide. "This horse understood me."

The 26th Tank Regiment sailed from Yokohama on July 14, 600 men and 28 tanks in the *Nisshu Maru*. In other vessels of the convoy were 7,000 troops and the tank regiment's remaining 13 tanks. Three days later, as the convoy approached Chichi Jima, the submarine USS *Cobia* (SS245) closed on it and launched torpedoes. The *Nisshu Maru* was struck astern and began to sink slowly. Only two men of the 26th Tank Regiment were lost, but the vessel went down with 28 tanks—a hard blow for the defense of Iwo Jima.

When his aide told Nishi that only two men had been lost, the Baron replied: "The loss was immense to the two men and to their families."

The regiment arrived in Iwo Jima a few days later and took up position near Motoyama. Kuribayashi received Nishi as a younger brother, and they talked, when there was time, of the old cavalry days. Kuribayashi was beloved by all cavalrymen. In 1939, when he had headed the Cavalry Administration Bureau in the War Ministry, he had organized a contest to pick a cavalry song and had personally selected the winning entry. It was *Aiba Shingunka* (*The Military Horses March*) by Nobuo Kuboi, an unknown poet. The song became a classic in Japan. The opening verse could have special meaning for any cavalryman, particularly Nishi:

*For many a month since we left the homeland*
*We have marched across mountains and rivers*
*This beloved horse with whom I share life and death,*
*The horse and I are comrades, blooded through the rein.*

But there was little time for sentiment. Saipan had fallen on July 9, Tinian on August 1, and Guam on August 10. The Marianas were gone. If the Americans could not be thrown back from the beaches in the Marianas, they could not be stopped at any beach.

Late in August, reinforced in his arguments by the debacle in the Marianas, General Kuribayashi made his final proposal:

1. The Japanese forces would not open fire against enemy landing vessels.

2. No opposition to enemy troops would be made at the beaches.

3. When the enemy had penetrated 500 yards, automatic weapons near Chidori (Airfield No. 1) would open fire, supported by artillery in Suribachi and on the Motoyama plateau.

4. The main defense would be made from the underground installations in the north, and no attrition would be attempted at Chidori. After initial fire, all guns at Chidori would withdraw to the north.

In addition, food supplies were to be built up to a reserve of 75 days. Allowing for casualties, it was expected that this might be stretched to 150 days. Weapons and ammunition were to be conserved to the utmost. No resupply could be expected.

Tunneling was to be pressed, with the hope that all strongpoints in the north could be connected. The total would be 26 kilometers, including a tunnel from Motoyama to Suribachi.

The plan, violating all Japanese military doctrine, was not popular, but it was inevitable.

The assault on Iwo Jima was also inevitable. General Hap Arnold of the Army Air Forces realized that as early as July 14, 1944 and recommended it. The Marines were just finishing Saipan and still had Guam and Tinian ahead, but Arnold was thinking of VLR (the Very Long Range bomber program) and the B-29. He drew a line from the Marianas to Japan, and it ran right through Iwo Jima. The B-29's must have it as a fall-back, and the P-51's would need it to give them fighter escort.

The VLR bomber concept was a bold one. As early as May, 1941, Boeing Aircraft Company had been ordered to proceed when ready with the production of the B-29 Superfortress. The order, for a plane twice the size of any then in use, was based only on a wooden mock-up and several tons of blueprints. No such plane had ever flown. Late in 1941, when the first one lifted off the runway, 1,664 of the giant planes were on order. In the service they called this the "$3 billion gamble."

It paid off, because the plane turned out to be the battleship of the skies, 65 tons of gleaming silver, too proud even for camouflage. The Superfortress had a range of 3,500 miles with a four-ton bomb load, against the B-17's 2,400 miles and 2-ton

bomb load. Four special Wright engines gave it a speed of 350 miles per hour, a good 50 miles per hour better than the last evolution of the B-17. In addition it had a pressurized cabin, central fire control and power turrets.

From the beginning it appeared that the B-29 would be too late for the European Theater (in fact it was never used there). But by the time the Marianas campaign was in full swing, the Army had 500 B-29's with crews ready to go. It was then that General Arnold recommended Iwo Jima. It was the only island between the Marianas and Japan where airfields could be built to handle B-29's.

In October, 1944, with the approval of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the headquarters of Adm. Chester Nimitz prepared a plan for the Iwo Jima operation. It was called "Operation Detachment," a name later forgotten by everyone. Iwo Jima was never called anything but "Iwo Jima," an ugly name for an ugly place.

The conception was simple: Assault, reduce, and capture a rock in the sea, across a moat 700 miles wide. With the advanced state of the amphibious art, there was full confidence that it could be done. The Navy would cut off the Japanese sea and air forces, transport the troops, and put them ashore; the Marines would take the island, the Army would garrison it, and the Air Force would use it. Speed was essential. Much of the shipping would be needed for the Okinawa invasion, scheduled right behind Iwo.

The team assigned to Iwo Jima was superb—the very men who had perfected the amphibious techniques from Guadalcanal to Guam. Nearly every problem, it was believed, had been met and mastered along the way, from the jungles of Guadalcanal up through the Solomons, and across the Central Pacific from the bloody reefs of Tarawa to the mountains of the Marianas.

Yet Iwo was different, and the difference was recognized. It had no jungles, no coral reefs, no mountains; it was nothing but a stone fortress set far out in the sea. To an astute Marine eye, it was apparent at once that the battle would mean frontal assault. If they were lucky, the Marines could close quickly and kill the defenders. It was hoped the job could be done in two weeks. It took nearly five.

The command:

1. Admiral Spruance, USN, over-all command.
2. Vice Adm. Richmond Kelly Turner, USN, Joint Expeditionary Force Commander.
3. Lt. Gen. Holland M. Smith, USMC, Commanding General, Expeditionary Troops.
4. Maj. Gen. Harry Schmidt, USMC, Commander Landing Force. His force, the largest Marine force ever to fight under single command, included:

(a) Fourth Marine Division, Maj. Gen. Clifton B. Cates.
(b) Fifth Marine Division, Maj. Gen. Keller E. Rockey.
(c) In Reserve, Third Marine Division, Maj. Gen. Graves B. Erskine.

Considering the size of the objective, the force assigned to capture and develop Iwo Jima was tremendous. Admiral Turner's command alone totaled 485 ships, including four command ships, eight battleships, 12 aircraft carriers, 19 cruisers, 44 destroyers, 43 transports, 63 LST's, and 31 LSM's. Adding Task Force 58 and supply and auxiliary ships, the armada came to more than 800 vessels. The Marine assault forces for Iwo Jima totaled 70,647 troops, and counting the Army garrison and Navy men assigned for duty ashore only, the entire expeditionary force aggregated 111,308 men. If the crews of Turner's ships and of Task Force 58 are added in, the entire force totaled well over a quarter of a million men.

But this array of power deceived no one, least of all the Marines. After Tarawa, the Marianas, and Peleliu, there were no illusions left. Iwo Jima would be a return to war in primitive style. Naval gunfire, planes, and artillery would be of some assistance, but there would be no room for mass or maneuver. This would be a battle of man to man, a battle of caves and tunnels, of flame and satchel charges, knives and bayonets, the rifle and the grenade.

Looking back after the battle, General Smith disclosed the fears he felt for the Marines, with whom he had served for 40 years:

"I was not afraid of the outcome of the battle. I knew we would win. We always had. But contemplation of the cost in lives caused me many sleepless nights." Disagreements with the Navy added to General Smith's anxiety.

The General, nearing 63, was going on his last campaign. This did not improve his temper, which as early as 1906 in the Philippines had earned him the nickname of "Howlin' Mad Smith." He'd been mad ever since, as fiercely partisan for the Marines as Admiral Turner was for the Navy. The operation now developing would do nothing to soothe the feelings between them.

One serious difference arose in the planning. On October 24 Major General Schmidt asked the Navy for 10 days of bombardment by a cruiser division and three battleships before the landing. Admiral Turner rejected that. He said ships would not be available; they could not be rearmed in time for D-Day, and the bombardment would result in "loss of surprise." There would be no surprise at Iwo Jima. Kuribayashi was ready.

General Schmidt made his second request on November 8. This time he asked for nine days' bombardment. Again he was refused. Admiral Turner replied that the Navy's original plan would stand—three days of bombardment.

Howlin' Mad Smith got into the argument then. The truth was that the Navy was planning its first big offensive showpiece —an attack on the Japanese homeland by Task Force 58—in conjunction with the Iwo Jima invasion. General Smith felt that this dramatic sortie—partly planned, no doubt, to counteract the growing glamor of the B-29 offensive—was strictly secondary.

"I could not forget," he wrote later, "the sight of Marines floating in the lagoon or lying on the beaches of Tarawa, men who died assaulting defenses which should have been taken out by naval gunfire."

On November 24, Harry Schmidt asked for just one more day of bombardment—four days instead of three. This request got as far as Admiral Spruance. He said it was not feasible, because the bombardment should be simultaneous with his carrier strikes against Japan, and they were planned to last only three days.

Snorted Howlin' Mad Smith in his memoirs: "To my way of thinking—and I am sure I was right—the operation was planned for the capture of Iwo Jima, but Spruance permitted the attack on Japan to overshadow the real objective." Colonel Robert Heinl, the Marine historian, said that canceling the fourth day of bombardment was "a costly irony and an example of a subsidiary operation overriding the primary objective."

By early February, the pieces of the giant puzzle began falling into place. The Third Division started loading at Guam; ships bringing the rest of the force arrived in the Marianas, singly and in groups of a dozen to a hundred. Planes brought in vital spare parts, some all the way from the United States. Welding torches burned all night, making repairs. Supply ships ran up masthead lights to help the small boats find them—three vertical green for fresh food, three vertical red for dry stores. Ships awaiting service kept spotlights on their bow numbers through the night. Small boats churned through the crowded anchorages with guard mail, maps, the latest intelligence summaries, hydrographic reports. In thousands of corners, seeking privacy, Marines wrote that last letter home. They were allowed to say they were at sea, going into combat—nothing more except that they could make "general statements about the weather." In the *Eldorado*, Admiral Turner's new command ship, Howlin' Mad Smith paced the deck, waiting, as were all the men, for action. The waiting is the worst.

On Iwo Jima, Autumn Worship of the Imperial Ancestors had been celebrated on September 23 with gifts of imperial cake and a package of cigarettes, and the next day it was back to work. The tunneling was progressing well, except around Motoyama, where the volcanic fire was close to the surface. Using picks and shovels, and lines of soldiers to pass out the rock and sand in buckets, the men worked in shifts from 3 a.m. to 11 p.m. The passages had to be at least 30 feet below ground, for protection from heavy bombardment, but near the

volcano the men could work only eight to 10 minutes at a time. The underground temperature often rose to 160 degrees, and they wore masks against the fumes.

Within Suribachi, a seven-story gallery was undertaken. Specifications called for 35 feet of overhead cover, all caves to be at least five feet wide, 35 feet long, and five feet high. The walls were plastered, and steam, electricity, and water were piped in. Some caves were shored and cribbed with logs, driftwood, and parts of wrecked aircraft. The blast revetments were of concrete. All entrances, in the mountain and elsewhere, were angled at 90 degrees a few feet inside, to protect against flamethrowers, artillery, and demolition charges. Drainage was good and, where necessary, the caves were cleverly vented at the top for escape of steam and sulphur fumes.

In the north, two very heavy fortifications were built—one near Motoyama for central communications and control of all artillery fire, and the other just south of Kita Point. The latter, General Kuribayashi's headquarters, consisted of a cave system connected by 500 feet of tunnels as much as 75 feet underground. Three small concreted rooms were the personal war room of the General, and there were other sections for the staff, coding, and communications. Niches for sleeping were cut in the passageways. The main communications blockhouse, above the surface, was 150 feet long and 70 feet wide, with walls five feet thick and a roof 10 feet thick. Inside, 10 radio operators were always on duty.

South of Motoyama on Nidan Iwa (Hill 382), highest point on the island after Suribachi, the Japanese constructed a radio and weather station. But the main fortification here was a giant blockhouse on Tamana Yama (Turkey Knob), east and south of Nidan Iwa. General Kuribayashi called Col. Chosaku Kaido down from Imperial GHQ on Chichi Jima 140 miles to the north in October to command all artillery on the island. The Colonel decreed that all artillery would be controlled from his headquarters in the Tamana Yama blockhouse. Like the one in the north, this one had walls of reinforced concrete and a roof thick enough to withstand the heaviest bombardment.

Osaka Yama (Hill 362A) had no less than four tunnel systems, the largest containing a thousand feet of passageways and seven entrances on three sides of the hill. Inside was a natural cavern 68 feet underground, with a main chamber 20 by 80 feet and numerous alcoves. Another system had 340 feet of tunnels serving anti-aircraft guns on top of the hill. It was possible to enter at several places on the back of the cliff and pass up ammunition to the guns through four shafts.

Water was a serious problem. The island had not a single stream, and the ground was so porous it would not hold water. Around Motoyama the civilians had dug hundreds of cisterns, carving them from the soft stone at various levels, so that when one filled it would overflow into the next lower one. The roofs of the buildings were also piped into the cisterns to catch rain. But the cisterns could not supply 20,000 troops, so work parties were set to digging wells and erecting storage tanks. It was an absolute rule that water could be used only for drinking. Even so, the last water in the cisterns gave out on October 26. Every day the men looked for rain, but none came.

Colonel Nishi strode around the island in his cavalry boots, superintending his men in burying their tanks, or dismounting the turrets and hiding them in the rocks so that not even the barrels showed. This narrowed the field of fire, but the guns were aimed right—straight down the island, from where the enemy would have to come to capture the high ground.

It was thought, at first, that Nishi's tanks might rove the island as a sort of "ranger battalion," but this quickly proved to be unfeasible because of the terrain. The tanks went into the ground.

Occasionally, the Colonel could be seen riding horseback, a strange sight on the island. He urged Kuribayashi to ride, too, but the General would not. He preferred to walk, or to ride in a motorcycle sidecar. The Colonel finally gave up riding, too, after one horse was killed by bomb fragments. He still carried the whip he had used on Uranus at the Olympics, and in the pocket over his heart were the wisps from the horse's mane.

There was one surprise left for Nishi. In October he was sent to Tokyo to see if he could get more tanks and other weapons. He finally returned in December with 22 tanks, but he had a sore trial at home. He was suffering from "Iwo sickness," as were most of the men, and it was intimated to him that he did not have to return to the island if he did not wish to.

"I cannot do that," he said. "My men are waiting for me." He said good-by to the Baroness once more and patted the children on the head as they crowded around him. He knew what they were thinking, and he said: "A serviceman is not always required to die. Your father will not die meaninglessly. I will try as tenaciously as possible to live." He refused his eldest son, Yasunori, permission to go to the airport with him. The Baroness watched the Army car carry him away. They had been married more than 20 years and had lived together less than seven.

By December, most of Iwo's defenses were in place, the real ones and the dummy ones. Many false positions were built of wooden frames, covered with sand and rock, and even false "fire lanes" were laid out. The "tanks" were moved often, to confuse aerial reconnaissance, and every position, real or false, was camouflaged with great skill.

*Kamikaze* scarves were given out late in the year, and some units wore them to a man. This was the *hachimaki,* the white headband worn for centuries by *samurai.* Many men wore *sennimbari* sent from home, the cotton band of one thousand stitches. Wrapped around the belly, it warded off enemy bullets.

In the pillboxes, the men pasted up the "Courageous Battle Vow":

Above all else we shall dedicate ourselves and our entire strength to the defense of this island.

We shall grasp bombs, charge the enemy tanks, and destroy them.

We shall infiltrate into the midst of the enemy and annihilate them.

With every salvo we will, without fail, kill the enemy.

Each man will make it his duty to kill 10 of the enemy before dying.

Until we are destroyed to the last man, we shall harass the enemy by guerrilla tactics.

There was no final liberty at Saipan, and no grand farewell. The ships sailed in echelons, on a careful schedule, Spike Blandy's vessels leading the way on February 13. Rear Adm. W. H. P. Blandy's group included the minesweepers, the Underwater Demolition Teams in the LCI gunboats, and the bombardment ships—six battleships, five cruisers, 16 destroyers, and a dozen aircraft carriers.

For three days—February 16, 17 and 18—prior to D-Day this fleet stood off Iwo Jima and pounded the island with everything they had.

On February 15 the first of the assault ships got under way; LST's carrying Marines of the Fourth and Fifth Divisions who would be in the first landing waves, the LCS (L)'s, which were special LCI's fitted out as rocket boats, and other landing craft. The main body of transports left on February 16, carrying the bulk of the Fourth and Fifth Divisions and supporting elements, as well as the Third Division's 21st Regiment, in LST's. Last to leave Saipan was the remainder of the Third Division in transports, sailing February 17.

When Saipan dropped from sight behind them, every man knew he was committed, the Marines most of all. The next land he would see would be alien, an island set far out in the sea. In training they had called it "Island X," or "Workman Island." For the past two weeks they had known it by its real name, Iwo Jima, and studied every feature of it on relief maps, in plaster or rubber. Now there was nothing to do but wait and prepare.

On the morning of D-Day, February 19, 1945, the island was there, rising darkly from the sea against the gray horizon. It seemed strange to find it there, after so many days on the open sea. It looked alien, in an indefinable way. To correspondent

John Marquand, it was Japanese, with the "faint delicate colors of a painting on a scroll of silk." To Cpl. William Gadwah, a rifleman in 3/26/5 and a veteran of the jungle campaigns, it looked like "either a pushover or a son of a bitch." To a young lieutenant, the island, swathed in the mists of morning, was "a God-forsaken place."

But it was not just "another goddam island." It was Japanese, it was Iwo Jima, it was part of the enemy's homeland. No foreigner had ever set foot on it. From the sea, it appeared barren and lifeless, no trees, no growing things, no trace of human life. On the left, clouds hid the top of Suribachi, its gray sides rising steeply from the sea, and to the north, the island widened out suddenly, with high bluffs along the shore. Between the two lay the beaches, black and narrow, the terraces thrusting up sharply before the ground leveled off.

In the LST's and the transports, the men had been up since 3 a.m. The last meal, in Navy tradition, was steak, an ominous breakfast. The wind was eight knots from the north, and the surf on the landing beaches was relatively low, only three feet.

At Dawn Alert, Admiral Turner appeared briefly on the bridge of the *Eldorado* in his old bathrobe. As usual, he seemed utterly alone, but he was not without his own sardonic humor. The night before, listening to a Japanese broadcast that he would never leave Iwo Jima alive, he had scribbled a note to Spruance: "Maybe you'd better come rescue me."

By 6:30 a.m., all transports were in position, and 10 minutes later the bombardment began. It was awesome, the heaviest prelanding bombardment in history. The bombardment fleet now consisted of seven battleships, four heavy cruisers, and three light cruisers. With the destroyers and smaller vessels they began execution of the plan, "Schedule of Fires, Dog-Day."

The plan, painstakingly printed in three colors and stamped "Top Secret," had been under study in the vessels for weeks. Every shell, every mortar barrage of the day's firing was planned. Each vessel was assigned the time of fire, number of shells, and target area. Not a foot of the island, from Suribachi to Airfield No. 2, was to be left clear of fire.

At first it was slow, deliberate shelling. The battleships, two on the west coast and five on the east, opened with 75 rounds each in the first 80 minutes. The cruisers fired 100 rounds each in a barrage that shook the island and the sea around it. Clouds of dust began to rise from Iwo Jima, at times almost obscuring it.

The gunfire stopped a few minutes after 8 a.m., on schedule, and 120 carrier planes flew in from north of the island. Among them was one Marine squadron of 48 planes, led by Lt. Col. William A. Millington. This was one of the few times Marines saw their own planes in close support, and Millington's orders were: "Go in and scrape your bellies on the beach."

Coming in from the south in two columns, the planes worked north up the landing beaches, dropping napalm on the first run. Some of the fire bombs failed to ignite, but the others spread billows of flame along the coast, and the Marines cheered. The planes came back for rocket and strafing runs, working low over the beaches for 20 minutes. Marines in the assault waves, boated and waiting to land, shouted and pounded each other.

The Army sent 44 Liberators from the Marianas, but only 15 reached Iwo Jima, dropping a haphazard 19 tons of bombs on the island. At Spruance's insistence they came in at less than 10,000 feet. He had at first refused to have them over the beachhead at all, so worried was he by their poor aim.

The naval bombardment resumed at 8:25 a.m., all fire aimed on the beaches. For the Navy, this had to be it. The first assault wave was at the Line of Departure and would start in at 8:30. The battleships belched salvo after salvo in sheets of orange flame, the concussions shattering the sea beneath the guns and the force thrusting the big ships back in the water. Above the thunderous roar of the 16-inch guns, the sharper crack of the 5- and 8-inch guns of the destroyers and cruisers pierced the air in the mightiest H-hour cannonade the Marines had ever experienced. More than 8,000 shells smashed into the beach area in less than 30 minutes. Deep underground, in Suribachi and in the north, the Japanese waited, stunned for the moment by the concussions.

The assault force had been forming offshore since 6:30 a.m. Admiral Turner, in perfect calm, had given the order at 6:45 a.m.: "Land the Landing Force." The sea, once so empty, was now crowded with vessels stretching nearly 10 miles from shore. In 500 ships the plan for yet another amphibious operation began to unfold. Hatches opened, cargo booms went out, boats were put in the water, cargo nets were slung down the sides of ships. Radio circuits crackled into life, telephones rang throughout the ships, and thousands of engines, gasoline and diesel, were started.

The Line of Departure, LD, was established at 7:30 a.m., two miles offshore and parallel to the beach, a control vessel marking either end. Along the line, tiny vessels marked out the boat lanes, and the Assistant Division Commanders went to the line as observers, Brigadier General Hart for the Fourth and Brigadier General Hermle for the Fifth. The LST's opened their bow doors, and assault Marines launched in their LVT's, armored amphibious tanks armed with 75mm. howitzers and three machine guns. They would climb 50 yards inland and form a ring of fire for the following waves.

Boated and circling, the first three waves were ready at the line of departure by 8:15 a.m. From the air they looked like water bugs, trailing white-plumed wakes. The sun was stronger now, and the island was many shades of brown and yellow. In a smart breeze, tiny pennants snapped from hundreds of mastheads. It was a fine day.

The Central Control vessel dipped her pennant exactly at 8:30 a.m., releasing the first wave of assault troops, and the battle was on. Sixty-eight LVT(A)'s of the 2nd Armored Amphibian Battalion crossed the line and headed in, naval shells still whistling overhead. The LCI's moved in for the last mortar barrage of 20,000 rounds, and the second assault wave crossed the line, 1,360 Marines in LVT's. Eight more waves formed behind them, ready to land at five-minute intervals. In less than 45 minutes there should be 9,000 men ashore.

The first LVT(A)'s hit the sand on Beach Red 1 at 8:59 a.m., one minute ahead of time, and in the next three minutes on every beach from Suribachi to the cliffs, except Blue 2. Before them, only a few feet inland and rising nearly straight up, was the first terrace, from 10 to 15 feet high and composed only of loose sand. It was quickly apparent that only tracked vehicles could make it, and not all of them. The amphtracs attacked it, and some got to the first plateau, grinding up the face in showers of sand. Some churned 50 to 75 yards inland on the center and north beaches, but down near Suribachi the cliff was impassable. The LVT (A)'s plopped back into the water, swam out, and turned to fire from the sea.

For the first few minutes there was no fire from the defenders, and the leading waves of troops scrambled from their LVT's and began to climb the terrace. It was like climbing a waterfall. Loaded down with equipment, from the 51 pounds carried by a medical corpsman to the 122 pounds of a mortarman, the men "swam" up the sea of volcanic sand, fighting to reach the harder ground of the first plateau. There was, as yet, no fire against them. Kuribayashi's plan was holding up well; let them swarm onto the plain and then annihilate them.

The third wave, with 1,200 men, beached at 9:07 a.m., and five minutes later nearly 1,600 men came in on the fourth wave. Other waves of men were right behind, ready to fall on the shore almost as regularly as the surf. Kuribayashi's time had almost come. A desultory rattle of small-arms fire began to come from the nearest Japanese lines.

As strength ashore began to build, Col. John R. Lanigan's 25th Regiment formed and started to move, turning to the right toward the quarry 400 yards inland to the north of the beaches. Col. Walter Wensinger's 23rd moved straight in toward Airfield No. 1. Next to them to the south, Col. Thomas A. Wornham's 27th Regiment drove inland to curve around west of the airfield. The 28th of Col. Harry B. Liversedge raced straight ahead with three jobs: to cut across the narrowest part of the island, turn south to take Suribachi, and turn north to help take Airfield No. 1. The first of these jobs fell to the 28th's

1st Battalion, Lt. Col. Jackson B. Butterfield; the second to the 2nd Battalion, Lt. Col. Chandler W. Johnson; and the third to the 3rd Battalion, Lt. Col. Charles E. Shepard, Jr.

Nearest Suribachi, Captain Osada's 312th Independent Infantry Battalion was waiting. Major Matsushita's 10th Independent Anti-Tank Battalion lay behind Yellow Beach 1, in front of the slope leading to the main runway of Airfield No. 1. Just north of that, behind Yellow 2, was Captain Awatsu's 309th Independent Infantry Battalion. It is no longer possible to say how many are still alive, but of Matsushita's 300 men, six were alive when the battle ended. The 312th and the 309th had each started out about 800 strong. Of the 1,600 men, 42 survived the battle.

The first 30 minutes ashore were surprising. An occasional mortar shell burst on the beach, and there was a light haze of small-arms fire, almost like a breeze on the prairie.

Lt. Wesley C. Bates of the 28th scrambled to the top of the terrace and lay there, exhausted and sick to his stomach. The battle was not 10 minutes old, and so far was like nothing he had been led to expect. The 24-year-old Texan (he'd celebrated his birthday a month before) had the 2nd Platoon of C Company. To his right, he knew, was 2nd Lt. Fred J. Huckler, with the 1st Platoon, and to his left was (or should be) Lt. Frank J. Wright of Pittsburgh with the 1st Platoon of B Company. For a moment, Bates allowed himself to hope that the Japanese had secretly withdrawn from the island.

Sgt. Thorborn M. Thostenson and a corporal ran to the first pillbox. They threw three or four grenades, and the corporal ran inside. He came out with his bayonet dripping blood, trotted to a second pillbox, and jumped on top of it. Fire from another pillbox killed him. Bates' dream was shattered.

Leapfrogging forward in little bunches, the men began to pass the pillboxes, blowing some and bypassing others. The sun was getting hot, and so was the mortar and small-arms fire.

Bates reached the opposite shore of the island at about 10:30 a.m. It had taken just 90 minutes to cross the isthmus, but only four or five men remained with him. The island could not yet be called cut in half. Turning back to look for his platoon sergeant, Lewis G. Pickens, Bates walked erect with a rifle in his left hand, unaware for the moment of any opposition.

As he came in sight of his company, some less than 150 yards in from the landing beach, Bates waved for them to come on. They waved him back, and almost instantly he knew why. A machine gun to his left opened fire, and a bullet broke his left forearm. Even as he fell he thought, "Oh, oh, Purple Heart." Then he saw a private, beating his bleeding head against his rifle butt and eating sand. A corpsman was running to help the private, and that was all Bates remembered for a while.

When his head cleared, he got up and rallied some men near him. The fire was intense now, and the noise and detonation of big shells all around was nearly suffocating. The lieutenant was afraid for a moment that they were cut off on the western side. But men were coming through, incredible though it was.

Taking Suribachi had been drilled into 2/28/5 until they thought it would mean the end of the war, and they piled ashore on Green Beach with fierce determination. It was after 9:30 a.m., and the Japanese in the mountain had now recovered from the naval bombardment. Heavy mortar fire was falling, and the gunfire came in short, purposeful bursts—no target, no fire. Some LVT's made it to the beach, others barely got through the surf line, and none could climb the terraces. The men piled out and scrambled for cover, splayed flat against the terraces, crouching in shell holes, and realizing, suddenly, that others were being hit. The beach was jammed with men, waiting, it seemed, for leadership—and then it came. Up the beach, erect and contemptuous of the fire, strode a short, fat man shouting "Okay, you bastards, let's get the hell off this beach!" It was the battalion commander, Lt. Col. Chandler W. Johnson, and by the sheer force of his personality, the men were lifted off the beach and started inland for Suribachi.

Right behind Johnson ran the battalion adjutant, 2nd Lt. G. Greely Wells, a map case bobbing at his belt. In the case, for a very good reason, was an American flag. At rehearsals, each officer stood and recited his duties, and Wells always ended with the phrase ". . . and I carry the flag." Johnson would growl, "Why?" and Wells would reply, "Because it says so here." It became something of a joke in the battalion. At Guam, just before the battalion transferred from the *Missoula* to its LST, Wells had gotten his flag from the transport's office, and he had it with him now.

Lt. Charles F. Suver climbed to the top on an LVT in the tank deck of LST 634. It was 5:30 a.m. and time to say Mass, for he was a Jesuit and a chaplain of the 2nd Battalion. Afterward, the men stood quietly near their vehicles, eating sandwiches and coffee, and Father Suver, in his Jesuit way, mused on the difference between courage and fearlessness. "A courageous man," he decided, "goes on fulfilling his duty despite the fear gnawing away inside. Many men are fearless, for many different reasons, but fewer are courageous. I hope I have courage, for I will never again be fearless." They went in with ninth wave—Suver, Capt. Arthur H. Naylor, 2nd Lt. George W. Haynes and a lot of others. The chaplain remembered now that, some days before, Wells had said he was going to get a flag from the transport. Haynes said, "You get the flag and I'll get it up to the top of Suribachi." Father Suver added: "You get it up and I'll say Mass under it."

On the next beach to the north, Maj. John W. Antonelli took Companies E and F of 2/27/5 in over Red Beach 1 in the first waves. PFC Harold L. Pedersen, a machine gunner from Williston, North Dakota, had no trouble remembering the date; it was his 22nd birthday. Thirty-eight days later he walked off the island carrying the only gun left of the dozen his company started out with. He also carried 38 days of beard and was a good deal older than 22 years and 38 days.

The 1st Battalion of the 27th went into action alongside the 2nd, landing on Red 2, led by Lt. Col. John A. Butler. But the confusion was beginning. Company B went in on the left of Company C, instead of the right. There was no time to rectify this, so Company A was thrown in where Company B should have been, and the battalion quickly advanced across the southern end of Airfield No. 1. En route the regimental exec, Col. Louis C. Plain, was shot in the arm but finished an inspection and report before being evacuated. Crossing the beach, unreeling wire as he ran, Cpl. Robert M. Blankenship 3rd of Company A, smiled to himself. He remembered his sergeant's last words as they boated up on LST 756: "I'll kill the first son of a a bitch that says 'This is it.' " No one did.

Leading a machine-gun platoon of 1/27 past the southern end of the airfield, heading for the west coast, was a big-eared Italian boy, handsome and dark. It was Manila John, or, more formally, Gunnery Sgt. John Basilone, and there were few things he liked better than soldiering. He never tried high school, but he did a hitch in the Army, and by 1940 was in the Marines. One night on Guadalcanal in October, 1942, he held off a Japanese assault with two machine guns and a pistol, hauling his own ammunition. His Medal of Honor was the first won by an enlisted Marine in World War II, and now he was back doing what he liked best. "I'm a plain soldier. I want to stay one," he had said, turning down a commission. Behind him was that afternoon in 1943 when 30,000 people turned out to honor him on Doris Duke's estate near his home in Raritan, New Jersey. He'd been kissed by a starlet, had his portrait unveiled in the town hall, and been given a $5,000 bond.

For Manila John there was now only one objective, the west coast, and he ran for it, his men behind him. It was barely 10:30 a.m. A mortar shell thudded and burst, and five men were dead, one of them Manila John. As he lay on his face, his arms sprawled out in front of him, one could almost see the tattoo on his left arm—"Death before Dishonor." The Navy Cross was awarded to him posthumously.

On Blue 1, farthest north under the cliff, 1/25/4 came ashore and scrambled to get off the beach. Lt. Col. Hollis Mustain rallied the men, and they struck out for the airfield to circle around and take the top of the Quarry. This was the key move of the whole day. The heights must be captured to stop

that terrible fire on the beaches. Early progress was surprisingly good.

By noon the tempo of battle was furious. Destroyers were crowding closer in, and even the *Tennessee* was standing less than a mile off Suribachi, blasting at the mountain. The Japanese fire was intense, and unless it was stopped the beaches would be untenable. Smoke and dust rose from the island, and fire came from everywhere. Overhead in a Navy plane, William F. Tyree of United Press said the island looked like "a fat pork chop sizzling in the skillet."

The enemy was definitely suffering artillery loss. All heavy guns in Suribachi were silenced within three hours of the landing, as were many more in the hills to the north. Much small arm and machine-gun fire had been wiped out in the neck of the island, but from the north the medium-calibre fire, both mortar and artillery, was extremely heavy. These guns, so artfully hidden, simply could not be found from a distance. And shortly after noon the rocket guns were given permission to fire.

Since the rocket guns were freakish, the 20cm. ones firing from a barrel, and the 40cm. from a wooden chute, accurate fire was virtually impossible. But the huge shells lobbing through the air made a terrible rumble. When they did hit the beach, they cut a wide avenue of destruction.

During the afternoon the 28th and the 27th began consolidating, preparing to throw the full weight of the 28th against Suribachi. But the attack was not ready until 4:45 p.m., and by 5:30 it had made only 150 yards. It was time to draw in and hold for the night.

The O-1 (First Objective) line had been drawn from the Quarry through the center of Airfield No. 2 to the west coast. By nightfall the troops were nowhere near it, except on the east coast. Lieutenant Colonel Chambers had been told to take the Quarry with 3/25/4, and he had, but not by much. Justice Marion Chambers was 6 feet 2, and he never walked—he bounded—so the men naturally called him Jumpin' Joe. He had been wounded at Tulagi, and when the Japanese raided the hospital, he drove them off nearly single-handed. At Saipan he had literally been blown off Hill 500 by a shell blast. Now he was back, leading 3/25 again, and when Col. Pat Lanigan ordered the Quarry taken, it would be.

"Get the hell up there," Chambers said, "before those Japs get wise and grab that ground themselves," and 3/25 started up, nearly 900 men.

Capt. Elwyn W. Woods of Company I, farthest on the right, was wounded almost immediately. Company K's commander, Capt. Tom Witherspoon, was wounded in the first half hour and by 3:30 p.m. all eight of its officers were casualties. By 4:30 p.m. Company L had lost five officers and Woods' company had lost six. But the remnants of two companies were across the ridge and it held. The battalion was down to 150 men. Company L was down from 240 to 18 effectives in the rifle platoons. But the Quarry was taken.

The carnage of D-Day was terrible, and of a special kind. It was impossible to see the enemy, and his weapons could not be found. Throughout the day a live Japanese was rarely seen. No prisoners were taken, and only a few bodies were seen. Still the fire rained down on the mile and a half of beach from mortars and artillery sited in weeks before the landing, and wherever it fell there was a target.

It was impossible to imagine the condition of the beaches by afternoon; they had to be seen to be believed. The surf line was choked with smashed landing craft that surged with every wave, crashing onto trucks, crates, bodies at the water's edge. Just offshore the small craft swarmed, trying to make out what the beachmasters wanted, and looking for an opening. Everybody had "hot cargo," or thought he had, and every unit ashore wanted its own stuff.

The casualties piled up, not only those from the beach itself but from the front. Every man coming back for supplies brought someone with him, hobbling, dragged in a poncho, or carried in a litter. They were everywhere, sitting, lying, groaning, dying. Nobody knows how many died there, waiting, or how many shivered through the night, waiting for dawn and a chance to get off.

All day and into the night the boats churned through the water, taking in the living, bringing out the dying. As the first day ended, nearly 600 men, ashore and afloat, were dead, and nearly 2,000 were maimed, but alive.

Darkness came suddenly at 6:45 p.m. As the sun dropped into the sea, the Marines braced for the night. Nearly 30,000 men, and thousands of tons of equipment were ashore, jammed into a tiny beachhead more than 4,000 miles west of Pearl Harbor. It was a strong lodgment, but it was only 660 miles from Tokyo. In front of the lines, and even within the lines, were unknown thousands of Japanese. The Marine command, from Howlin' Mad Smith down, had warned repeatedly that the first night would be critical.

Bunched in foxholes along the perimeter, the Marines took turns on watch, fighting to stay awake, waiting, waiting for the crazy *banzai*. Now and then, shouting and ragged fire broke out in hysterical patches as the rocks and bushes seemed to move in the eerie light of the star shells. Still the rush didn't come.

S/1 Abe Levine of Brooklyn came to hate wise guys that night. Standing security watch near the beach, he challenged a figure in the gloom. The password was any president's name; and the figure cried out "Fillmore." "All right, you son of a bitch," said Levine, "one more like that and you're dead."

Levine's troubles were not over. Ship's cook 3cl Claude L. Wallace was stopped, and in panic called out "Wallace." "Goddamit," said Levine, "it's presidents, not vice presidents."

At dawn, correspondent Bob Sherrod looked around him. "The first night on Iwo Jima can only be described as a nightmare in hell," he wrote.

"About the beach in the morning lay the dead. . . . They died with the greatest possible violence. Nowhere in the Pacific have I seen such badly mangled bodies. Many were cut squarely in half. Legs and arms lay 50 feet away from any body." In a shell hole not 10 yards away from him were eight dead Marines. On the other side were two unexploded Japanese mines. Within his short view he could count at least 50 men who were wounded but were still fighting.

"All through the bitter night," he said, "the Japs rained heavy mortars and rockets and artillery on the entire area between the beach and the airfield. Twice they hit casualty stations on the beach. Many men who had been only wounded were killed."

Nonetheless, he said, "My strictly unofficial estimate is that the conquest of Iwo Jima will take 13 days, and that casualties will be slightly less than Saipan." He was wrong on both counts. It took nearly three times that long and cost nearly twice as much.

The second day, Tuesday, was cold and miserable, and a light rain was falling. The wind was rising from the south, and the surf pounded on the beach in waves four feet high. None of the men ashore had had much sleep; the heavy pattern of fire from the enemy never slackened.

The lines had been strengthened, however, and all regiments now faced firmly north, except the 28th. Liversedge's men stared south at Suribachi, which looked like an overturned cup. Between them and the base lay a wasteland of broken rock and stubble, still strongly held by an enemy who could not be seen.

In the afternoon the tanks moved in, and the attack progressed. By nightfall, the 28th was 200 yards nearer the mountain. The 1st Battalion, in "reserve," had killed 75 Japanese in sudden and savage hand-to-hand clashes inside the line.

On Wednesday, the 28th Regiment supported by destroyer and cruiser fire, resumed the attack on Suribachi at 8:25 a.m. Just before that, 40 carrier planes came in, strafing, rocketing, and bombing within 100 yards of Marine lines. It was the closest air support so far, and the last at Suribachi because the men were now too close to risk it. In the mountain, less than 600 Japanese were still alive.

During the day progress was not spectacular but was solid. All day long LVT's trundled to the front with grenades, satchel charges, and flame oil. The 28th was blasting through some of the heaviest concrete and stone defenses ever met in the Pacific. More than 30 caves were found, many connected by tunnels.

and the satchel charges roared as the caves were closed. The last Japanese command post at the south end of the island was blasted shut.

During the afternoon, as a cold rain set in, patrols went along the beach all the way to Tobiishi point, on both coasts. They pulled back for the night, but the main line had advanced from 500 to 1,000 yards to the base of the mountain and partly around it. The Marines could hear the Japanese inside and sent flaming gasoline down the fissures. More than 200 Japanese burned to death or suffocated during the day.

Thursday was a thoroughly bad day, with a cold, hard rain beginning about dawn. The ground turned into gumbo, and the 28th went after Suribachi again, too close now for air support. It was handwork, picking through the rubble, blasting and burning.

The 3rd Battalion cleared out the base of the north face of Suribachi during the day and sent a patrol around the west coast down to Tobiishi Point. There they met a patrol from the 2nd Battalion coming down the east coast; the mountain was surrounded. Above them, the slopes of Suribachi were so scarred by shelling that no path up could be found.

Perhaps 300 Japanese were still alive inside the mountain. That night they talked about whether they should stay or attempt to fight their way north. About half of them decided to stay. The others crawled out in the dark and began to go north. Incredibly, about 20 of them made it through both fighting lines and reached General Kuribayashi's headquarters near Motoyama. They were assigned to new units.

Friday, February 23, was the day to take Suribachi. The bald, gray dome, so formidable only a few days ago, was now still, the caves and chambers nearly empty, the blockhouses torn from their roots by the naval guns, the pillboxes blasted and agape, the tunnels closed and smoking.

Sgt. Sherman B. Watson of 2/28 set out at 8 o'clock, scrambling up the north face with three privates from Company F: Louis Charlo, a Montana Indian, Theodore White of Kansas, and George Mercer from Iowa. Once out of the rubble at the base of the mountain, their footing was good and they climbed up warily. It was very quiet, and in 40 minutes they were at the cone, peering into the defunct crater. Nearby was a battery of heavy machine guns, ammunition stacked alongside it, but no Japanese. The patrol slid down the mountain to report.

Now was the time for Lieutenant Wells' flag. Colonel Johnson sent a runner for Lt. Harold G. Schrier, a slim, tall ex-Raider. When Schrier got to the battalion command post the colonel told him to seize the crest and hold it.

"And put this up on the hill," Johnson said, handing him the flag.

Schrier, executive officer of Company E, started out with 40 men, putting out flankers to cover the advance. The patrol was plainly visible as it moved up the face of the mountain, and all over the southern end of the island dirty, tired Marines watched.

"Those guys ought to be getting flight pay," said a bearded corporal.

Still there was no opposition, and at 10:15 Schrier and a small party of men tumbled over the rim into the crater. There were no Japanese in sight.

There, nearly 600 feet above the sea, a moment in history was taking shape.

The patrol scouted through the crater, rifles ready; a couple of the men found a piece of pipe, about 20 feet long. They lashed the flag to one end and thrust the other into soft ground near the north rim of the crater. The flag rose above the mountain, clearly visible from land and sea, and snapped out in a brisk wind. Sgt. Louis R. Lowery, a photographer for *Leatherneck* magazine, stood in the crater taking pictures, while PFC James Robeson jeered, "Hollywood Marines." He refused to get in the picture.

As the shutter clicked, two Japanese darted from a cave. One threw a grenade and ran toward the flag, his sword drawn. Robeson shot him, and his body rolled down the inside of the crater, snapping off his sword under him. The other Japanese hurled a grenade toward Lowery, and the sergeant vaulted over the rim, sliding 50 feet down the mountain before he could stop. The camera was smashed, but the pictures were safe inside, and the flag was up. Six men raised it: Schrier, Platoon Sgt. Ernest I. Thomas, Jr., Sgt. Henry O. Hansen, Cpl. Charles W. Lindberg, PFC James R. Michaels, and the Crow Indian, Pvt. Louis Charlo.

This was the flag raising on Iwo Jima that thrilled the troops. The one that thrilled the world was still to come, nearly two hours later.

On the sandy terrace below, tired men wept in their foxholes, unshaven men on the beaches thumped each other on the back and shouted. Across the ships, whistles, horns, and bells rang out.

And near the base of Suribachi, a few feet in from the surf, a man said, "This means a Marine Corps for the next 500 years." He looked like any other Marine, but he was Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal. Chance placed him on the beach just as the flag went up, and with him stood Howlin' Mad Smith, a Navy party that included two admirals, and Forrestal's Army aides, Major Mathias F. Correa and Colonel Cornelius V. Whitney. Forrestal wore khakis and a sweatshirt against the cold wind.

The party had just stepped ashore from a Higgins boat, not for the flag raising but because Forrestal had insisted on visiting the beachhead. Smith, afraid of repercussions if anything happened to Forrestal, had tried to talk him out of it, but the man who had gone ashore at Normandy would not be dissuaded. Later in Washington Forrestal remarked that "it was as safe there as it is right here in this room." To which a Navy captain countered: "Yes, it was safe there. Twenty-three men were killed on that section of the beach that morning."

To Colonel Johnson, one implication of the flag raising was instantly apparent. "Some son of a bitch is going to want that flag," he said to Wells, "but he's not going to get it. That's our flag. Better find another one and get it up there, and bring back ours." Wells sent his runner, a lisping corporal nicknamed Wabbit, racing for the nearest LST.

Joe Rosenthal was 33, stout, and so myopic no branch of the service would have him. He was also a photographer—not a special one, just a photographer like hundreds of others. He had been in the Pacific since March, covering the war for the Associated Press and making the landings with the Marines or Army at Guam, Peleliu, and Angaur. At Iwo Jima he landed about noon on D-Day with Fourth Division troops, riding in on a Higgins boat with a load of mortar ammunition. In the next few days he took dozens of pictures and made several trips out to the ships for rest, caption writing, and dispatching of his pictures.

Friday morning he decided to work the southern beaches, and on the way in aboard an LCT the boatswain said he'd heard on the radio that a patrol was going up Suribachi that morning. When Rosenthal got to the 28th Regiment command post they told him he was too late, but he decided to go up anyway. He started up with Sgt. William Genaust, who had a color movie camera, and Pvt. Robert Campbell, a combat photographer.

About that time Wabbit returned from LST 779, the first LST to beach at Iwo, and still beached on Green Beach. The communications officer, Ensign Alan S. Wood, had given him the ship's flag. It was 56 by 96 inches, twice the size of the one then flying on Suribachi, and nearly new.

When Rosenthal got to the top, the first flag was coming down.

"We're going to put up a bigger flag and keep this one for a souvenir," a Marine told him. Rosenthal decided to try for a shot of the first flag coming down and the new one going up, but he couldn't get into position in time so he backed off about 25 feet, to try for a shot of the second raising. He frantically piled stones to get some height, climbed on the pile, sighted his camera and clicked, one shot at 1/400th of a second, lens setting between f/8 and f/11. He had in his black box one of the most famous photographs of all time, but at the moment it was just one of 17 other photographs he took that day and sent off to Guam by plane that night. It bore the caption: "Atop 550-foot

Suribachi Yama, the volcano at the southwest tip of Iwo Jima, Marines of the Second Battalion, 28th Regiment, Fifth Division, hoist the Stars and Stripes, signaling the capture of this key position." In the confusion, Rosenthal had not even been able to get the names "from left to right," though he had tried.

As a matter of fact, it was not a good news photograph. Of the six figures in the picture, only one face could be seen, and that could not be identified. One figure stood almost alone, at the base of the pole, and the other five were huddled together so that two of them were scarcely distinguishable. It was a bad news photograph, but a masterpiece of composition. It had movement and drama, and it told a story that needed no caption. The moment it began to come up in the developing tank at Guam it was recognized for what it is, a military work of art.

When it became important to know who the men in the photograph were, it took weeks to find out. The official "left to right" was finally determined to be: PFC Ira H. Hayes of Arizona; PFC Franklin R. Sousley of Kentucky; Sgt. Michael Strank of Jamestown, Pennsylvania; Ph. M2 John H. Bradley of Antigo, Wisconsin; PFC Rene A. Gagnon of Manchester, New Hampshire; and Cpl. Harlon H. Block of Weslaco, Texas. Chance determined that they should represent nearly all sections and origins of the American people. Hayes was a Pima Indian; Sousley, a Kentucky mountain boy; Strank, the son of Czechoslovak immigrants; Bradley, a Mid-westerner and a Navy man; Gagnon, a New Englander of French-Canadian stock; and Block, a Texan.

Despite the flag on Suribachi, fighting remained bitter in the north. Airfield No. 1 was overrun, but the Fifth Division fought hard all day Friday on the west side, with virtually no advance and with searing losses. At noon a shell fell in the command post of 2/26, and the commanding officer, Lt. Col. Joseph P. Sayers, was hit with shrapnel in the arm and side. He'd been limping since D-Day anyway, with a sprained knee, and now he was sent out. His executive officer, Maj. Amedeo Rea, once Eastern Intercollegiate middleweight boxing champion, took over the battalion. It was destined to bear the heaviest casualties of any battalion on Iwo Jima.

In the center, the Third and Fourth Divisions concentrated on the approaches to Airfield No. 2, one of the most important objectives of the campaign. General Kuribayashi was aware of its importance, and he had assigned Col. Masuo Ikeda's 145th Infantry Regiment to defend the field. They were the best Japanese outfit on Iwo Jima, and their 47mm. anti-tank guns were sited to fire straight down the runways.

By the end of Friday, the spectacular phase of the Iwo Jima campaign was over. Secretary Forrestal left for Guam at 4 p.m. Task Force 58 had pulled out the day before, for a raid on Tokyo. Now, aerial support was limited to that provided by small carriers in the daytime and by the *Enterprise's* night fighter group. The Marines were solidly ashore, and 44 men were guarding the top of Suribachi—all that remained was to complete the conquest of the island. All that remained was the bitterest, bloodiest part of the campaign.

Replacements were coming in steadily. Pvt. Johnny Lane, 18, from Brooklyn, moved up to the front as a replacement in the 25th Regiment. His instructions for battle were a brief statement of military wisdom. The sergeant said: "This here is G Company. We're going to move out this morning. This won't be no straight line, so when you see a Jap, shoot him. You know what a Jap looks like. Don't shoot any Marines." The sergeant was gone. What more could a guy need to know?

All command was ashore by Saturday, and more than 50,000 troops, Seabees, Army units, and work parties. The narrow part of the island was jammed. The 28th Regiment, still mopping up on Suribachi, had counted more than 600 Japanese dead and estimated that another thousand were sealed in caves, probably forever. Some were still alive, and you could hear them talking at night inside the mountain. The Marines were content to wait for them to come out. If they ever did. The Navy seaplane base off Suribachi was functioning, and nets and buoys were being set out to protect the harbor. The south was a giant construction site.

But in the north the battle for Airfield No. 2 began. All artillery massed fire on the center of the island, and the *Idaho* and *Pensacola* put in shells from the sea. The carrier planes made bombing runs, but only 26 of the bombs were 500-pounders. The rest were 100-pounders, and General Cates put in a complaint. He wanted Army bombers to come in from the Marianas with heavy stuff. All tanks were under Colonel Collins, and the 2nd and 3rd Battalions of the 21st moved out in the center.

It was hard going. More than 800 pillboxes ringed the field, mostly on the high ground to the north, and the 145th's artillery fired straight down the runways. The attack was off at 9:30, with the 3rd Battalion in the center and the 2nd on the left. At the 3rd's command post, Lt. Col. Wendell H. DuPlantis told his men simply: "We have to get that airfield today."

First Lt. Raoul Archambault rallied the men of 3rd Battalion Companies K and I, and started them rushing across the runway. A lot of them knew him from Guam (Bronze Star) and Bougainville (Silver Star), and when he led they followed. Running across with the air full of steel, Archambault thought, "This is fighting on a pool table," but he made it, and so did the men with him, and behind them the mortarmen, throwing up a storm of 60 and 81mm. shells. As the men ran, the machine guns stitched up the ground all around them, and they scrambled into the ridge on the other side.

First across the center was Lt. Dominick Grossi. Only 12 men of his platoon were left, but those 12 kept going. Once they were knocked off the ridge, but Grossi led them right back up with a bayonet and grenade charge, and they stayed. The hill on the far side was honeycombed with tunnels and trenches connecting the strongpoints, and the men plunged in, attacking with anything at hand.

In the wild fighting they fell on Ikeda's men with rocks, rifle butts, bayonets, knives, pistols, and shovels. In 90 minutes it was over. Archambault and his men were on top of the ridge, the advance had covered 800 yards, and the line was breached. Through the gap poured tanks, bazooka men, mortarmen, and machine gunners, cleaning up as they advanced.

Kuribayashi was fighting for the core of his central-island defense now. Just beyond the airfield lay Hill 382, highest point in the north, and the Amphitheater, Turkey Knob and Minami. Here lay a complex of hills and crags, ravines and valleys, all rock and concrete and brush, tunneled and fortified with great skill. The 24th was beginning to hit an important enemy nerve, and the Japanese replied with heavy mortar fire. By 3 p.m. 3/24's casualties were so heavy that it was necessary to lay down white phosphorous smoke in order to carry out the wounded.

Deep in a ravine near Higashi a Japanese Navy lieutenant and several men arrived at Navy Capt. Samaji Inouye's command post. The lieutenant, his uniform torn and stained with blood, reported that they had escaped from Suribachi.

"You traitor," the captain roared, "why did you come here? Don't you know what shame is? You are a coward and a deserter.

"Under military regulations a deserter is executed summarily," Inouye shouted. "I shall condescend to behead you myself."

He drew his sword and raised it in *samurai*-fashion, both hands on the hilt. The lieutenant, who had said nothing, knelt and bowed his head. Aides rushed up and wrestled Captain Inouye's sword away from him. The captain turned away, weeping. "Suribachi's fallen," he muttered, "Suribachi's fallen." His orderly, Petty Officer Riichi Koyatsu, led the lieutenant to the sick bay for treatment of his wounds. Captain Inouye, when he recovered his composure, was absolutely determined on one thing. No Navy man would leave Iwo Jima alive.

At the end of Saturday, after six full days of battle, the cost was 1,605 Marines killed, 5,496 wounded, and 657 cases of combat fatigue—a total of 7,758 casualties.

For this the Marines had bought one-third of a very small island.

The terrible two weeks began on Sunday morning, quite unspectacularly.

It was clear that the only way to take the remaining two-thirds of the island was to go up the high ground in the middle. From

the relatively flat plateau, the ground broke to east and west and ran down to the shore in gullies, canyons, and arroyos. The shelling had churned them into masses of broken stone, their sides riddled with caves, holes, tunnels, the ridges broken and strewn with boulders.

On the west coast, the Fifth Division was faced with one ridge after another, each one meaning a fight up the slope and over the top, only to meet another ravine with another ridge beyond it. Japanese fire down the canyons would be murderous. The enemy would have to be driven from the high ground in the center, and even then the advance along the coast would be expensive.

The Fourth Division on the east faced a battlefield stripped of all cover. Where once the oaks had grown, there were only shattered rock, tangled brush, and defiles running to the sea like spokes from the hub of a wheel. Rising from this frozen sea of stone were Hill 382, the highest point on the island excepting Suribachi, a bald little hill someone had named Turkey Knob, and a natural bowl that quite easily took the name of the Amphitheater.

Far beyond, toward the sea, was the headquarters of Maj. Gen. Sadasue Senda, and all through the rock lay his 2nd Mixed Brigade, unseen and waiting. There was a smashed radar station on top of Hill 382, and on the far bluff of the Amphitheater could be seen cave mouths and tunnel entrances. Not a gun barrel could be seen, but at every turn and fold in the rock were cross-lanes of fire for machine guns and mortars, automatic weapons and rifles, light artillery, and rapid-fire cannon. Behind them were the men, some with sabres or pistols, bamboo lances, and sacks of grenades, waiting.

In the center, General Erskine took the 21st Regiment from the Fourth Division and for the first time had all his troops then ashore under his own command. The 21st went to the rear to re-equip and rest, and the Third Division's 9th went into the line. All artillery of the Corps, the Fourth and the Fifth Divisions were in place, and the remainder of the Third Division artillery was landing. The drive up the center began.

At 9:30 a.m. the men moved out, and it was as though the guns had never fired. Japanese fire sweeping across Airfield No. 2 was strong and accurate.

The Fourth Division, using the 23rd and 24th Regiments, moved off into the Meat Grinder. No one knew where the name came from, but everybody knew what it meant. It meant the area from Hill 382 down through Turkey Knob and the Amphitheater, the area where men were ground up into meat—fresh, red meat.

They laid on the artillery, the navy gunfire, with mortar boats and LCI's firing up the draws, carrier planes plunging down in, and the LVT(A)'s firing from offshore. They sent the tanks around through the Third Division's area, because they couldn't get over the rubble in front, and armored bulldozers chewed away at the shattered rocks, trying to clear roads. And the men fought all day, and by nightfall they had made about a hundred yards.

Late that night, in a cave with a single bulb hanging from the roof, Baron Nishi poured a drink for himself and his aide, Okubo. During that afternoon, at Airfield No. 2, the Colonel had watched a Marine run forward with a flamethrower. The Baron had ordered firing stopped, but Okubo winged the Marine, and they brought him in and turned him over to the surgeons. In his pocket was a letter from his mother, in which she said she was praying for his return.

The Baron thought of his own children, and Okubo thought of the stories he had heard that the Baron was pro-American. Nishi said he had wanted to question the Marine for intelligence.

"If I tried to save that American, that has nothing to do with my background," the Colonel said. They talked some more, about the chances Nishi had had to stay in America and of his opportunity to avoid the Iwo Jima assignment. After Okubo went to bed, Nishi finished the bottle. The next morning he was advised that the American had died.

The second week of the Iwo Jima campaign began on Monday morning, unnoticed. In seven days of fighting the Marines had captured two-fifths of the island and paid for it with more than 8,000 casualties. (Tokyo Radio said the part of the island held by the Americans was "not more than the size of the forehead of a cat.") There was no cause, and no time, to mark the completion of a week. The men who had crossed the beaches on D-Day—every hour there were fewer left at the front—could not think in terms of time as long as a week. They measured it in spans of hours: of hours still alive; of nightfall and sunrises, still alive; of short, sharp stabs of pain when the word went around, "Charley got it." "That leaves only six of us," a man would think to himself, and the skin would tighten a little more over his cheekbones, and he would look a little grayer, a little older.

Up ahead, nearly 800 yards away, the Fifth Division could see Hill 362A, the next big objective, and during the day they had flushed some Japanese and killed them as they ran. It was the first time they had seen the enemy in the open, and it gave the men a tremendous boost in morale.

The Fourth Division struck out again for Hill 382 and Turkey Knob. Colonel Lanigan's 25th, strengthened by replacements after the severe losses of the first four days, went back into the line, replacing the 24th, and ran into very strong fire from Turkey Knob and the Amphitheater. The ground was so bad tanks could not be used, and even the 75's and 37's could not get into position. But around the East Boat Basin the final nests of snipers were wiped out, and at last the beaches were clear of all close fire. General unloading began on the Fourth Division beaches, and the *Columbia Victory* arrived with artillery ammunition. Parties worked all night moving ammunition up for the guns.

The 23rd worked through minefields on the taxiways at the east end of Airfield No. 2 and on the slopes around the shattered radio station lying before Hill 382.

On Tuesday, the island was roaring with activity, at the front and in the rear.

At 12:40 p.m. the artillery laid down a 10-minute barrage, and suddenly the 9th Regiment was moving. Lieutenant Colonel Randall's 1st Battalion swarmed over Hill Peter, down the back slope and up Hill Oboe. The 2nd Battalion, under Lieutenant Colonel Cushman, kept pace on the left, pushing ahead 1,500 yards. After three days of heavy fighting, the Third was coming out on the plateau.

Not so on the right. The Fourth Division, with five battalions abreast in the line, went off after a heavy barrage, including 300 rounds from the Corps' 155mm. cannon. It was hand-to-hand fighting for the 23rd, hitting Hill 382 again and again. The top of the hill had been hollowed out and rebuilt with artillery and anti-tank gun pits. Grenades and even satchel charges were hurled up and down the slopes, into the night as well as during the day. The 23rd clawed around toward the northwest slope of the hill and made some progress. But the artillery at the top commanded the ground and forced the tanks back.

The 24th, pushing around the south of Turkey Knob and the Amphitheater, made nearly 200 yards along the east coast but accomplished little penetration of the two bastions. The 23rd, despite the fierce combat, was back at its line of departure by nightfall. The day had cost the Fourth Division 792 casualties—the worst single day it had had, or would have, in the whole campaign, excluding the first two days of slaughter across the beaches. But General Senda's 2nd Mixed Brigade was suffering too. These were mostly Kanto soldiers from around Tokyo, considered a cut below the Kyushu troops, but they were giving their best performance of the Pacific war. They still stood atop Hill 382, and late that night they sent up flares, calling for medical supplies and ammunition. Just before 1 a.m., the Marines saw parachutes falling behind the hill; Japanese planes had come to Iwo for the last time.

The 25th had one surprise during the day. Three Marines came upon Superior Pvt. Kunimatsu Kato, asleep near a cave, or pretending to be. In his hand was a stick with a white Marine sock on it. Kato, 30, a medical corpsman, sprang up when a Marine poked him with a bayonet and readily started toward the rear. He told intelligence officers he had been on Iwo Jima

14 months and seen at least 20 men die of malnutrition. The caves and the water gave the men colds and paratyphoid. Diarrhea, he said, had a pitiful effect on the men wasting away from poor food and water. He was glad he had been "overpowered," and he readily agreed to try to convince other Japanese to surrender. At last he could think, too, of returning to his wife in Tamura-gen, Fukushima-ken.

On Wednesday, the 10th day ashore and the last day of February, the Marines held less than half the island. Gen. Harry Schmidt had earlier predicted the battle would end on this day.

The Third Division did make good gains in the center of the island.

The 21st began moving into the line before dawn, relieving the 9th. Even then, snipers and enemy patrols were busy, and soon after dawn a Marine of 2/9 crumpled in a ravine, blood welling from a neat hole in his neck. Ph. M2 Floyd L. Garrett, 23, who had spent a good deal of time as a surgical assistant, recognized immediately that the jugular vein had been pierced. He knelt, slit the wound with a knife, laid the vein bare and clamped it. Then he stuffed the hole with gauze and motioned for the bearers. At the battalion aid station the Navy doctor, Lt. (j.g.) Cloyd L. Arford, whistled in admiration at the surgery.

By 9 a.m., the 9th was out and the 21st was in. Backed by its own artillery and the Corps' 155's in a rolling barrage, the 21st Regiment moved forward. Almost immediately, Company I was confronted with tanks rising from the earth. These were Colonel Nishi's tanks, flushed at last from what had appeared to be hillocks. They churned forward, throwing off mounds of dirt, shrubbery, and rocks, and firing rapidly. The Marines faltered in shock and before the heavy fire, and for moments the battle teetered. Capt. Edward V. Stephenson, who had fought at Guam with great valor, rushed forward and rallied his company. Massing flamethrowers and bazookamen, he led a counterattack that smashed the tanks. Three were destroyed by ground forces, and planes caught two more of them with 20mm. fire. Nishi now had only three tanks left.

During the morning, gains of 400 yards were made, but by noon the momentum stopped. The 21st was off again at 1 p.m., with artillery support, and the 3rd Battalion smashed through what had been the village of Motoyama. The village had been swept clean except for the ruins of a concrete building.

Beyond the village, the 21st settled in for the night. It was now firmly on high ground, having breached the center of the enemy lines, and off to the northeast could be seen the unfinished strips of Airfield No. 3.

On Thursday, March 1, on the Fifth Division front, the 28th went back into action for the first time since Suribachi, and it was a bloody return. The 1st and 2nd Battalions swept to the top of Hill 362A in an early morning rush, but now they were on an 80-foot cliff dropping into a ravine behind the hill. Both sides of the ravine were pocked with caves hiding Japanese riflemen, and an anti-tank ditch ran across the bottom in the middle.

The day had cost the Fifth Division six more officers killed: a captain, a first lieutenant and four second lieutenants. The map for the day showed only the crest of Hill 362A in Marine hands.

Some changes were appearing in the enemy's tactics. Japanese artillery seemed to be growing more sporadic and disorganized. Mortar fire was decreasing, and rifle fire was more discriminate.

Back around Airfield No. 2, Robert Sherrod noticed that a company of Marines could walk along the runways without drawing fire, but small groups drew sniper fire. The Japanese were not wasting fire. Ammunition must be running low. The most significant change of the day was not known to the Marines. General Kuribayashi left the center of the island and moved to his underground headquarters in the north.

The final battle for the Meat Grinder began on Friday morning, March 2, though no one was aware of it at the time. The main assault, for the sixth day, was straight ahead against Hill 382, with Lieutenant Colonel Rothwell's 2/24, captors of Charlie-Dog Ridge, leading the way. Around to the south, units of the 23rd and 25th Regiments again attacked the Amphitheater and Turkey Knob from both north and south, trying to reduce these strongholds. The objective was to cut Japanese fire from there onto Hill 382 and open the way to the village of Minami. In this area lay the whole of the enemy's strength.

All artillery was now ashore and sited, and under central Corps' direction. After a heavy barrage, and supported by tanks and rocket trucks, two companies of 2/24 moved on the hill. Maj. Roland Carey's Company E was on the left, Capt. Walter Ridlon's Company F on the right. By 9 a.m. one of Carey's platoons, led by 2nd Lt. Dick Reich, was under the smashed radar antenna on top of the hill. Two of Ridlon's platoons, led by Platoon Sgt. James Bedingfield and Sgt. Tom Cottick, were held back by heavy fire. Carey crawled over to where Reich was, and Ridlon came up. They decided Carey would send a platoon around to the right, with two tanks, to cut off the Japanese fire. As he bounded down the hill, Carey was hit by machine-gun fire.

So heavy was the fire, it took one hour to get him off the hill. Capt. Pat Donlan took over the company, and by noon he thought things were looking up. None of the men had been able to move, but more of the enemy were coming out, driven from the hill by something, perhaps sulphur fumes.

About 2 o'clock, Donlan was hit by mortar shrapnel. As First Lt. Stanley Osborne came in to relieve him, there was another mortar burst. Osborne was killed instantly, Donlan's right leg was blown off below the knee, and two other officers were wounded, one mortally. Reich, still holding under the radar screen, was in command. He was the only officer left in Company E.

At 2:50 p.m. Ridlon's platoons finally got going. "Almost on high ground," Ridlon messaged to Rothwell. Working around to the rear of the radar, Bedingfield's platoon came under heavy fire. The sergeant, trapped behind a rock one foot high, called in mortar fire on what he thought was the machine gun pinning him down. Then he asked for four quick rounds covering him and sprinted for the rear. His men closed in, and Jack Frazer, the cigar-smoking corporal, led the final rush around the crest. At 3:27 p.m. Ridlon messaged: "Company F is on top of radar hill." The hill was overrun, but it was not subdued. At the end of the day, Rothwell's exec, Maj. Frank Garretson, noted, "Day's progress, a little over two touchdowns." He was an ex-backfield star at the University of Washington, and he liked to record gains in terms he understood—10 yards was a first down, 100 yards a touchdown. The division report for the day did *not* claim the capture of Hill 382. It was not yet sure.

The 23rd and the 25th, burning and blasting all day at the Amphitheater and Turkey Knob, could make no claims either, but they were reducing the fortresses. The 75's blasted at point-blank range against the concrete communications blockhouse on top of Turkey Knob, and more than a thousand gallons of flame oil were hurled against it. At one point, patrols from the north and south were less than 65 yards apart, but devastating fire forced them to draw back. Turkey Knob would not fall.

Saturday morning it started all over again. First Lt. William Crecink, who had taken over Company E on the previous afternoon (its fifth commander in one day), was wounded at 9 a.m. on Hill 382. Reich was again in command until Capt. Charles Ireland arrived, but 2/24 moved steadily ahead, making 350 yards against intense resistance. Ireland was shot in the leg Sunday morning and once more Reich took over. The last officer was Capt. Robert M. O'Mealia, the regimental band officer. He was killed instantly by a mortar blast. Reich did not take over. Company E had ceased to exist. What was left was merged into Captain Ridlon's Company F. After nine days, Hill 382 had been taken, once and for all. All that was left were shattered banyan trees and high ground.

The Amphitheater and Turkey Knob refused to fall. All day Saturday, tanks and engineers blasted away, partially reducing the blockhouse on Turkey Knob and closing dozens of caves and pillboxes in the Amphitheater. On Sunday it was the same thing, again with heavy support from the artillery, battleships and destroyers, and carrier planes rocketing and dropping flaming napalm. Up in the front, sappers of the 23rd used

2,200 pounds of demolition charges in one day. By Sunday night, both sides were exhausted. In eight days of fighting, the Fourth Division had sustained 2,880 casualties and its efficiency was rated at 45 percent. It had, without the satisfaction of sure knowledge, cracked the backbone of General Kuribayashi's defense. Hill 382 had been taken, the Amphitheater and Turkey Knob had been stunned into silence and bypassed. The Meat Grinder was closed.

The previous Friday morning, after four days of re-equipping and spotting reserves through the ranks, the 26th Regiment had attacked up the middle of the island, west of the Third Division. The rest of the line, all the way to the west coast, fell to the 28th, including Hill 362A and Nishi Ridge, 200 yards to the north of it.

Chandler Johnson, whose men had taken Suribachi, advanced around the left shoulder of the hill, and Jackson Butterfield's 1/28 headed around the right end. Again they drew heavy fire from Nishi Ridge and from the sharp north face of Hill 362A.

The back of the hill was worse than the front. At least four separate tunnel systems honeycombed the hill, the largest having 1,000 feet of tunnel and seven entrances, at the sides and rear. Two others had outlets in the cliff face and shafts running to the top of the hill for ventilation and servicing of guns. Fire came from every opening, some of them high up in the cliff face, but both battalions pressed on.

Sherman tanks maneuvered for position in the ravine before Nishi Ridge, hampered by the wide anti-tank ditch running north from the cliff to Nishi. Armored bulldozers of the 5th Engineers crunched down into the ravine, the tanks firing alongside them and demolition men blasting out the cliff face. The three heavy machine guns and tanks with heavy planks strapped on their sides were worked into the ravine. Time after time the Japanese ran to the tanks and plastered demolition charges on them, but the planks absorbed the blast and the tanks kept firing. Finally, the bulldozers filled in the anti-tank ditch and the Marines were in the ravine to stay, firing forward at Nishi and backward at the cliff face of Hill 362A. By afternoon, they were at the foot of Nishi Ridge, and there they clung. Johnson, whose drive and courage had lifted his battalion off the beach on D-Day, ran forward from his command post to check his lines. Just at 2 p.m. he was struck squarely by a high explosive shell and killed instantly. His battalion was staggered; they had loved this gruff Annapolis man, so brave, so contemptuous of danger. The shell that killed him may have been from his own artillery. His executive officer, Maj. Thomas B. Pearce, a decorated veteran of New Georgia and Bougainville, came forward to take command. The battalion held its ground.

On Saturday the Fifth Division smashed forward all along the front, moving on sheer courage and will, in the bitterest fighting since D-Day. On the right, the 26th captured Hill 362B to relieve the Third Division on the east, and drove north as much as 600 yards, into the broken ground toward the north coast. The enemy resisted fiercely, fighting for every gully and cave, and the 26th suffered. One company (H) lasted 90 minutes in the line before it had to withdraw, and the regiment sustained casualties of eight officers and 273 men.

In the center, the 28th swept up and over Nishi Ridge, through what was left of the tiny village, and 200 yards beyond. During the day the division lost eight officers and 127 men killed, and total casualties of 518, the worst since D plus 2, and the worst that any division would have until the end of the campaign.

Sunday afternoon, March 4, Radioman J. William Welsh, guarding the air-sea rescue frequency on the *Auburn*, finished the ship's daily crossword puzzle. The ship was anchored a mile and a half off Iwo Jima, and no carrier planes were up because of rain and mist. Welsh looked around for something to read, and suddenly the speaker above his head croaked out:

"Hello Gatepost, this is Nine Bakecable. We are lost, give us a bearing."

"Hello Nine Bakecable, this is Gatepost. Who are you?" Welsh asked.

Back came the reply: "We are a monster, short on fuel. Give us instructions, please." The last word had more than a hint of pleading in it.

Marine Maj. J. B. Bertelling grabbed a call index, ran his finger down it, and whistled: "B-29. They raided Japan this morning. Guess he's trying to get back to Guam." The first crippled B-29 was about to try an emergency landing on Iwo Jima. Within minutes Admiral Hill was notified, transport planes coming in from the Marianas were warned off, all other planes were ordered off the frequency, a Navy Catalina anchored near Suribachi was sent out, and the field was cleared for "a big one."

The *Auburn* fixed the B-29 by radar and direction finder, and men crowded into the radio room from all over the ship. Admiral Hill called once, then he called again. This was a big moment for Iwo. This was what Iwo was all about.

In Nine Bakecable the radioman, Sgt. James C. Cox, pressed the receiver pads hard on his ears and heard the *Auburn* say:

"Turn on your IFF [radio gear for 'identification, friend or foe']."

He did.

"Look for Kita Iwo, 30 miles north of Iwo Jima."

"We see it. We see it."

"Roger. Course 167 for 28 miles. Do you prefer to ditch offshore or try to land on the strip?"

"We prefer to land."

"Roger. We will have the field cleared for you."

Cox had not waited to ask the pilot, 1st Lt. Fred Malo, which choice he would make. He knew Malo and he knew the decision had already been made—try for a landing.

Malo's trouble was bomb-bay doors and a bad gas valve. After dropping his bombs over Tokyo in a precision run through ice and sleet, the bomb-bay doors would not close. The extra wind drag cut his gasoline supply, and when he called for the spare tanks the valve would not open. It was Iwo or nothing.

"Have you sighted Iwo yet?" the *Auburn* asked.

"We have sighted Iwo," Cox replied.

On the first pass, Malo caught a glimpse of the dusty runway, far down under Suribachi, then it disappeared under his wing.

On the second pass he could see a little more, including Marines and Seabees running for the field from all directions. Malo, 24, and only five weeks out of the States, was not reassured by what he saw. He thought of the nine other men with him and of the falling gauges before him; he took a firmer grip on the wheel. The third time would have to be it.

The 65-ton plane, looming bigger every second, came in slowly on the west side of Suribachi and hit the south end of the runway with a "warhumpf." Co-pilot Lt. Edwin Mockler set the brakes hard, everything held together, and the plane skidded down the runway—the left wing felling a telephone pole and the engines setting up a giant dust cloud. A thousand men along the runway danced and cheered as Nine Bakecable came to a halt at the bitter end of the runway. In the sand hills a few yards beyond, mortar and artillery shells spurted. The Japanese sure wanted that first monster.

Malo turned the B-29, taxied down under Suribachi, and cut the engines. The crew rolled out. Marines rushed out to embrace them, and Seabees wanted to know "How's the runway? Did we leave any bumps?" "Stay overnight and we'll give you a thousand more feet tomorrow."

But Malo and Mockler said no thanks. In 30 minutes the valve was fixed and the spare gas flowed (there was no gas on Iwo yet for the big planes). The crew climbed back in, Nine Bakecable taxied onto the runway. Malo gave her full throttle, and the plane began to move. It gathered speed slowly at first, then faster, and 50 feet from the end of the runway she was airborne. Barely off the ground, Nine Bakecable banked out to sea through a curtain of Japanese anti-aircraft fire and disappeared to the southeast, climbing slowly.

On Monday, March 5, two weeks after D-Day, the Marines rested. That is, by Corps order, no attacks were launched. In

other respects, the day was much like those before. The rest period ended Tuesday morning, March 6, with the heaviest artillery barrage the Marines had ever fired in a comparable area.

Eleven battalions of artillery—132 guns—rocked the island with thunder, firing first on the western half of the front for 31 minutes, then on the eastern front for 36 minutes. In 67 minutes the guns fired 22,500 shells, from 75mm. up to 155mm., as close as 100 yards to the Marine lines. Then they began a creeping barrage, moving slowly forward. A battleship and cruisers added 50 rounds of 14-inch fire and 400 rounds of 8-inch. Three destroyers and two landing craft added their fire, and carrier planes bombed, strafed, and dropped napalm. It seemed no defense could withstand such a pounding.

The Marines attacked at 8 a.m. on the western end of the line and an hour later on the eastern end. The Japanese fire was instant, accurate, and intense. It was incredible, but the barrage seemed not to have affected the enemy at all. As soon as the barrage lifted, he was alert and eager for battle, and both sides fell into close and bitter fighting. The Japanese had little artillery left, but they had plenty of hand weapons and the skill and the cover to exploit them. They would have to be burned and blasted out every inch of the way. General Schmidt asked that from now on planes be armed with "maximum amount napalm for duration operation," for which he said there was "urgent need in ravines along northeast coast." Flame and demolition were the best weapons left. Gains on all fronts in the day of the big push were negligible.

On Tuesday night, when General Erskine was ordered to attack as usual at 7:30 the next morning, with artillery support, he proposed instead a surprise attack at 5 a.m., without artillery. He had wanted to try a night attack for a long time, and the failure of Tuesday's heavy artillery barrage carried the argument for him. Permission was granted.

There wasn't much time, but Erskine began at once. Lieutenant Colonel Boehm's 3/9 was ordered in to the line, to attack southeast and capture Hill 362C, 250 yards away. Silence in the lines was ordered, and mention of the attack by radio was forbidden. In the black night, with rain falling, the commanders of the two assault companies, K and L, went forward and talked with the company officers of Major Houser's 1/21. They pointed off to the front and said that was Hill 362C. In the light of Navy star shells, the K and L commanders shot azimuths to the hill. The assault companies began assembling at 3:20 a.m., moving as quietly as possible in the darkness. All illumination over the front was ordered to cease at 4:50 a.m. Five minutes later, the artillery, which had been firing random high-explosive shells through the night, would cover Hill 362C with smoke shells.

At division headquarters, tension mounted. Officers synchronized their watches, checked them, and rechecked them. Every few minutes someone ran outside to look at the weather—still raining and very dark. The illumination stopped on schedule, and five minutes later the smoke shells whooshed overhead. At exactly 5 a.m. a star shell burst over the front. The staff gasped. Would it tip off the whole raid? The Navy liaison officer dived for a phone and called the destroyers offshore. No further light showed. In the CP, they waited.

At the front, the assault companies climbed from their holes at 5 a.m. and began crawling forward. Surprise was total. The first lines were passed with the Japanese still asleep in caves and dugouts. At 5:35 a Japanese machine gun gave the alarm, and a flamethrower quickly seared it. But the enemy was aroused and stumbled into action. Still the assaulters advanced and by 6 a.m. were astride the hill. But it was not Hill 362C!

First reports to Erskine were ecstatic. No opposition. Japs burned in their holes. Scattering fire. Boehm is on top of Hill 362C!

At dawn Boehm discovered his men had taken Hill 331. Hill 362C still lay 250 yards ahead. In the bad light of the night before, the wrong hill had been pointed out. The direction was right, but the Marine line had been farther back than it was thought to be. Boehm called for artillery, ordered his men to press on, and the battle for Hill 362C began all over again. By now the battle was general. The Japanese in front, fully awake, resisted hotly, and those bypassed earlier fought savagely in close combat.

To the right of Boehm, the other two battalions of the 9th had also achieved surprise. They drove straight ahead to meet Boehm's men as they came down from the left, and they made good progress. By dawn, Lieutenant Colonel Cushman's 2/9 and Major Glass's 1/9 had made 200 yards into the Japanese lines, but then the enemy sprang into life. This was Baron Nishi's 26th Tank Battalion, making its strongest stand. Its fire was devastating, and both battalions were cut off from the rear.

Erskine ordered the 21st to try to come in from the north, and on the south, Company G, 23rd Regiment, of the Fourth Division, moved in to help Glass. Toward afternoon it looked as if these two prongs might meet near Hill 362C and have Nishi in a pocket in front of Cushman's battalion. But it was not to be. Cushman's Companies E and F were fighting for their own lives.

Both were surrounded and unable to move in any direction. Tanks went in to try to extricate 1st Lt. Wilcie O'Bannon's Company F, but twice they were frustrated, the first time when the lead tank hit a mine in a narrow ravine, and the second time by broken ground. At nightfall, remnants of both companies were still pinned down.

Boehm's men fought on during the day, and by 2 p.m. Company K had captured Hill 362C, this time the correct hill and for good. What was left of Cushman's Companies E and F were rescued after 36 hours. Lieutenant O'Bannon had 19 men remaining of 41, and Capt. Maynard Schmidt came out with seven survivors from Company E. Baron Nishi still held what had now come to be known as Cushman's Pocket.

On the whole, it had been an excellent day. Erskine's gamble had paid off. Except for Cushman's Pocket, the last big obstacles toward the sea had been taken. It had been costly, but the gains were crucial.

General Schmidt's order for Thursday called upon the Marines to "capture the rest of the island." He did not mean that day, but so little of the island was left to the Japanese that intermediate phase or objective lines were no longer necessary. There were only the jumbles of rock ahead, and then the sea.

The 2nd Battalion, 27th, moved up the right side of the Fifth Division line, just north of the Third Division in the center. It was driving for the coast to the east of Kitano Point. Company E stalled almost at once. Jack Lummus, 29, of Ennie, Texas, ran out in front of his rifle platoon and was knocked flat by a grenade. After two days and nights of steady fighting, First Lieutenant Lummus was not to be stopped.

He arose, shook himself, and ran forward again, overrunning a gun emplacement and destroying it. Again a grenade downed him, this time shattering his shoulder. Lummus got up, charged and killed every man in a second enemy position, then turned and called his men. Company E began to roll, Lummus at the head, running from spidertrap to foxhole to cave, slashing at the Japanese.

Suddenly he was in the center of a powerful explosion, obscured by flying rock and dirt. As it cleared, his men saw him, rising as if in a hole. A land mine had blown off both his legs, the legs that had carried him to All-American football honors at Baylor University. They watched in horror as he stood on the bloody stumps, calling them on. Several men, crying now, ran to him and, for a moment, talked of shooting him to stop his agony.

But he was still shouting for them to move out, move out, and the platoon scrambled forward. Their tears turned to rage, they swept an incredible 300 yards over impossible ground, and at nightfall were on the ridge overlooking the sea. There was no question that the dirty, tired men, cursing and crying and fighting, had done it for Jack Lummus.

Lummus, amazingly, lived on for a time. They carried him to a receiving tent at the Fifth Division hospital, and he smiled as they began to give him blood. He received 18 pints in all, and in midafternoon he raised himself on one elbow.

"Doc," he said, "it looks like the New York Giants have lost a damn good end." The doctor, Lieutenant Evans, was as-

tounded at the man's stamina. Late in the afternoon another surgeon, a fellow Texan, Lt. Howard "Stack" Stackhouse, Jr., came to see if anything could be done. Both he and Lummus knew further effort was useless, but Lummus was still smiling as he closed his eyes. He never opened them.

Honors for reaching the sea went to the Third Division. On Friday afternoon, a 28-man patrol led by Lt. Paul M. Connally of Company A, 1/21 finally reached the coast. The men stopped for a moment on the high bluff, staring at the rolling gray water, then scrambled down the rocky cliff, past caves and pillboxes smashed by naval gunfire. There was no one around, and some of the men ran to the water, plunged their arms into it, and scooped it up to wash their filthy faces. A few took off their shoes and waded in to let the cool sea soothe their feet. In the entire company, which had landed with a strength of over 200 men, only three had come the whole way. But all had fought for this, and to Company A went the honor.

The patrol stayed on the shore nearly 10 minutes, but suddenly mortars fired and two shells fell among the Marines. Seven were wounded, and the others carried them to a ledge halfway up the cliff. Connally called Lieutenant Colonel Smoak, and the regimental executive officer, aware that this was a high moment in Marine history, asked Connally if he could bring back a canteen of seawater as proof. The lieutenant said he could, and when the patrol came in he gave it to Smoak. Colonel Withers, the regimental commander, said the others might consider it a fake.

"Taste it," Smoak said, and Withers swigged from the canteen and spit it out. There was no doubt. He sent it off to General Erskine by personal messenger, with the notation: "For inspection, not consumption." The Third had reached the sea, and the enemy was split.

Friday night made history in aerial warfare. Three hundred and thirty-four B-29's took off from the Marianas, taking nearly three hours to form up. They flew north, on the first great fire raid. Pathfinder planes marked the target shortly after midnight, and the B-29's followed in at low altitude, less than two miles, and strewed 1,665 tons of fire bombs on Tokyo. There was little opposition and fire sprang up everywhere. Going home, the tail gunners could see the city burning for 150 miles.

In a brisk wind, nearly 16 square miles of the city were destroyed by morning and 84,000 persons had been killed. More than 265,000 buildings burned, and a million people were homeless. The holocaust exceeded any conflagration in the history of the Western World, including the burning of Rome by Nero in 64 A.D., the London fire of 1666, the burning of Moscow in 1812, the Chicago fire of 1871, and the San Francisco earthquake of 1906. It was the most destructive raid of the war, in Europe or Japan, with horrors beyond description.

Two damaged B-29's landed at Iwo Jima, and 14 others went down at sea but the crews of five were rescued. The Japanese were stunned, but at Iwo Jima the fight went on. Kuribayashi, knowing of the great fire raid, reported to Chichi Jima that "our troops are still fighting bravely and holding their positions thoroughly."

At the beachhead, a Navy landing craft drew alongside a transport bringing out a badly wounded sergeant. Another small boat with a Navy captain aboard intercepted it, and the captain asked if he might have the casualty. Capt. Charles C. Anderson carried his only son, Sgt. Charles C. Anderson, Jr., to his own vessel. The boy had lost both legs and one arm from a land mine, and he was dying.

"I'm feeling pretty good," he told his father. "I wonder how Mother will take all this." Then he died.

When a Navy chaplain called on Mrs. Anderson in Washington she asked, "Is it my husband or my son?" The chaplain said it was her son. "A force stronger than ours has taken charge," Mrs. Anderson said, "and our beloved son is with us on earth no more." Then she dressed and went to work as a volunteer at Bethesda Naval Hospital.

By the end of the third week, there were few newsmen left on Iwo Jima. They had gone off to join the forces getting ready for Okinawa, and the spotlight returned to Europe, where the Allies were sweeping into Germany. Lt. Gen. George S. Patton's tanks sped through town after town, making 30 miles in one 12-hour period. The 3rd Army was at the Rhine, 50 miles inside Germany, Coblenz and Bonn were on the point of surrender, and seven Red Armies were marching on Berlin. In the Pacific, the B-29's set fire to Nagoya, a city the size of Los Angeles. Coming back, seven cripples landed on Iwo Jima on Sunday, March 11, including "Dream Boat," which came in on two engines. The book said a B-29 wouldn't fly on two engines, but "Dream Boat" made it, patched up once more, and flew on to Guam. The newspapers barely mentioned it, or the fighting on Iwo Jima.

But there was fighting. The Third Division spent six days, Sunday through Friday, eliminating Cushman's Pocket. Crack men, such as the Third had been on D-Day, might have done it in a day or two. But the few regulars left were tired and without fire, and the replacements lacked experience. Artillery, half-tracks, and demolitions men banged away at the pocket, gradually squeezing it to 250 yards on a side. Even rocket sleds, especially built by the engineers to get into the rough country, fired at point-blank range. Their 20 tubes could deliver 640 pounds of TNT in a salvo, but after 10 volleys, the Japanese fire came back as strong as ever. On Friday, 1/21 and 2/21 gave the pocket the coup de grace with flame-throwing tanks. The pocket was overrun, but Baron Nishi was still inside.

His men could hear their comrades, now prisoners and working for the enemy, calling *"Nishi-san dete koi"* ("Mister Nishi, come out"). At almost the same hour, the Baroness Nishi and her youngest daughter arrived at the seaside resort of Chigasaki, south of Tokyo, to visit a sick relative. As they walked through the darkened town, the Baroness heard a radio saying, "All the garrison at Iwo Jima has fought to the death." She and the child walked to the sea, tears streaming down the Baroness' face, and they gazed over the ocean in the direction of Iwo Jima.

But the Baron was not yet dead. He stayed underground until 2 a.m., on March 19, when he went out with 60 men, all that remained of his unit, and headed for Ginmeisei, high on the east coast. In his three-tiered command post in the ground were 300 wounded men, with two days' food supply. "Nishi unit is to make an all-out charge to sure death," the Baron said in his last message to get through to Chichi Jima.

The circumstances of Colonel Nishi's death are not known, but most accounts agree on several things—that he killed himself, probably on March 22, and that he died with his Olympic whip in one hand and the hair from the mane of Uranus in his heart pocket. One account says that he committed *harakiri* on the northern cliffs, another that he fell before machine-gun fire near the second airfield and then put his revolver to his head, saying first to his aide, "Turn me toward the Imperial palace."

The Baroness, still alive, has her own beliefs: She does not believe he committed hara-kiri, because he had often told her that the surest way was a shot in the ear. Nor does she like to think that he died under what is now the main runway of the airfield. She shrinks from the thought that his body is "daily and nightly run over by American bombers on Iwo." She likes, rather, to think that he died at the foot of the northern cliffs, and that ocean waves have scattered his remains.

By Sunday, March 11, General Kuribayashi estimated he had 1,500 men left. They had been pressed into a square mile of the worst ground on Iwo Jima, from Kita Village to Kitano Point, on the northwest coast. It was an area of broken and tumbled ravines running to the coast, and the most formidable of these, just southwest of Kitano Point, became known to the Marines as the Gorge, or Death Valley. It was here that the last stand would be made.

The Gorge, about 700 yards long and from 200 to 500 yards wide, was cut with smaller lateral canyons throughout its entire length, jumbled with rock, and lined with machine-gun, mortar and rifle positions.

On March 13, a patrol from the 26th Regiment came very near to Kuribayashi, peering into the cave in which he sat, near

the eastern end of the Gorge. The General's orderly quickly blew out the candles and wrapped the General in a blanket. "Thank you," Kuribayashi said, and walked deeper into the cave. The Marines, one carrying a flamethrower, walked a little way into the cave, then turned and went out. The orderly sighed.

The next night, the 145th Infantry Regiment ceased to exist as a unit. General Kuribayashi asked Colonel Ikeda how long he thought the regimental colors would be safe.

"Maybe a day," Ikeda replied. Hundreds of men in the famed regiment had died; only six men were left to guard the flag.

Kuribayashi replied quietly: "Burn it. Do not let it fall into the hands of the enemy."

His last message from Colonel Ikeda said: "Here we burnt our brilliant regimental flag completely. Good-by."

At 4 p.m. on Friday, March 16, Leading Pvt. Yoshio Yamada of the 2nd Battalion, 145th Regiment, was captured east of Kitano by Third Division troops. He said Colonel Ikeda was in a cave at his headquarters and offered to take a letter to him. General Erskine thought it was worth a try. He felt sure that Kuribayashi opposed surrender, but that he might agree if the proposal came through Ikeda.

The next morning Yamada and a second prisoner passed through the Marine lines near Kitano Point and began to make their way to Ikeda's headquarters. They carried a letter from General Erskine and a Marine walkie-talkie radio. During the morning they sent messages back to Erskine's headquarters, but then they stopped. The second man had stayed behind with the radio while Yamada went on. Yamada found the cave in which he thought Ikeda was hiding. He was very frightened and would not go into the cave himself. He gave Erskine's letter to Superior Pvt. Yasuo Ueno, who was guarding the entrance, and Ueno in turn gave it to a private to take inside. In a half hour the private was back. He said he had given the letter to the Colonel, who had muttered something about "letters from prisoners of war" and about referring the matter to Kuribayashi.

Yamada waited a little while, but then terror overcame him, and he fled back.

That night General Kuribayashi sent his final message to Imperial General Headquarters in Japan:

"The situation is now on the brink of the last. I am pleased to report that we have continued to fight well against the overwhelming material odds of the enemy, and all my officers and men deserve the highest commendation. I, however, humbly apologize to His Majesty that I have failed to live up to expectations and have to yield this key island to the enemy after having seen many of my officers and men killed.

"Unless this island is wrested back our country won't be secure. Even as a ghost, I wish to be a vanguard of future Japanese operations against this place. Bullets are gone and water exhausted. Now that we are ready for the final act, I am grateful to have been given this opportunity to respond to the gracious will of His Majesty. Permit me to say farewell."

Kuribayashi continued to report to Chichi Jima. On March 21st he said: "My officers and men are still fighting. The enemy front line is 200 or 300 meters from us and they are attacking by tank firing. They advised us to surrender by loudspeaker, but we only laughed at this childish trick and did not set ourselves against them."

This was the team of 1st Lt. John W. McLean, a Japanese language officer of the 28th Regiment. A prisoner pointed out the cave in which he believed the General was. McLean's party went down into the Gorge, waited while flame tanks hosed the area, and then called to the General to give himself up. There was no response.

There was a final message on March 23; it may have been from Kuribayashi. It said: "All officers and men of Chichi Jima, good-by." The General's body was never found, nor were those of Admiral Ichimaru or Colonel Ikeda.

The pocket in the Gorge was down to a square of 50 yards. Two days later, March 25, a pitiful band of Marines, some from the 26th and the 27th, and some from the 28th came down over the pocket and that was all. The battle of Iwo Jima was over.

The last high Japanese officer reported alive was Admiral Ichimaru. After the war a one-legged man named Iwamoto called on the Admiral's widow. He said he was a survivor of Iwo Jima and was with the Admiral on March 27 when he made a last charge with 20 men. Iwamoto said he had been hit by a shell and lost consciousness, and that when he came to he was a prisoner. He said he and other prisoners were threatened and cajoled to tell where the high officers were, but not a man would tell. Mrs. Ichimaru pictures her husband, sick, thin and wasted —hobbling into final battle with cane or crutches, clutching his sword to the last. The sword, if taken as a souvenir, will show the name Tadahiro, a famed swordmaker, on the hilt.

Of the estimated 21,000 Japanese defending Iwo Jima, only 1,083 were taken prisoner. The rest, nearly 20,000, were killed. None of the high-ranking officers survived, and none of their bodies were ever found.

For official purposes the battle had ended weeks earlier, on Wednesday, March 14. On that day a ceremony was held at 9:30 a.m.

The sun on Suribachi, a few hundreds yards to the south, was warm and strong, and the wind and the firing of artillery nearby sometimes made the words hard to hear. But everyone knew what this was; it was the official flag raising over Iwo Jima.

The uniform of the day for the color bearer, the color guard, and the guard of honor was clean dungarees, helmets and arms. The generals were in whatever had come to hand—General Smith in sun helmet and a flight jacket. Standing in a line with him, on one side of the pole, were Admirals Turner and Hill, and Generals Schmidt, Erskine, Cates and Rockey. Major General Chaney represented the Army.

In a line facing them were 24 enlisted men, the guard of honor, eight men from each division, under 1st Lt. Nathan R. Smith of Whitehaven, Pennsylvania. Their dungarees were clean but badly worn.

Col. Davis H. Stafford of Spokane, Washington, representing VAC, stepped forward and began to read:

"I, Chester William Nimitz, Fleet Admiral, United States Navy, Commander in Chief of the United States Pacific Fleet and Pacific Ocean Areas, do hereby proclaim as follows:

"United States forces under my command have occupied this and other of the Volcano Islands. All powers of government of the Japanese Empire in these islands so occupied are hereby suspended. All powers of government are vested in me as military governor and will be exercised by subordinate commanders under my direction. . . ."

PFC Thomas J. Casale, 20, of Herkimer, New York, walked to the pole, an 80-foot staff raised on the top of a Japanese bunker. With him went PFC Albert B. Bush, 24, of Cleveland, Ohio, and PFC Anthony C. Yusty of Port Chester, New York—one to hold the flag, the other to attach it to the shrouds.

Fld. Mus. 1c John E. Glynn, 21, of New Orleans (he lived, ironically enough, on Humanity Street) was nervous, and his mouth was dry. But the notes of Colors came from his bugle, and Casale began to raise the flag.

All present saluted, and the area fell silent. Men nearby stopped working, or walking, or speaking. Far to the north, there was a plume of black smoke in the sky, and off to the left a 105 cracked, firing north. The flag snapped to the top, and as it did another flag came down, the one on top of Suribachi.

The ceremony was over, and there was little talk. The men just walked away, general and private. General Smith, his eyes wet, remarked to his aide: "This was the toughest yet."

Admiral Nimitz issued a special press release to mark the end of the Iwo Jima campaign. He disclosed that the Marines had suffered 4,189 killed in action (the final total was 5,931) and a total of 19,938 casualties, making it the costliest battle in 168 years of Marine Corps history. He praised all arms of the service, particularly the Marines, and concluded with a phrase now famous in the Corps:

"Among the Americans who served on Iwo island, uncommon valor was a common virtue." —**Richard F. Newcomb**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# THIS FUNNY LIFE

We were returning from an operation, heading into San Francisco Bay. I was on the helm, steering the ship when "special sea detail" was piped. My station during special sea detail is on the conn phones, but the quartermaster who had the station at the helm upon entering or leaving a port hadn't come to relieve me.

I had never steered a ship into a port before. When it was too late for him to relieve me, I started worrying about what to do in various situations that might come up.

I had my eyes fastened to the gyrocompass, doing my best to keep on the degree heading the Officer of the Deck had ordered.

I started to lose steerageway and couldn't get her back on course, so I did what the book recommends. I called on the tube to the OD and reported, "I'm losing steerageway, sir."

His reply was, "By God, you'd better be. We're anchored!"

*Ken Lincoln*
*Auburn, Wash.*

One day in biology class we were discussing the mistaken belief that women have two more ribs than men. The instructor asked a friend of mine if he believed that the girl sitting beside him, who was one of the more shapely girls in the class, had two more ribs than he.

My friend assumed a thoughtful expression for a moment, cast a longing look at the girl and said, "I don't know, sir. I never counted them."

*Mike Plunkett*
*Muskogee, Oklahoma*

The late Thomas Edison was showing a party of friends over his beautiful summer residence, equipped with many labor-saving devices. One exception, however, was a turnstile so stiff that it required considerable strength to force a passage.

One by one the guests pushed through. At length one of them ventured to say, "Mr. Edison, why do you have everything so perfect except this awful turnstile?"

"Ah!" replied his host, eyes twinkling, "everybody who pushes the turnstile around, pumps eight gallons of water into the tank on my roof."

*Mrs. W. R. Harrison*
*Bluefield, Va.*

While in the Air Force, I was stationed in Newfoundland. As in most G.I. towns, certain places were put off limits for various reasons. One of these places happened to be the residence of a girl who was the current flame of a certain young G.I. Since there was no street number, the off limits notice specified it as "the white house on Main street."

After about a day or so from the time the notice was posted, the matter again came to the attention of the Air Police when it was discovered that a group of G.I.'s had painted the house green!

*Sidney J. Konopka*
*New York, N.Y.*

The first question I asked the Japanese barmaid on my trip to Japan was the rate of exchange for currency. With a twinkle in her eye she replied, "Three hundred sixty Japanese yen are worth a dollar—and one strong American yen is worth five dollars."

*Frank S. D'Angelis*
*Gaithersburg, Md.*

In Vietnam it is sometimes difficult to tell the good guys from the bad guys, particularly among the Vietnamese civil guard forces which are made up of villagers who do not wear uniforms, only their ordinary pajama-type clothes.

An American major was riding down a jungle road in a jeep with his Vietnamese Army counterpart. Suddenly, 50 yards ahead, a group of Vietnamese men carrying rifles appeared out of the jungle.

The understandably nervous American major fingered his carbine as he leaned over and said to the Vietnamese major: "Are those yours or theirs?" Meaning were the men friendly or were they Viet Cong troops.

"I don't know," said the Vietnamese officer.

"How are we going to find out?" asked the American as he brought the jeep to a halt.

"Mine will salute when we drive by," said the Vietnamese.

*Robert E. Schweitz*
*Fairfax, Va.*

Half asleep, in the early hours of the morning, I stumbled to answer an insistent pounding at the door and was stunned to see my wife—rain-soaked and tear-stained—accompanied by an exasperated policeman who asked, "Do you know this dame, mister? She says she lives here." When I convinced him that she was my wife, he threw me a sympathetic look and left.

I then realized that my wife was wearing an old trenchcoat over her nightgown and was clutching a flashlight. Finally, after tears and laughter ceased, she told me what had happened. "Trouble," our wayward cat, had not come home that night. When the patrolman discovered my wife, said worried spouse was searching the block, peering into bushes and under cars.

The officer's understandable suspicion of her character—in view of her actions and attire—was clinched when he asked her what she was up to.

Without thinking, she had blurted hysterically, "I'm looking for Trouble."

*C. R. Johnson*
*Chicago, Ill.*

An old ex-sailor I know is fond of relating the story about the admiral who was aboard his flagship in a Mediterranean port when a cruiser made a sloppy job of tying up to her berth.

The cruiser's captain, dreading the message he knew would come from his commander-in-chief, was relieved, if puzzled, when a cryptic message was delivered. It consisted of one word: "Good."

Fifteen minutes later, the captain was interrupted with a supplementary message reading: "To previous message, please add the word 'God.'"

*Charles Kennedy*
*Jackson, Mich.*

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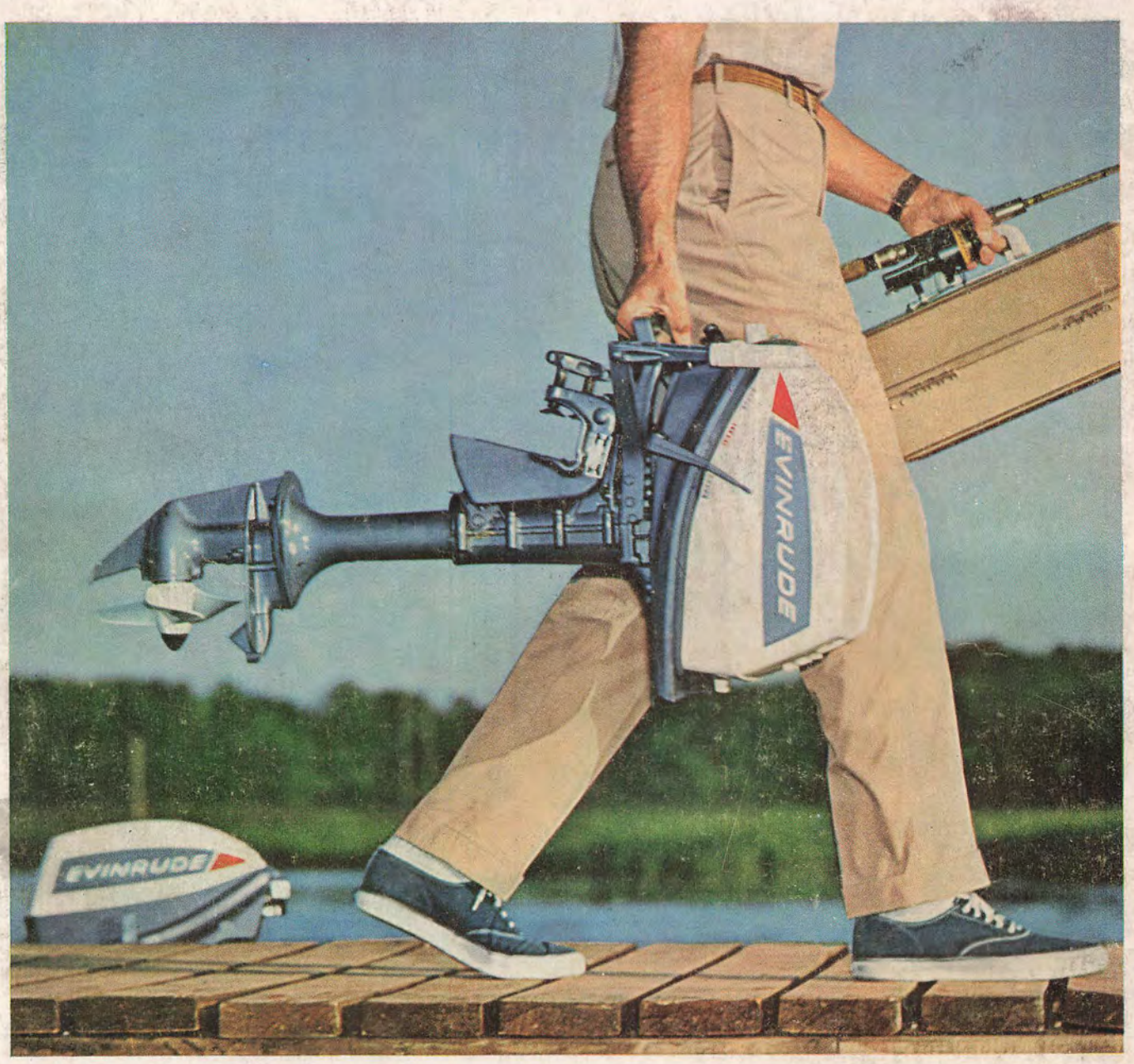


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